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The Redwood, v.11 1911-1912

Santa Clara University

THE REDWOOD

OCTOBER, 1911

Announcement

— OF —

Fall Fashions

FASHIONS change as regularly as the Seasons. With the advent of Autumn you find yourself looking wistfully at the new fashions and styles in suits and overcoats now being displayed. Some men who have always worn "ready-mades" long to have their next suits or overcoats "tailor-made," but hesitate because of a fancied idea that the cost is greater.

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The Redwood

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VOL. XI SANTA CLARA, CAL., OCTOBER, 1911 NO. 1

OUR RETURN

Vacation's at an end . . . The opening year
With resolutions bright, and hopes, is here.
Yet cheerless must to some the outlook seem;
When memory brings to mind,
In form like half remembered dream,
The scenes of home and friends,
And good times left behind.
Not fated we in sadness to remain;
For old friendships renewed,
And new friends that we gain,
Will each a cheerful mood impart
To comfort a remembering heart;
That mourns a classmate not returned,
Or vainly waits a comrade's voice to hear.
'Twere hard away from homely joys,
To miss the smile of these familiar faces dear;
Were not companions whom we greet today,
In after years to be as they
Whose loss in sadness we deplore,
The absent well remembered friends
Of days that are no more.

—M. P. Detels

FESTUM ALUMNORUM

"Hang the Almanac's cheat and the
Catalogue's spite!
"Old Time is a liar!"

It was a boys' affair entirely. There was not a sign of an old fellow in the hall. Age and youth mix no better than water and oil; and, anyhow, age is a bore and was not invited. There were two hundred boys at the feast,—boys of all ages from eighteen to eighty, brown-haired boys and golden-haired boys, some with black hair, some with white, and not a few with no hair at all; but there was never a nobler gathering in the Gold Room of Hotel St. Francis than the round-table gathering of June 21st, when the proud sons of a proud Alma Mater showed in festive re-union (as they show always and everywhere) their loyal love and devotion for laurel-wreathed young Santa Clara. Not "old" Santa Clara, mind you, but a Santa Clara grown young with years; for though flames swept away her tenement of the past, yet, new-born, as it were, from the ashes rises a greater Santa Clara, more beautiful in every feature, more perfectly equipped for the objects Providence designed her to achieve.

Wonderfully precocious were those juvenile celebrants, for their number included priests, philosophers, scientists, erudites, adepts in the arts, poets, authors, dramatists, lawyers, doctors, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, inventors, and twenty or thirty ordinary millionaires.

The president of the evening was a lofty-browed youngster on whom Father John Nobili, some five-and-fifty years ago, bestowed the honors of the classical course, "Primus et Altimus," with the flattering commendation that in Greek and Latin the student was absolutely unrivaled. The recipient of this laudation was the Hon. Thomas I. Bergin, the first graduate of Santa Clara College, and today one of the most distinguished members of the California Bar. "At that time," explained Mr. Bergin, with a humorous smile, "I was the only one in Greek and Latin." In the festal groups before him, students who obeyed the prefect's bell in 1851 were merrymaking with the Mission infants of 1911. The whole big family was as "happy as the day was long," and it was the longest day in the year.

Speech and song, the breathing of the flute's soft notes, the entrancing music of the violin were banquet enough for many an esthetic elder; but the thing about a banquet that appeals most pressingly to the boyish heart is the menu. At the Festum Alumnorum that appeal was irresistible. Lucullus, playing host to Pompey and Cicero in the Apollo, provided no dishes more tempting to the palate, no wines so delicious with distilled sunshine and imprisoned laughter. The Romans had no such luxuries of fish, flesh, tree and vine,—they had no such cooks as ours. And who dare say the wines of Tusculum, flowing from the rude processes of antiquity, were comparable to the exquisite vintages of Ville Marie? Who takes stock in the fable of Roman lords sipping from golden goblets a nectar that had been mellowing since the days of classical mythology? Lucullus was born twenty centuries too soon to know what to eat and how to eat it.

There was music, too; the best of music, and plenty of it, all of which had been expected, because the music program had been arranged by Augustus Aguirre and Harry McKenzie, Bachelors of Arts and masters of nearly everything else. McKenzie, it may be noted, an passant, is lawyer, politician, musician, monologist, heavyweight comedian. and all-round football star; while Aguirre is merchant, prune speculator, vocalist, sketch-artist, Shakespearean reader and professor emeritus of Rugbyology; but, as entertainers, they are Cohans; they are Dockstadters.

The toastmaster was Charles M. Cassin, whose classmates of twenty years agone marvelled at the metamorphosis of "Slats," the living skeleton, into the impressively heroic figure of the affable giant from the shade of the Casino. Cassin's youthful attenuation lent color to the libel that, when shaving, he used a step-ladder to reach the auburn stubble on his map. Since that interesting period, he has attained a rare and radiant baldness from scraping his altitudinous dome against the bottoms of chandeliers. The success of the Alumni speechfest, however, was in no small measure due to the versatile Cassin, whose vocal electrics illuminate Santa Cruz campaigns with the best brand of oratorical pyrotechnics exploded anywhere from the Big Basin to the Seventeen-Mile Drive, and from the Apple Center to the sea.

The responses to the several toasts were characterized generally by a delightful intermixture of wisdom, wit, humor and college spirit, which made the intellectual enjoyment worthy of the gastronomical.

Toastmaster Cassin's remarks were all very felicitous, and his encomium of Rev. James P. Morrissey, Santa Clara's brilliant young President, was greeted with prolonged applause.

In his toast, "The Faculty," Father Morrissey spoke in laudatory terms of the many eminent Jesuits who, after long self-sacrifice, had witnessed the gradual fruition of their glorious life-work in the great school which educates heart as well as mind and keeps in view the ultimate purpose of man's temporal life as well as the nature of the Divine promises concerning the life to come.

Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, whose influence with President Taft was the magnet which drew the Panama-Pacific Exposition to the Golden Gate, enthused the Alumni with a mirthful application of "College Spirit." The soldier-priest chose illustrations from the phonological records of the immortal yelling-squad of '87, whose representatives, by the way, deemed it probable that a few of the banqueters hailed from Missouri, and exemplified their combined lung-power with a yell that oscillated the pen of the St. Francis seismograph.

Then, all of a sudden, the lights went out and a momentary hush fell on the darkled hall, till out of the silence broke a thundering cheer as out of the shadow burst a white flame, in the glare of which glowed and scintillated, Kohinoor-like, a marvellous crystal letter—the initial letter of the magic name of "Santa Clara." With its illuminant, it stood on a silver saiver, which was borne on the head of a liveried servitor. The letter, "A", carried likewise, but reflecting a ruby fire, followed, and then eight other letters, alternating white and red, completed a

procession which serpentined about the hall, aligned in front of the table of honor (at which sat the officers of the Alumni and the speakers of the evening), and elicited cheer after cheer for the emblematic red and white of

"SANTA CLARA."

Electra once again touched the chandeliers with her wizardry, and the banqueters tilted their glasses to the widening fame of the college that effectuates the fond dream of Nobili, the sainted Jesuit pioneer.

There is never a dearth of eloquence at a Santa Clara College banquet, and the June re-union was profusely decorated with the choicest flowers of rhetoric, plucked anywhere from Quintilian to Quackenbos, while the rare and princely display of gems of oratory suggested thoughts of the lavish pearls and gold which Milton showered on kings in porphyry halls in the gorgeous Orient of his imagination.

Lewis F. Byington discussed the achievements of "The College Man in the Professions;" Hon. James D. Phelan treated of the duty of "The College Man in Public Life"; John J. O'Toole compared "Santa Clara Old and New"; Joseph A. Farry recited some of the traditions of "The College Campus"; James P. Sex told of the glories of "The Mission"; and A. D. Splivalo fitly concluded the program with a beautiful tribute to "Santa Clara College".

Was the festal happiness unallowed? The speeches contained never a note of sadness, but around the flower-decked tables, in the silences between the music and the toasts, the boys spoke softly and tenderly of the beloved ones who had graced the board in days gone by, but who are seen no more, save in dreams that fade, or when the filmy procession passes mournfully through the dim chambers of memory—boys, like Steve White, who left their lasting impress on the Nation and the times; boys, like George Sedgley, who made the world their debtor for the modest good they wrought. There is a tinge of sorrow upon every earthly joy. The tear on the face of Pleasure was for dear old comrades missing; and that tear made unwilling answer to the poet's question, so pathetically sweet:

"Shall we always be happy and laughing and gay,"
"Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?"

The night is done, the tale told, the banquet history. Old Time a liar? Nay, Time is only too true. Let us propitiate the grim fellow with the scant forelocks,—the snowy-bearded monarch with the hour-glass and the scythe! In our behalf we would have him exercise a fonder care as now he rolls the big globe round the sun, for every boy of all that intellectual kingdom of boys which made its capital for a day in the Gold Room of the St. Francis—every foster-son of Santa Clara longs to see again the kindly faces, hear again the music voices and feel again the rejuvenating inspiration of the epoch-making Festum Alumnorum.

—Chas. D. South, Litt. D. '09.

"BOB AT CLARENTA"

WHEN Robert Adams left his Texas home to enter the Sophomore class at the University of Clarenta, his estimable parent, Sheriff Richard Adams, did not burden his youthful mind with cumbersome advise. Gripping his son's muscular hand in his own, and surveying, with pardonable pride, the tanned honest face, and the strong frame before him, he said in his full hearty tones:

"Son, always do your duty, no matter what the cost!"

This sentence had so haunted Bob's memory that, ever since he left home, he had walked the straight and narrow path. Then, too, football, thanks to its rigorous training and muscle-building conflicts had enabled him to add to the powerful physique he had obtained on the ranch, so that when he returned for the Christmas vacation, his father was intensely gratified to note no physical or moral defects in his son.

But the sturdy Texan, born and reared among men who lived in old and dusty garments, could not accustom himself to the change in his son's attire. While he did not believe the clothes made the man, he was afraid that they could unmake him. The sight of Bob, arrayed in a stylish suit, with the added changes of a red tie and purple socks, somewhat shook the worthy sheriff's estimation of his son.

In the two weeks of vacation, the sheriff found no opportunity of trying his son's mettle. The college student preferred to seclude himself in the house, smoking and thrumming a banjo, rather than ride the range. College songs, purple socks and a gay attire had assumed the place of the lariat and branding irons, and the honest sheriff began to fear that he had made a sad mistake in sending Bob to college for three years.

He became possessed of the idea that associations at school were effeminating the once rough-and-ready youth. He could not help feeling that the iron nerve and steady control in the face of danger that had characterized Bob as a lad, would fail now if put to the test.

From Christmas till spring, the sheriff alternately worried and swore at the memory of his son's transformation. This ghost of a possible degeneration so preyed upon his mind that, when his son wrote his intentions to high-hurdle for his university in the Siramust-Clarenta meet; the sheriff wired back that he would attend the contest. The sheriff hadn't the least idea what a dual meet was; he associated it generally with pink teas, loud sweaters and other demoralizing influences of college life.

Rob was well pleased to hear that his father was coming to the big meet; so that when he met him on the morning before the big event he gripped his hand in a manner that would scarcely betray one that had forgotten the sincere but uncouth ways of the rangers.

After dinner as they were strolling down the streets, the Sheriff drawing a card from his pocket, read:

"Shooting Gallery, 155 Lexington Street". And by way of explanation he added: "Some fellow gave me this as I was leaving the train this morning. What do you say if we step around to this place and see if your aim is as steady as ever? I reckon you

don't get much chance to pack a gun at college, eh?"

"I'm with you, dad," answered Bob enthusiastically. "Although I haven't drawn a bead for ages, it seems. We'll ramble around to this Lexington Street place, and you can open the eyes of the proprietor some, with your shooting."

The sheriff fulfilled his son's expectations. He smashed everything breakable in the gallery; knocked the ball from the playing fountain, rang the bell targets six times in quick succession, and nearly caused the man in attendance to faint from surprise.

Bob acquitted himself creditably, but he saw the grey head of the sheriff shake sorrowfully as he fell down on a difficult shot—one that he would not have missed a year before.

"Pardon me," a slender, dark-faced man—who had been watching the Adams' shoot, with an air of absolute indifference—suddenly addressed Bob, who wore a large "C" on his cap, "but aren't you a Clarenta man?"

"Yes, I am a student at the University of Clarenta," answered Bob.

"Down here for the big meet?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes."

"Well I am sorry we didn't meet under better circumstances. You see, I am strong for your opponents, being a graduate of their college. I drop around to see some of the old teachers, once in a while, and take a deal of interest in the old school. I have been watching that fellow Thorsen hurdle, and, believe me, he is some shark. Why I even put a thousand on him, to win the race today. I think his big opponent is—Anderson—no that isn't right, is it?"

"Adams, maybe?" spoke out Bob.

"Well that sounds like the name. Let me see, Adams? Why yes that's the name; say, you ought to know something about him."

"Sure I know a great deal about him, in fact I am Adams."

"What", the stranger ejaculated, startled for the moment, "you Adams?"

"Say," he continued insinuatingly, "just the man. Say, we can fix this between us and we will divide the shares."

"Not on your life," returned Bob in a voice that aroused the attention of Adams senior, who was busy examining a gun.

"What's the matter?" asked the father.

"O nothing," the stranger replied, turning to Adams senior. "But you have certainly given us a fine exhibition of pistol shooting," he complimented, "but if you will allow me the use of that thirty-eight you carry, I think I may be able to show you a few points."

Too much amazed to take offence at the request, the sheriff handed his pet revolver to the intruder. With an expression of absolute weariness on his lean, brown face, the stranger proceeded to duplicate every shot made by the Texan, causing the bell targets to ring so rapidly that the six shots made a continuous roar. He shot with either hand, and the rows of clay-birds and rabbits crumbled before his fire. Ordering the proprietor to swing the pendant targets until they could scarcely be distinguished, he rang the bells in their centers alternately, although the white objects seemed to present nothing more solid than a faint blur through the smoke.

"You are a wonder, sir!" exclaimed the sheriff, with more than his usual readiness to deal out deserved praise. "I am considered some handy with a gun, but yuh got me beat, and I confess it."

"O that's nothing," the marksman said. "Watch!" He snatched the wide-brimmed hat from the sheriff's head, and sent it spinning through the air towards the end of the gallery. The revolver in his left hand spurted a red flame—once, twice, three times, before the hat settled to the floor.

Before the exasperated sheriff could resent the insult to his person, the marksman laid the revolver down, gave a low laugh, and passed quickly from the gallery.

The proprietor and Bob succeeded in calming the seething sheriff and the attendant picking up the hat, restored it to its owner. In a space not five inches in circumference, three holes had been neatly drilled.

"Let's get out of this," gasped Bob when his father had picked up his revolver and paid the bill. "I thought you could shoot some, but that chap—"

They passed out into the street, which was jammed with pedestrians. While dodging cars and teams in crossing, Bob felt a hand push suddenly into his coat pocket. He reached into his pocket, and his fingers closed on an envelope which had not been there when he left the shooting-gallery .

"A note from Bess," he thought, and turned in hopes of seeing the gentle intruder.

"What is it, son?" inquired the father.

"O—er—O, nothing," answered Bob, hesitatingly. "I thought some one was trying to relieve me of my watch, but he evidently failed."

Once back to the hotel, Bob lost no time in getting his father comfortably seated in a soft chair in the smoking room, exchanging experiences with a fellow Texan. The young athlete hurried to his room to see what "Bess" might have to say.

On the outside was written in pencil: "Adams, High Hurdler of Clarenta." "That certainly isn't the way Bess writes," he thought, and tearing the envelope, he read:

"Adams:—

I was fool enough to let a fellow badger me into betting my last red cent on Thorsen, but I'm not fool enough to let him win if I can prevent it. You saw me shoot tonight, and you know I could wing a hurdler as he clears the standard as easy as not. You have got to throw that race to Thorsen tomorrow. Clarenta has the meet cinched, and it won't matter. No one will know.

Remember this—if you are one inch ahead at the tenth hurdle—I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOUR HEART."

There was no signature. For ten minutes Bob sat staring at the threatening message, his heart filled with a strange feeling of dread.

He thought of showing it to his father, but, instinctively, he realized that his father doubted his courage, and he knew that to appeal to him for assistance out of danger would confirm the sheriff's obvious suspicion that college life had ruined his son. It would be better to convince his father that he was wrong, endure the test, then tell him of this curious situation.

"But he could bore me through and through," Bob groaned, "and in the excitement of the close finish, that is sure to be, no one would hear the reports, or know that a crime had been committed until I toppeled over! What am I to do? To throw the race to save myself would be cowardice and treachery; to crawl to my captain with this note would be craven; to win means death!"

Suddenly a scene flashed on his mind. He saw his father bidding him goodbye as he left for the East, and the university; he felt the clasp of the strong hand; he heard the deep-voiced:

"Son, always do your duty, no matter what the cost!"

"My duty is to win for the college," he exclaimed aloud, "and I'll do it! I hope I can stagger to the finish ahead of Thorsen. When Dad sees my double finish, he won't think I have lost my nerve because I have had to conform to other ways; I'll do my duty—come what may."

* * * *

Four hurdlers knelt on their marks the next afternoon, when the high hurdle event was called in the annual Siramust-Clarenta meet. For Siramust, Thorsen, the star, and Stellman were entered; Adams and Murrdock represented Clarenta.

In the concrete grand stand opposite the finishing line, a crowd of madly enthusiastic partisans cheered for their respective favorites, all unconscious of the shadow of tragedy that was hovering near. To one side of the grand stand, half concealed by a projection, a slender, dark-faced man kept his cold, steely eyes on the track. To make the hardness of fate more terrible, Sheriff Richard Adams stood not five yards from the gambler.

Rob was not a coward, but he died a thousand deaths while he toed his mark. He had grimly determined to gain as big a lead as possible, so he might maintain some of it from the tenth hurdle to the finish, but even his set resolve could not prevent his imagination from hearing the muffled report, and the feeling of the hot flame as it scorched his chest.

"Crack!" The starters' pistol sent out a sound, which seemed to Bob a forewarning of what was to occur at the other end of the hurdles, and the four athletes leaped for the first standard. Bob's determination to gain a start made him strain every muscle, and he led by a foot over the second hurdle, with Thorsen next and the other two losing ground behind the flying rivals.

Down the smooth stretch of cinders the hurdlers sped, rising over the standards with that apparent ease which contains so much scientific effort. The crowd was already yelling and cheering so loudly, that Bob thought the report of a cannon would not be heard in the commotion at the finish.

At the fifth hurdle Thorsen, profiting by a slight relaxing of Bob's sprint, closed with him, and the two rose in the air almost simultaneously. The sixth and seventh hurdles shot under their flying forms, but at the eighth, Bob faltered. Try as he might, he could not fight down the terrible dread that assailed him. Suppose the bullet struck him in the face, or in the stomach, that meant a death of horrible agony. One more hurdle. Then if he led at the last one, a bullet tear-

ing through his jersey. He could lose by an inch, and the consequence wouldn't affect Clarenta's chance. "He would think I was afraid," shot through his mind. "I'll win, or die!"

He made a second spurt, based on the same straining effort which had given him the lead in the start, and skimmed the ninth hurdle barely two inches ahead of the Black and Gold hurdler. Ten yards ahead the last standard awaited him. The tenth hurdle—and death!

In a state of mind bordering on frenzy, he literally flung himself at the standard, leaving Thorsen a foot in the rear. As his spikes bit into the cinders on the other side of the hurdle, his ears, straining for the sound of the shot as a condemned spy listens for the report of the rifle which his blindfolded eyes cannot see, heard the muffled crack of a pistol. But no leadened messenger of death tore through his jersey, and he dashed across the line, alive, the winner.

Puzzling over the strange outcome of the race he made his way to the dressing room. He was alone as he pealed off his running clothes until his father stepped through the doorway and without a word drew his revolver, snapped out an empty shell, refilled the chamber with a ball cartridge, and restored the weapon to his pocket. Bob thought he now understood why the gambler's threat had failed.

"You—you shot him to save me, Dad?" he gasped.

"The first blank I ever fired, and the last," he said grimly. "Out with that hand of yours, my boy. Bob you're the same old Bob, with the same good old manly character. And I'm proud of you. All that last night," laughed the sheriff, "was a part of the game. I had the intention of testing you when I started down here, so Harry and I framed up a way. I had him shoot so as to impress you that he could bore your heart, no matter how fast you ran. I slipped the note into your pocket which I had scribbled before I came down. Just to make it more emphatic, I fired a blank over your head as you went over the last stick, sort o' celebrating the victory of my son."

"But," stammered the still bewildered youth, "where did you get that 'Harry?' He shoots like a demon."

For an answer, Sheriff Bob Adams crossed over to the door and whistled a signal. The slender, dark-faced man left the crowd and made his way to the Texan. As he walked into the room the sheriff took off his wide-brimmed, bullet-punctured hat with a sweeping bow.

"Son," he said grandly, "make the acquaintance of 'Harry Graves', an old Clarenta graduate, the new foreman of our ranch. Harry, my son, Bob."

—Thomas R. Plant.

A PETITION

MOTHER, when the evening shadows
Purple all the neighboring hills,
In thy love and care confiding
Peace my spirit sweetly fills.
And when daylight softly gleaming
Fills each vale with golden light,
On thy strength and aid relying,
Life's rough path seems glad and bright.

Mother when my days are lengthened
Into months, the months to years,
May I feel thy loving presence
Calming all my doubts and fears,
And when down I lay life's burden,
As eternity draws nigh,
Then, O Mother, then be near me
To receive my dying sigh.

—NICHOLAS JACOBS.

RECALL OF JUDGES

(PRIZE SPEECH IN RYLAND DEBATE)

Mr. Chairman, Hon. Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen: I intend to prove that the good to be obtained from the recall is worse than the evil it proposes to overcome. That the proposed cure does not cure, but only aggravates the diseases. That the recall will not eliminate the evils of our present system, but only intensify them.

Justice Story once said "that to destroy the independence of the judiciary was to destroy its usefulness." But, Mr. Chairman, this is just what will happen if we adopt this proposed recall of judges. The bench, in order to apply the law as it is, must be absolutely free from outside influences; but under the recall this will not be so, it must, in order to retain its position, keep its ear to the ground to ascertain public opinion, and the consequences will be that our judges will not administer the law as it is; but as the people think it should be. And, gentlemen, we all know that the average citizen is not equipped either by experience or education, to determine what the law is; and a successful recall would not decide the question as to whether the judge decided the true state of the law as it is written in the books and expounded by the courts. It is an injustice to our judges to expect them to feel the public pulse before deciding a legal question. Public opinion is not, never has been, and never will be a factor which may be considered an element in interpretation. If it is once understood that the function of judge is to meet popular opinion as to what the law ought to be, his term in office will be exceedingly precarious, as this opinion is as changeable as the wind. He would be constantly having his ear to the ground, waiting for suggestions as to how the public would like to have a given case decided.

Public opinion is rapidly formed and in the heat and passion of the moment the people will go to extremes. This is aptly illustrated by an example given by Curtiss Lindley. Some years ago two brothers were indicted, in one of our Central Counties, for murder. Owing to the great public excitement caused by the crime, their counsel urged that the offenders could not be safely tried in that county and at that time. The trial court refused to change the place of trial. The Supreme Court, after reviewing the case, dispassionately held that the constitutional rights of the accused had been violated and over-ruled the trial court. The ink was hardly dry upon the opinion filed by the Supreme Court when the people assaulted the jail, took the prisoners out and hanged them. This illustrates the rapidity with which public opinion is formed and in how drastic and vicious a way the populace, when once aroused, may express its displeasure at the action of our judicial tribunals. The sword of recall hanging over the heads of our judges would simply be a temptation to intellectual dishonesty, depriving them of their independence and making them mere ministers to popular demand. And not, withstanding this, we are told that this measure is for the best interests of the people of this state.

Political freedom for our judiciary has been the cry in this state; and anything that tends to destroy the freedom of our judges will certainly not

promote the best interests of the people of this state. But under the recall system we will not take our judges out of politics, but push them further in.

Mr. Chairman, England's common law is often held up as a model, and it has attained its high reputation, because in the days of the revolution it was taken out of politics when the revolutionists insisted that the judges should hold office for life or during good behavior; because they placed the bench, not at the disposal of the king, but above the king. There the judiciary does not have to keep its ear to the ground to ascertain the public sentiment, but without fear or favor, it can devote its entire time to a strict, just, and fearless administration of the law. Now apply that, here under the recall; and what have you? You will find that you have placed the judiciary, not on the high plane of England's Bench, but where the public sentiment can put its foot on the neck of the judges; where the will of the people, whether just or not, can take the judges by the scruff and throw them into the street.

Mr. Chairman, one of the greatest evils that the recall will bring, is that it will practically place in the hands of unscrupulous corporations, the judiciary of our state. At first, this statement may seem ridiculous but on further examination we find that it is only too true. The newspapers of this country are the moulders of public thought and they sway the populace whither they will. It would be easy for them to stir up the people so that a recall election would be demanded. And now, Mr. Chairman, the point is this, that all the large newspapers of this state, with the possible exception of one, are owned or subsidized by the interests. Our Primary law would go for naught. The people would elect their judges, but the interests would recall them through the medium of the subsidized press. Why, Mr. Chairman, this alone is so startling and appalling, when squarely met, that it should be sufficient to prove that the recall is not for the best interests of the people of this state.

The amendment requires only 12 per cent of the registered voters to sign a petition in favor of a recall. "The petition shall contain a general statement on the grounds on which the removal is sought, which statement is intended solely for the information of the electors, and the sufficiency of which shall not be open to review." In other words a judge may be recalled for anything whatsoever, a racial feeling, a religious prejudice, and so a disgruntled minority could obtain a recall election. It has been argued that a just judge need not fear, but this is begging the question, because how do you know that such will be the case? Just because the theory of the recall is, that it will only be called into use to protect the people against a bad judge? What guaranty can you give that it will not be called into being to harrass and intimidate a good judge? There never yet was a two-edged sword that would not cut both ways. Mr. Chairman, there is not one man in all of our ninety millions in these United States, who would declare that our constitution should be changed, so as to permit the President in the White House or Congress in the Capitol to dictate to our judges what their decisions should be. And, coming back to our own state, there is not one here who could be

found to declare that that power should be given to the Governor or the Legislature; and yet the people of this state have before them a constitutional amendment which provides that this power should be given to the crowd in the street. It means that the few have within their hands the power to retard and destroy justice completely. While we are about it why stop at 12 per cent, why not go to 11 per cent, 10 per cent, 1 per cent, made the individual the judge; and let anarchy rule; for this is what it means in the end.

When our forefathers so generously poured forth their blood on the battlefields of the Revolution they did so in order to secure to themselves and to their posterity, a land freed from the absolute despotism and tyranny of the monarch. They formed a government which took the middle path between the absolutism of the individual on the one hand and the absolutism of the mob on the other. But we, in our superior knowledge and in our new philosophy, propose to undo all that the wisdom of our forefathers have done for us; and institute the new form of government that deluged with blood the fair France in the days of 1793.

We of the negative side, Mr. Chairman, would be the last to assert that our present system has always brought forth ideal results. Now and then the people have made mistakes in the selection of their representatives. Bad men have been put in power; small men have been sent where large men have been needed; ignorant men have been charged with duties that only learned men could fitly fill. But, Mr. Chairman, does it follow that if the people make mistakes in the simple matter of the selection of their agents, that they would be infallible in the more complex and difficult duty of the interpretation of laws? There never was a more glaring "Non sequitur", but yet it is the very corner stone upon which rests the new philosophy; "the people cannot be trusted with few things", runs this singular logic, "therefore let us put all things into their hands". With one breath we are told that it will promote our best interests to renounce the old system because the people make mistakes, and with the next breath we are solemnly assured, that if we adopt the new system, it will promote our best interests because the people will not make mistakes. You cannot change the nature of men by changing their system of government. The limitations of human judgment and knowledge, which render perfection in the representative form of government still unatainable, will still abide even after that form of government has been swept away; and the ideal will be still far distant.

Honorable judges, we of the negative have proved our case. My colleague, the First Negative, has proved that this measure is wrong in its very nature for our form of government, and that it is a most subtle blow at the existence of our nation. The Second Negative has proved that this recall is entirely unnecessary and that the abuses that exist in our present system can be remedied by means more in keeping with our form of government and finally I have shown that the proposed cure is worse than the disease.

Mr. Chairman, here stands our mighty state, a part of that great and prosperous nation, wherein each man is secure in life and property and

wherein each has an equal opportunity. It was founded upon the rock laid by our fathers when they imbedded in the constitution the solemn pledge to every state in the union; that it should have a government "republican in form". And long after these shallow substitutes, of which this measure is one, shall have been forgotten; representative government will "be doing business at the old stand", and declaring that "government of the bunch and by the bunch and for the bunch is tyranny". For anchored fast to the principles that representative form of government is "government of the people, for the people, and by the people", it is assured not to perish from the earth.

—Herbert L. Ganahl.

THE MURMURINGS OF THE WINDS

Unceasing Winds that keep the flags and banners waving,
Unceasing Winds that keep the small white ships e'er sailing,
Winds of the land,
Winds of the sea,
Come whisper your murmuring songs to me.

—Jos. Demartini

THE TREASURE FOUND

J. SHRIP was a lawyer, one of that too common type without morals, therefore J. Shrip was what is vulgarly termed a grafter. And what was worse, J. Shrip knew it and gloried in the fact. "Yes," he was wont to say, "I'm a devotee of the blind goddess, and as she is so securely blindfolded I tip the scales to suit myself; he! he! ha! ha!" and he would immediately consider he had cracked a joke, and would shake his rotund little paunch forthwith.

Another thing that might be of interest about the affairs of J. Shrip was the character of his clientage. It was of a diversified nature, ranging all the way from suits brought for and against steamship companies and captain's squabbles to the meerest police court wranglings, in behalf of some poor sailor.

But it was always noticeable to the keen and practiced observer that the small door of J. Shrip's safe always closed on and defended more money, no matter how small the addition.

J. Shrip sat in his office one hot and sultry afternoon, and between the fragrant puffs of his black cigar, thought with considerable pleasure of a similar afternoon, some two years past, when a highly amusing (to his way of thinking) circumstance had occurred.

He looked out of the dirty window and across the heat-shimmering roofs to the water front and indulged deeply in his reverie.

The breeze brought the redolent odor of tarred ropes and hemp. Also it carried shrill toots from busy little tugs, and an endless creaking of block and tackle.

Huge trucks lumbered across the cobblestones with a noisy clatter, and the long drawn cry of "Extreeee Eeeditshuuun", sounded monotonously in the busy whirl below.

An endless array of tall masts and spars, with murky, soot-laden sails, marked the wharfs, and here and there as if to relieve the eye, the stack of steamers with their owners' marks, red and black, yellow and green, blue and white.

Just two years ago to the day, and, turning to the clock, fifteen minutes to the identical hour—a wicked little chuckle shook his frame. "Humm," he mused, "what a little fool the fellow was, how easy, how very easy to do, easy—easy." And then there shaped itself in his imagination, the bent and shaking figure of a man, leaving the room, by the door on which lay the sign, Jackson Shrip, attorney and counsellor at law.

He recalled how the fellow swore and wept; wept and swore; in an impotent powerless fit of rage, and yet through it all, there had been a queer air of certainty for revenge.

This person had been Senor Jose Spintrella, of Lima, Peru. He had come to the United States; to San Francisco, and there had been so unfortunate as to be forced into litigation over a bill of lading. The lawyer he had employed was Jackson Shrip—the rest needs scarcely to be told—he was systematically and mercilessly robbed and swindled.

When, at last he discovered his mistake, it was too late. Alone, friend-

less, and almost penniless, in a strange country and alas already in too much litigation, the only thing he could do was to return to his country and there, as he said himself, "amidst friends and influences he would be—revenged."

As Shrip again chuckled in remembrance of the incident, the clock struck four, he looked up—just the hour—again he could picture the pathetic huddled little figure—What's that? rap, pap, came a tapping on the door. "Come in," said Shrip in a shrill voice and the door swung open.

The man was short, very broad, and was attired in a blue jersey sweater, and tar-stained overalls. On his feet were heavy sea boots, which creaked noisily as he walked, and in his mouth was a pipe which gave evident signs of long use.

The face was one that would attract a second glance. An air of peculiar reserve and wickedness hung around it. The nose was battered in, almost level with the high cheeks; the eyes had a peculiar slant, and lacked lashes; the hair was so badly in need of water that it's original color was disguised, and the chin bore a terrific scar which the scraggling beard could not hide.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked Shrip.

"I'd like a few minutes talk with you."

"All right, blaze away," and after a second's hesitation, "have a seat."

The man sat down and continued: "I've heard a lot of you, sir, and that's why I came to you. We, or rather my mate and myself, ain't been a doing well of late, and were forced to ask for money."

Shrip started to object, but the stranger cut him short.

"No, we ain't a beggin nor a asking of any favors, we've got a deal on hand that will make us all rich, so rich that you could buy this whole town, savy?"

"Humm!" mused Shrip, "what is it?"

"Well, we ain't a-giving it away for nothing."

"Say, if you think I'm so green as to give you money on that, you're mistaken my man, that's all."

"Wait a second, Captain, I ain't asking for nothing as yet, am I? Keep your tackel in an' slew off. The propcsition I got is all ours, but we ain't got money enough to carry it through."

"Well?"

"Wait a minute till I light my pipe. Now, see here, if you're interested, why let me know and we will come to some agreement, say tomorrow night."

"You say there's money in it?"

"Money! Why man it's simply great."

"Look here now, suppose I consent to your scheme—what then?"

"Oh! I ain't a-asking you to be hasty, but will you meet us tonight?"

"No, I can't. I have an engagement, but I'll tell you, I meet you tomorrow night."

"Where?"

"At Hardingham's Hotel."

"All right, Captain, don't forget, at nine-thirty; until then, eat hearty."

* * * *

The window shade rustled a little in the evening breeze as it bulged inward, admitting a hot, sultry breath from the perspiring city below.

J. Shrip lay on the bed with his shoes off, and read. The book was the "Rubaiyat" and his face bespoke satisfaction and keen enjoyment as he read the lines:

"Come, fill the cup, and in the fire
of spring
Your winter garments of repentance
fling,
The bird of life has but a little way
to flutter,
And lo! the bird is ever on the
wing."

"Beautiful, beautiful," he murmured, and then the lines,

'Come, my beloved, fill the cup that
clears
Today of past regrets and future
fears.'

"Just my thoughts and sentiments exactly.' He flung the book on the near-by table, where lay the "Garden of Allah", "Persian Poems and Sonnets", "Hindu Mysticisms Unmystified", and a couple of Hugo's. Evidently J. Shrip was a great reader.

A book case contained many more volumes, and on top was a bust of Mozart, and a small statuette of Venus.

Upon the walls were hung a few pictures, mostly water colors; although there were a few oils. They were of morbid or tragic subjects, and one in particular, the largest, which seemed to be his favorite, was gruesome in the extreme.

Suddenly the dull clicking of a large clock seemed to startle him. He hastily arose, pulled on his shoes, slipped into his coat, lit a cigarette and drawing a small revolver from his bureau, walked into the hall and took the elevator.

On gaining the street he paused for a moment as if in doubt which way to proceed; the mad clanging of street cars, the chaotic tooting of auto-horns, all confused him, for on this night, owing to some subtle hidden feeling he was unnerved and had a queer feeling of uneasiness.

"Nonsense, old chap," he muttered to himself, "don't be a fool on account of these shabby premonitions. They mean nothing." Thus chiding himself he boarded a street car and rode towards the water front.

He got off at the ferry and wended his way through the throng until he had passed the custom house and was well down towards the transport docks. In this portion of the city the very air suggests desertion, yet the dozens of ships belie this. In the dark oily water myriads of spars and masts dance fantastically, and a reflected light sports upon the uncertain wavelets.

It was into this region that Shrip's quest led him, and after a few vain and aimless wanderings he finally reached his destination. The place was an evil-looking affair, of three stories, and had a small veranda, from which the way led through two green shutter doors, which creaked, dismally on their hinges into the waiting room of the so-called hotel.

The room was nearly filled with a large number of small green-covered tables around which a crowd of rough-looking men were discussing the topics of the day. Shrip paused a second to survey the scene, and then walked to a familiar figure. "Ah!" exclaimed the man, "a bit early, I see; but that don't make no difference, my mate's upstairs, come." He led through a door, up a darksome creaky flight of stairs to a room from which the light streamed underneath the door.

Entering the man bellowed to a person half asleep on a chair, "Up, matie, he's here."

The man addressed raised his head and spoke:

"Oh! is 'e now, 'ow nice! came a bit closer, so as I kin get a bearin' on your palaver. That's it."

"Mister Shrip, my name is Martin, Jack Martin, sir, and my friend here, Albert Nolton.

"So it is Halbert Nolton," murmured the half-awakened man.

"We're both seamen sir, but as you know times is dull and to ship ain't easy."

"Quite correct, keep up matey, times is dull."

"Now here is the proposition; but first you must swear, not to tell aught or any of the things we is going to tell you. Will you?"

"Certainly (raising his right hand), so help me God Almighty!"

"So, 'elp 'im Gawd A'mighty, 'ow nice!"

"Well it's treasure, treasure so rich and rare, sir, that it will make us rich as grease."

"Quite right, rich as grease, Hi h'estimate at £208,000 or £250,000 for each of us, there sure is loads of it."

"Yes?"

"Yes, that's it, that's the whole proposition. My mate and myself, while in Valparaiso, Chile, did a good turn to an old greaser, what had dropped down almost dead in the street. We took the poor old codger to his house."

" 'Ow nice of hus, wasn't it? Hi remembers hit well!"

"Shut up, will you?"

"Yep, H'im shut."

"Well, we got him there, an' a dirty mud place of a shack it was, and he, seeing he was a-going to die, sent my matie for a priest."

" 'Ee did! yes!"

Both men turned angrily on him.

"H'im shut," (in plaintive key).

"Well, left alone with him, the old duffer asked me to remove a brick from behind a certain picture, this I did and took out an old tin box. He seized it with eager, trembling hands, and opening it, took out a piece of sail."

" 'This,' he said, 'is a map of one of the Madrona Islands, the most southerly. On it lies a great treasure,' then he stopped for breath, for he was awful weak. 'On it is treasure. I give you this map for you were good to me, it is from the ship of Bento Bonito. We, for I was a pirate with him, buried it, and then, after going to the Cocos Island and planting more, we were took and hung all except myself, by an English man of war. I escaped by joining the British navy and being informer.'

"Then he was almost gone, he gave me the map and gasping, and his eyes bulging out, he fell back dead before the priest arrived. Lord, sir, how his eyes did bulge. I thought they'd bust.

"Now, we have the map, and you have the money. So here it comes. I know of a steady little schooner that we can get cheap. She's rather old, but she's strong and will only take two extra men besides us, making a total of five. Now, if you'll charter this boat and give her two months' food, why we'll get there and nab the money, you taking one-half and us the other, is it a go?"

Shrip thought long and earnestly, then "Let's see the map."

"Not much, not until you say something definite. Then all clear sailing."

"Yes, I'll do it; now let's see the

map." Martin arose; took a much-worn grip from beneath the bed, and from it drew forth a roll wrapped in oiled paper. Then, drawing a table and light over, they unrolled it and eagerly scanned the piece of canvass it contained.

It was not a very large piece, only about a foot each way. It was rather wrinkled, smelt musty, and was badly stained by salt water. Yet on it, drawn in a queer, blueish black ink, such as tatooers use, was the outline of an island.

The land was in an eliptical form, and had a wavy line denoting high cliffs save for a small indent of a cove in the northern part.

Scrawled on the bottom in a scarcely discernable hand were the words: "Island of Maltesta, Madrona group. Lat. 7 deg. 6 min. 29 sec. Long 110 deg. 21 min. 15 sec. N. W. running port side. Bear to windward, and sight lone palm, thence line to white rock, thence N. to beach E. 12 feet, and again to palm making square, run diagonal and in center X dig and find chest. Copied from map of Bonito Boneto by Adrian Hernandez, July 19, 1822, aboard H. M. S. Plover, original map burnt by me."

"Well," said Shrip, "it seems reasonable enough; how much would a captain cost?"

"Don't need any. I can navigate enough and with two men we could sail all O. K."

"How much would the whole deal take, boat, men, food, and all?"

"Adding it all up I guess about four thousand, providing we act quick like, and get this schooner before some coaster wants to nab it. The owner's dead and we can get it dead cheap."

"Good night, gentlemen, I'll see you in the morning at eleven, in my office; we'll close the deal there." Then, after a few remarks of "'Ow nice it is to talk wiv a gen'elm'n," Shrip departed and sought his lodgings. There, with a book of Budah beside him, went slowly—slowly—fading—fading into—the—land of dreams———.

* * * *

The wind blew fresh from the stern, filling the sails and making them tug at the taut rope, till they screeched with joy for the sheer love of the thing.

The waves met the bow and parting split and showered a mass of foam on board, or, if it was at night, the phosphorous gleamed a never ending track.

And standing at the prow, breathing deep the tangy salt sea air stood Shrip gazing southward, ever southward.

Behind him, at the wheel was Martin, and on the peak sat one who bellowed down:

"H'i see a school of porpoise. H'ain't they fine?"

But to these scenes Shrip paid no attention, for always were his thoughts flung far, to where, lying under the southern cross, the treasure was. Treasure, great loads of it, how in his imagination, he could picture the great piles of soft and yellow gold. Yes, the gold pleased him, not for itself, but for the fact that with it he could go to India, to the sleepy mystic Orient, and there, perchance forget the vision of a golden-haired, turquoise-eyed girl, who haunted him ever in his deepest dreams.

And when they neared the line and the sun beat down on the decks so fiercely that the pitch oozed and bubbled in the seams, he became restless,

paced the deck, and ever asked: The island? Where is the island?

Imagine then, the joy when on one sultry, stifling day, the cry was sounded "Land ho." Yes far to the southward it lay, a little barren speck, in the heaving sea.

The wind was slow, therefore it was late at night when they reached the cove and dropped anchor into a sea, which was as molten gold, owing to the great full orb of the moon which flamed above them.

But the next day, what hurry, what bustle, took possession of the little barque. All the morning the boat went back and forth on the errand of landing a tent, tools, etc. Also boxes of food.

As soon as the sun had risen enough to show itself, Shrip took the bearings and soon had the center of the square.

Next he stumbled over an old pistol and a few old buttons. Over these he went wild for joy, and soon was digging frantically.

Gradually the hole was sunk deeper and at each shovel full his heart leapt within him. Martin took turns and just about sunset they struck a board —then another, and presently the brass-bound top of an old chest.

Martin was digging, and he emitted a shout that woke the echoes.

"Hurrah! sir, we've got it. The Chest! Hurrah, the Chest!"

Shrip tumbled into the hole, his face burning and his lips too dry to utter a sound.

"I'll run to the boat, sir, and tell 'em. Here take this ax and open her up." He dropped the article named into the hole and disappeared from sight.

With a few hasty blows the chest began to yield, and Shrip screamed with joy. Suddenly the ax went through. He pulled it out and struck again—the same thing happened. He knelt and with a look of fear upon his face, and a fluttering of heart, he put his arm through the hole and grasped—Nothing!

He felt again, and yes! what was that,—a piece of paper, a note. Hastily he tore it open and read:

"Honored Senor:—Perhaps in this life you have read, "revenge is sweet," indeed it is. You have opened this and found it full of my hate. Perhaps when you find yourself alone with the wild goats and the vultures you will remember the man you swindled. As for the boxes of food you have landed they are empty.

Senor Jose Spintrella."

And then a light broke o'er him, terrified him, and crushed his soul with abject fear.

Rushing to the shore he saw no one, not a sign, of men or ship. The utter desolation tore his mind and made him tremble.

And then he looked, and beheld, sailing away into the molten path of the setting sun, the ship that bore him.

He screamed, and begged, but only the heavy flapping of the frightened vultures wings echoed his sound, and plainly he saw, being carried away into a maze of blood red fire—his life.

—Rodney A. Yoell.

SOME CATHOLIC ASPECTS OF TENNYSON

TO expect to cover the life and character; to endeavor to offer a criticism in a few hundred words, of the numerous works of Alfred Lord Tennyson, would, to say the least, be folly. A general essay on the works of the Lincolnshire poet, would fill many pages; while his life and character alone afford an abundance of interesting matter for all lovers of literature.

There is, however, one point conspicuous in the works of the renowned Laureate. It shines forth in his simple little stories of chivalrous love; it often features in his deeper meditations, as some of his writings might be clasified; and not unfrequently it goes to make up the nobler and higher portions of his choicest poems. This point is Tennyson's attitude towards the Divine and supernatural, or, in a broader sense, toward religion. Though not a Catholic, it is with great delight, that we recognize in him, a firmness and broadness of mind which would well befit a Catholic author. In no other poet, brought up, as was Lord Tennyson, at a time when his native land was distressed with religious feuds, excepting, of course, the writers of our Faith, do we find that inclination, though, often indirect, towards Catholicity.

Admittedly Mr. Tennyson falls far short of the ideal, still he shows more the workings of a Christian mind than any other modern poet of note, either in Europe or in the United States. His muse rises to the highest he has been taught to believe or feel as a Christian; and oftentimes, it takes its flight far beyond that.

It would be wrong done our author if we harbored the thought that he was insensible to the shortcomings of his song. The last stanza of the opening poem of "In Memoriam" is but an open confession of his weakness. Listen to their closing verses full of the sublimest humility:

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries
Confessions of a wasted youth
Forgive them when they fail in truth
And in thy wisdom, make me wise."

He had his religious doubts—doubts deep and strong. These doubts the Laureate does not hesitate to bring to full utterance:

"My will is bondsman to the dark,
I sit within a helmless bark."

But he does not publish his dismal thoughts boastfully or resistfully. His voice of sincere confession of darkness usually results in an earnest cry for light:

" . . . . But what am I
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light
And with no language but a cry."

But with all his doubts, Tennyson, unlike so many of his contemporaries, is always Christian. One cannot but remark that he does not hesitate to smite with all his strength and scorn the opponents of Christianity, whether pantheists or aetheists. The arguments adduced by sceptics, in support of their unbelief, have never been rebutted in verse more cleverly than by Tennyson.

His blade flashes like lightning and severs with as fine a stroke as Saladins scimiter. Indeed his watchword—the keynote of all his poetry, of all his life was:

"Hold fast the sceptre of the soul."

With this admission regarding the shortcomings of our poet, we pass on to a more minute consideration of his religious characteristics, particularly of his Catholic aspects. Not indeed that we would have him appear as one of the true fold. No, for his own creed was well known; but we are pleased to find bits of Her doctrine among those who are separated from her visible pale. Far from grudging them these precious fragments, she only wishes they were less scanty and would willingly add to them till they reached the full measure of the deposit of the faith.

A very noble example of the poet's perfect resignation to the Divine Will and of his correct idea as to the frivolity of all earthly joys can be found in "All Things Will Die", where he exclaims:

"Oh! vanity!
Death waits at the door!"

or again in those other lines of the same poem:

"The stream will ceasc to flow;
The wind will cease to blow;
The clouds will cease to fleet;
The heart will cease to beat;
For all things must die."

Again and again we find our poet with his sole and last hope in the final reward for the faithful. He exhorts man to trust in the Providence of an all ruling God when he says:

"Doubt no longer that the Highest
is the wisest and the best,
Let not all that saddens Nature
blight thy hope or break thy rest
Quail not at the fiery mountain
at the shipwreck or the rolling
Thunder or the rending earthquake or the famine, or the pest!

Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher
Wait till Death has flung them open when the man will make the Maker
Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire."

Lord Tennyson does not, however, go beyond the limit of trust, nor does he belong to that vast multitude of men who are wont to presume, to the last minute of their life, on the mercy of an offended God. He brings out in an awful and terrifying manner, the wrath of such a Master on a mother that has sinned when he says:

"And a voice rang out in the
thunders of Ocean and Heaven
'Thou hast sinn'd.'"

In a strikingly beautiful contrast he compares the earthly, bodily home of the soul to that after-home prepared by the creator for the just.

"Come away; for Life and
Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have
bought a mansion incorruptible."

He looks for the resurrection of the body and bids the dry dust of his friend (Spedding) "lie still, secure of change,"

It may be well to note here also—and it will certainly be of interest to the reader—the frequency of the poet's allusion to prayer. He looks to it in trouble; he uses it as an instrument of beautiful adoration, and lastly, he pictures it as that most powerful contrivance in gaining intercession with God.

He sketches the nurse in the "Children's Hospital" as replying to the harsh old doctor who has just said, "The lad will need little more of your care."

"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer." Was there ever written a more beautiful or acceptable prayer in praise of the Almighty than:

"Hallowed be thy name—Hallelujah!
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!
Hallowed be thy name—Hallelujah!"

Subsequently, in "The Passing of Arthur," we join with the poet, as he represents the king in the language of prayer:

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?"

He tells us how Enoch Arden, when cast away on a desert isle, heard in his dream the pealing of his parish bells and

"Though he knew not wherefore started up
Shuddering and when the beauteous hateful isle
Returned upon him had not his poor heart
Spoken with that, which, being everywhere
Lets none who speak with him seem all alone
Surely the man had died of solitude."

But now, before we turn to Tennyson in those aspects which may be considered more particularly, Catholic, it may be well to remark that there has never been found, in all his works (and they have been studied line for line), a single doctrine, or block of dogma, that could possibly clash with any of those of our own Catholic Church. For a poet eminently modern and English in his modes of thought, he is singularly free from the spirit of controversy. We do not remember one instance in contemporary non-Catholic poets of their fearlessly stepping forward as he does against fanaticism in favor of both the Catholic Faith and the Catholic Church. Many were Tennyson's Catholic friends and it is said that he once expressed a wish or rather hope that he would never say or write anything offensive to the tenets of their Church.

There are, indeed, very many devout breathings to be found in the numerous poems of the Laureate and it would perhaps prove tiresome for me to quote them all. But there are some which every Catholic will delight in pronouncing with the poet and which are as music to the ear.

There is one point in Tennyson's writings which is well deserving of mention and furthermore, of great praise from all Catholics. It is that reverential tone, that prevailing character of style, with which he touches upon all holy Catholic characters or delicate subjects in which our holy Faith is concerned. Note the extraordinary beauty of words and even greater sublimity of thought where he describes the holy nun (in St. Agnes' Eve) awaiting her entry into the presence of her "chosen Spouse:"

"He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of Eternity
One Sabbath deep and wide
A light upon the shining sea
The Bridegroom with His bride."

This allusion to our Lord reminds us that the perfect godhead of Christ is brought out fully in the sermon preached by Averill in "Alymers Field." The Lord from heaven, born of a village girl, carpenter's son, is there styled in the prophets words "Wonderful Prince of Peace, the Mighty God."

It may be well and not altogether out of place to say here, however, that in Tennyson's description of St. Simeon Stylites, one of the revered and honored saints of the Church, there arises what often proves to be a difference of opinion in the minds of critics even among those of our own faith. The work does, at first reading, seem to lack the humble spirit of our Holy Mother the Church, inasmuch as the poet, to bring out the severe penances of the saint, chooses Simeon's own lips as the means. There are many who seem to think that the Laureate has here, deliberately misrepresented Catholic sanctity. They are those who claim that it is in a most boasting and unsaintlike manner that Tennyson looks upon Stylites as telling:

"For not alone this pillar punishment
Not this alone I bore; but while I lived
In the white convent down the valley there
For many weeks about my loins I wore
The rope that haled the buckets from the well
Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose;
And spake not of it to a single soul
Until the ulcer eating thro' my skin
Betrayed my secret penance so that all
My brethren marvelled greatly."

Such opinions, however, can hardly be justified for although these lines do not, perhaps, leave the best impression, one's ideas are immediately overbalanced when at short intervals through the poem, the Saint continues to cry:

"Oh Mercy! mercy! wash away my sin!"

And again, when people mindful and respectful of his greatness, crowd about him, he says:

"Good people, you do ill to kneel to me,

What have I done to merit this?
I am a sinner viler than you all."

And once he tells them:

"That Pontius and Iscariot by my my side
Show'd like fair seraphs."

But if Tennyson has proved equal to portraying a Catholic Saint, he has also depicted most graphically in Sir Galahad, a Catholic knight of romance whose

"strength is as the strength often,
Because his heart is pure."

And whence comes this purity? Only the way that the Church teaches. Man left alone without grace cannot be pure. Hence Galahad is true when he says:

"So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will."

And to what extent? With the entirety our faith demands, not merely exterior but interior as well. (The Catholic aspects in Sir Galahad are no less marked than those of St. Simeon Stylites).

In "The Idylls of the King", we find lines of a distinctly Catholic tone on the repentant queen entering a convent. Guinevere speaks as follows:

"So let me if you do not shudder at me,
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you,
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts;
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,
But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites;
Pray and be prayed for; lie before your shrines:
Do each low ofice of your holy home;
Walk your dim cloister and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in His eyes
Who ransomed us and haler too, than I;
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal my own
And so wear out in alms deed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day
Which wrought the ruin of my lord, the king."

It is no shallow view that he takes of repentance when he makes Queen Guinevere ask:

"What is true repentance but in thought—
Not e'en in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us."

When the Laureate prays that his very worth may be forgiven he employs the language of deep humility which meets us so constantly in the writings of Catholic Saints.

It is neither infrequent nor with the slightest sarcasm or contempt that Tennyson alludes to the Catholic as the one true and consoling faith. Note the humility, yet the impressiveness of the opening lines of "The Wreck":

"Hide me, Mother! my Fathers belong'd to the Church of old,
I am driven by storm and sin and death to the ancient fold
I cling to the Catholic Cross once more, to the Faith that saves."

One of the noblest examples of the broad-mindedness of the Lincolnshire poet—and, is it not Catholic as well—can be found in his manner of looking upon death and of the souls after their

departure from this world. It is in that soft and sincere tone which is so characteristic of the writings of Tennyson, that the Laureate foresees, allegorically, his own death.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For though from out our Bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have cros't the bar."

What is more Catholic, more reasonable, or what is more confirmed by the teachings of our Holy Church than this silent and humble resignation to the call of God and the following exhortation and consolation offered to the mourners of the "Duke Clarence and Avondale":

"Mourn! That a world wide Empire mourns with you,
That all the Thrones are clouded by your loss
Were tender solace. Yet be comforted;
For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love
Then after his brief range of blameless days
The toll of funeral in an angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage bell."

One of the prettiest examples of the poet's idea of death is conspicuous in "The May Queen". It is most indifferently and resignedly that this innocent little child addresses her mother whom she is about to leave:

"So now I think my time is near.
I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed I care not if I go today.
It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay and yet His will be done."

Nor do the poet's ideas differ from those of the Church in his treatises on the soul after death. He represents the little "May Queen" in "New Years Eve", as saying, and beautifully, too:

"If I can, I'll come again mother from out my resting place,
Tho' you'll not see me, mother I shall look upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away."

We think now however, that this little article would be incomplete; that in justice to Mr. Tennyson, we must make some particular mention and no little praise of his pure and delicate treatment of woman and love.

License finds in him no apologist while he throws around purity and fidelity all the charms of song. It is in a most Catholic manner that he treats of the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere; the wedded love of Enid and Geraint; the meretricious love of Vivien and the unrequited love of Elaine.

Love has always furnished the impulse to poetry and has often been its staple. It would be difficult to find a poet who has never written of love. Tennyson, indeed is far from an ex-

ception, as love forms the great motive in all his larger poems. He has been an ardent student of womanhood; he has mastered the difficult secret of how to write ardently and yet retain the bloom of a delicate and almost virginal purity. He knows how to be passionate but his passion never passes into that sensuous extravagance which is the sign of weakness.

The main point in Tennyson's treatment of love, therefore, is its purity—a purity conspicuous in his stories of chivalrous love. It is therefore the virtue Love which he uses, not the vice, and, with rare exceptions, he shuns altogether the vice. A notable exception may be found in "The Sisters". The writer may perhaps be somewhat pardoned for this, as it seems to be an imitation of ancient ballad-poetry in which passion was the primal motive. Yet even in this, he is not forgetful that the vice can never replace the virtue so he proclaims a terrible condemnation on her who had died in sin:

"She died; she went to burning flame,
She mixed her ancient blood with shame."

He has painted, most beautifully, a clear picture of his conception of perfect womanhood, when, in the opening stanza of "Isabel" he describes her

"Eyes not down dropt nor over-bright but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity
Clear without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; locks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity
Where fixed shadows of thy fixed mood
Revered Isabel the crown and head
The stately flower of female fortitude
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowly head."

And now, we deem it time to bring forth one of the greatest arguments in favor of Tennyson's attitude towards the Catholic faith. It is his frequent and reverent mention of the Blessed Virgin Mary. What is more Catholic, what doctrine so excludes all the other Churches as the mention and, what is more, as the great respect and honor which he pays to the Holy Mother of God. He represents St. Simeon Stylites as saying:

"I .....
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the saints."

And again he says:

"And women smile with saintlike glances
Like Thine own Mother's when she bowed above Thee,
On that happy morn—"

To sum up then apart from the many Christian sentiments found everywhere in the Laureate—there are not a few examples of where his muse sings higher strains. I have pointed him out as exemplifying Catholic ideals in his portraits of Christ, and our Blessed Lady, of the Christian saint, Knight,

woman and the rest. I have shown his orthodoxy in treating of repentance, virginity, and the authority of our Holy Mother, the Church.

Better hands have treated "In Memoriam" and the "Idylls of the King". It is a well known fact that the whole theme of the Idylls is the warfare of the flesh against the spirit. These poems alone might easily afford numberless quotations on the topic, "Catholic Aspects of Tennyson", but as the subject has been treated quite lengthily and eruditely by the well known critic Conde Pallen, we have passed it over unnoticed.

—Harold R. McKinnon.

MY FRIEND

A friend I have—the best, man ever had.
In my joys, she's bright, in my sorrows, sad:
I'm blue, she'll rue,
Kind brother.
How I long to caress her!
O may the Good God bless her!
she's true, true blue,
Ah brother.
Your troubles and sorrows, your shame, your care,
She is always willing, eager to share,
I love like her,—
No other.
Friendships old, friendships new,
All of these I'll give for you,
My more than friend—
My Mother!

—Harry McGowan

The Redwood

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to give proof of College Industry, to recount College Doings and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Call from the Wild

AGAIN THE TRUMPET has heralded the opening of college, and promptly has its call been answered. From the wild haunts of the Sierras, from the cool breaths of the sea-shore, from the plains beyond the Rockies, and from nooks and corners unthinkable, come hordes of happy students with an array of good intentions and resolutions to be carried out during the ensuing year. The idle day dreams and happy recollections of the care-free summer months have almost vanished, and nothing now is left, save the thoughts, in some way pleasant, of "grinds" and pastimes which are essential to a year's work at college.

This year we find many new faces among the students enrolled, and awed

by accounts of the dreaded "exams", they too, have begun to formulate plans and resolutions, similar to those of the "old boys", resolutions to "get in and dig."

Our Director

With the departure of Mr. Cornelius Deeney, S. J., the Redwood realizes that it has lost a good, true friend and an able director. During his directorship, which has extended over the past four years, Mr. Deeney has been in no small way responsible for the success of our magazine, and it is largely due to him that we have been able to maintain that high standard. which we hold is ours.

A Higher Voice has called him and he has responded. Far across the Atlantic, to sunny Italy, Mr. Deeney has gone, where in the Calegio Gregariano, he will take up his Theology, in preparation for his ordination. The best wishes of the Redwood are with him, and we sincerely trust that soon he will be crowned with the Blessed Laurel of the Priesthood, the noble end to which his every act was diligently directed.

While we regret the loss of Mr. Deeney, we rejoice in the fact that Mr. Alphonse J. Quevedo, S. J., has been appointed to fill the vacancy and our hopes for the future of our magazine are as optimistic as ever.

Rev. H. Woods, S. J.

We regret that we are not able to publish in this issue, as was our intention, the clever parodies of Bret Harte's "Ah Sin", by the Rev. Henry Woods, S. J. We hope, however, to be able to insert this valuable piece of literature in our next issue. Fr. Wood's "No Cause For Complaint" which appeared in the last issue has indeed met with public commendation and we are therefore anxious to publish more of his writings.

The Irish Monthly says of them:

"The best bit of literature that we have seen in any college magazine on either side of the Atlantic, is "No Cause for Complaint", by the Rev. H. Woods, S. J. It is a delightful dramatic sketch in acto-syllabic verse with rondeaus, villanelles and other French forms most ingeniously interspersed. It seems that nearly all the copies of the privately printed Ludi Ignatiani, to which the sketch belongs, were burned in the San Francisco fire of five years ago. The whole collection ought now to be given to the public."

We feel a little proud, therefore, on being privileged to be the first to print such writings publicly and to be able to insert "Ah Sin" in our next issue.

Los Angeles School

In the realization of the great need of more secondary schools in the southern part of our State, the Jesuits have taken it in hand to have established a high school under the rectorship of Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, S. J. That this school will be a decided success cannot be gainsaid. Already there are about one hundred and fifty students enrolled. This is indeed quite a showing for the first year.

Father Gleeson has been Rector of Santa Clara for a period of four years prior to Father Morrissey, and during that time, by his kindness and wholesouled generosity, he has gained many and lasting friends, whose best wishes and prayers are with him in this, his late undertaking.

—Chris. A. Degnan.

With the same tantalizing slowness which a century plant takes to conceive and give birth to its daintily scented blossoms, did the vacation days dawn upon us; and likewise, with the same aggravating rapidity with which those delicate waxy petals fade into nothingness have the idle, dreamy weeks of ease and luxury passed into history. Now that they are gone, as we sit around the campus during leisure moments, smoking our pipes, or as we wander along in company with this group of boys or with that crowd of fellows, we hear, and in turn relate the numberless little incidents which have made our summer outing so agreeable.

Even at this moment we can conceive ourselves high in the mountains, drinking in deep breaths of its pure balmy air into which Nature has infused the sweet nectar of sighing pines.

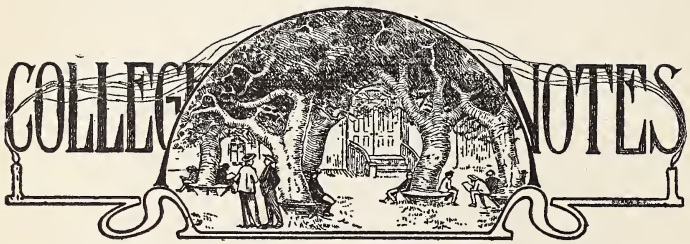
The joy of being out in the great wide open is intoxicating and in the evenings as we sit gathered about a huge camp fire, "swapping" tales of past experiences and of former good times as we look up we can perceive far off "in the distance", a mighty cataract madly dashing itself over the brink of a cliff, and as it falls it creates a thick mist, which, under the glimmering light of the silvery moon seems to be a bridal veil of tremendous magnitude.

But with these pleasant recollections of the summer holidays still so fresh within our memories, and our minds still so full to the brim and overflowing with nothing save the idle dreaming of bygone vacation days, we, nevertheless, experience a decided pleasure in once more occupying our respective desks and resuming the duties of our various positions on the Redwood staff, even though the walls of our good old sanctum have accumulated onto themselves, during our absence, a rich collection of ancient, medieval and modern cob-webs.

We have not as yet received many of our former exchanges, but it will be like the meeting of dear friends to again gaze upon the covers which have grown so familiar to us, while it will be with the greed of a hungry man before whom a sumptuous banquet has been set, that we will assimilate the contents of each magazine.

We will note, I am sure, with pleasure and gratification, the improvement in some, and with pain and disappointment the deterioration of others. But no matter how much to the good or how much to the bad, they have raised or lowered themselves, we will certainly be very glad to see them and to resume acquaintances. It will be with great interest that we will follow them during the ensuing season

—Aloysius Diepenbrock.



Back Again

At home, away from home. How true this paradox at Santa Clara. Here we do away with the stiff shirts and the other nuisances of a boring stylish age to once more put on "de pegs" and let the spiders weave their little prisons round the cut-your-neck-off collars. Here we mingle with old friends and new, like one great family, truly then can we say that at Santa Clara we are at home. At home—but the dismal bell's loud shrieking e'er the cock has crown makes us sometimes sing out:

"There is no place like home,—

But we hate to get up in the dark."

And the voices that we sometimes hear urging the tardy up the steep ascent of learning, and now and then calling out in encouraging tones "Excelsior", call us from our day-dreaming of the past to realize that we are back again for one more year of hard, though not unenjoyable study.

The Faculty

On our return we noticed some changes in the personnel of the faculty. Fr. Kavanagh, S. J., and Fr. Ruppert, S. J., have departed for New York to complete their last studies in the long course persued by the members of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Deeney, S. J., and Mr. Keaney, S. J., are taking up their studies in preparation for the Priesthood; Mr. Deeney in Rome and Mr. Keaney in Woodstock. Mr. V. White, S. J., is in Spokane engaged in the higher studies that are a remote preparation for the Priesthood. Mr. G. Kast, S. J., is teaching chemistry in the Junior and Senior year in St. Ignatius College, San Francisco. We miss their ever ready smile and kind words and wish them good success in their new occupations.

Among the new faces are Fr. Morton, well remembered as a former Director of Athletics, who will act as Minister and Prefect of Studies in the High School Department. Rev. James Conlon, S. J., recently Professor of Chemistry and Medicine in San Francisco will teach Chemistry and the branches that are proper to the Premedical course. Mr. A. Eline, S. J., Mr. J. McCummiskey, S. J., Mr. Crowley, S. J., Mr. R. Butler; the two former from Marquette, and the two latter from St. Ignatius College, Mr. O'Keefe, S. J., from Georgetown, are valuable acquisitions to the faculty. Besides these Messrs. B. S. Sullivan and J. J. Grimes, are teaching in the

Commercial Department and in the Engineering Course.

We subjoin the complete list of Professors as follows:

Rev. James P. Morrissey, S. J., President.

Rev. Francis J. Burke, S. J., Vice-President and Prefect of Discipline.

Rev. John J. Laherty, S. J., Secretary and Treasurer.

Rev. William J. Boland, S. J., Director of Studies in the College Department and Professor of Logic, Metaphysics, Economics and Jurisprudence.

Rev. Joseph T. Morton, S. J., Director of Studies in the Academic Department.

Rev. Henry Boesch, S. J., Registrar and Instructor in French.

Rev. Jerome S. Ricard, S. J., Professor of Ethics, History of Philosophy and Mathematics; Director of the Astronomical Observatory and of the Meteorological and Seismological Stations.

Rev. Richard H. Bell, S. J., Professor of Physics and Mathematics.

Rev. Anthony Cichi, S. J., Emeritus Professor of Chemistry.

Rev. James Conlon, S. J., Professor of Chemistry and in the Premedical Course.

Rev. Edmond Wall, S. J., Special Instructor in English and Latin.

William I. Lonergan, S. J., Professor of the English Language and Literature, and of Latin and Greek.

Alphonse J. Quevedo, S. J., Professor of Mathematics and in the Premedical Course; "Redwood".

Jos. Vaughan, S. J., Professor of Chemistry and Mathematics.

Charles A. Budde, S. J., Instructor in German and Chemistry.

Edmond J. Ryan, S. J., Instructor in English, Latin and Greek; Director of Athletics.

Charles E. O'Brien, S. J., Instructor in Latin and Greek; Moderator of Junior Athletics.

Aloysius S. Eline, S. J., Assistant Prefect of Discipline; Instructor in English and History.

John H. McCummiskey, S. J., Instructor in Latin and Mathematics.

Joseph R. Crowley, S. J., Instructor in English, Latin and History.

Chas. D. South, A. M., Litt. D., Instructor in English, Latin and History.

John J. Montgomery, M. S., Ph. D., Professor of Aerodynamics.

John H. Waddell, A. M., Assistant Registrar and Librarian.

B. S. Sullivan, Instructor in Commercial Branches.

Hardin N. Barry, A. B., Instructor in Mathematics.

J. J. Grimes, Instructor in Graphics and Commercial Branches.

James H. Campbell, A. M., Ph. D., L. L. B., Professor of Law.

Clarence C. Coolidge, B. S., A. B., L. L. B., Professor of Law.

James P. Sex, Ph. D., L. L. B., Professor of Law.

Albert F. Porta, C. E., Professor of Mechanics, Descriptive Geometry, Graphic Statics and Architecture.

Joseph R. Fernandez, Instructor in Spanish.

August W. Kaufmann, Instructor in Music.

David Power, Instructor in Music.

Camillo D'Andrea, Instructor in Music; Director of the College Band.

Frederick Gerlach, M. S., M. D., Visiting Physician and Surgeon.

Bro. Wendelyn Waible, S. J., Infirmarian.

Law Department The law course at Santa Clara extends over three years and provides for two lectures daily at 2:30 and at 7:15 p. m. in each of the three law classes. These lectures will be given partly by resident professors and partly by non-resident professors, a method which gives greater stability to the course of studies without at the same time sacrificing to theory that tone of actuality which is rarely given to a course except by men practicing at the bar.

The professors are all deep students as well as prominent attorneys, and in assigning their subjects special regard has been had of the peculiar qualifications of the individual professors. Thus a thorough treatment of the subjects taught is assured.

The establishment of the Santa Clara College Law Department is a distinct advantage for the young men of San Jose and its vicinity, since it provides the opportunity for the best legal study without necessitating absence from home.

In order to secure high-class work and because the college is more desirous of quality than quantity in those who enter upon the study of law, the requirements for admission to the Law Department are in excess of most law schools.

The regular requirements for entrance are: First, the completion of a college course; or second, the completion of two years of college work beyond the High School; or third, graduation from a Normal School. On these at the completion of the law course the degree of L. L. B. will be conferred. There are, however, many gifted young men whose circumstances did not permit their receiving a college education. They may, nevertheless, owing to the particular nature of their occupations, have acquired a degree of knowledge along particular lines quite equal if not superior to that of the ordinary High School student at the end of his fourth year, while their greater maturity and seriousness, and, it may be, their possession of the legal mind, renders them especially fitted for the study of law.

This is true particularly of young men working in insurance and real estate offices, banks, railroad offices and law firms, as well as of those who have studied privately and so acquired knowledge which, because of its variety and mode of acquisition, many educational institutions refuse to recognize.

To such young men also the Santa Clara College Law Department will be open, though dependently on the approval of the faculty in each case.

The system of study and instruction which will be followed in the law school is the Case system, which renders the study of the law concrete and interesting, develops to the utmost the analytic faculties of the mind, and, while equipping the student with a full knowledge of legal principles, gives him such facility in their application as could be gained in no other manner.

Some Improvements The building of the New and Greater Santa Clara, though still far from complete has, during the vacations begun to be realized. The first of the new buildings to be erected is the Administration Building which is now well under way and will be completed by the first of February. It is a re-enforced concrete structure,

200 by 43. With the completion of this building, the Senior Hall, a companion piece of architecture to the Administration Building, will be started at once. Following these constructions, others will be built in the order of their necessity and importance.

Aside from the construction of the college buildings proper other improvements and changes, that are of immediate accommodation, come as a surprise to us. A new gymnasium with regulation basket-ball and hand-ball courts, four new tennis courts, a vastly improved foot-ball field, several new hand-ball alleys, new lockers and showers, and other innovations that make us feel that the faculty, while laying stress on the fact that we are here "to let the book catch our reclining heads", still has not forgotten the enjoyments and physical culture that aid in making college life so enjoyable.

Student Body

President Edward White presided over first meeting of the year on the evening of Tuesday, September 26th. In the presence of so distinguished an assemblage he was as calm as the proverbial cucumber and never for an instant showed the slightest sign of nervousness.

To fill the vacancy in the office of Secretary, Roy A. Bronson '12, was unanimously chosen. Dion R. Holm '12, was selected as the most capable man to assist Harry McGowan in the prolonged "Sky-Rockets", and other original noise creations. After these elections, our newly appointed Athletic Director, Mr. E. Ryan, whose energy and capacity have already been evinced, responded in his usual pleasant manner to calls for a speech. The meeting closed with an eloquent plea in behalf of President White for the proper spirit and support from the Student Body, with the assurance that his administration would be "for the people and by the people".

Sanctuary Society

To Mr. W. Lonergan,, S. J., falls the honor and duty of being again Director of the St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society. At the first meeting of the year the annual election was held. The results follow: Loring D. Powell '12, was chosen Prefect; Stephen M. White, Secretary; Thomas B. Ybarrondo, Treasurer; Marco S. Zarick, Censor; Joseph R. Parker, Censor; Edmund Booth, Sacristan; and Nicholas Martin, Vestry-Prefect. Many new candidates were also received into the Society.

—Paul R. Leake.

Wedding Chimes

Master Cupid is a fine marksman; and during the last few months several of the "old boys" have fallen victims to his aim. Early in the month of June little Eros filled his quiver with winged arrows, and now he turns to find his once well-filled quiver emptied of all its messengers of bloodless death. But where are his arrows?

'03

The first to fall a victim was William V. Regan. As we look over our desk we see a face beaming from a medley of the "Redwood" of the year 1903. Under that face we see the name William V. Regan, College Notes. We thought until now that the staff of the "Redwood" was destined in after years to be immune from the weapons of the ever ready bow-bearing Babe. But, and what is more, our once College Notes Editor was wounded by an arrow that bore a name that is not unfamiliar in the "Redwood" office, that is the name of Merle.

William V. Regan and Martin Merle were close friends when at college and co-workers on the "Redwood" and so it was with pleasure that we now associate the names of Miss "Mollie" Merle, sister of Martin, and W. V. Regan under the one title of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Regan. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fr. Kenna, S. J., who was President of the college when "Will" graduated. Among those present were Rev. Fr. James P. Morrissey and Fr. Kavanagh, first Director of "Redwood". Besides these were present many old "S. C." boys. To our "Will" then the first of the Editors of the "Redwood" to venture out on the sea of Matrimony, not indeed uncertain to so well chosen a couple, we, the "Redwood" extend our sincere congratulations.

'02

Next Eros stopped before a stalwart and sedate figure. Calmly and quietly Eros took an arrow from his quiver; like David he seemed before Goliath. He twines the bow and brave Capt. Johnson is his victim. Mr. Johnson paid us a visit in the early part of June and had we noticed the wound the arrow made we might have found out more particulars. As it is we know not who it was that sent the michievous "Babe", but we do know, that in the first week

of August, Fr. Conway, himself an old Santa Clara student, performed the ceremony. "Capt." Johnson is still well remembered here, true man every inch of him. Congratulations "Capt.".

'04 Next was a curly youth well remembered by the name of "Frenchy" Lejeal. On the twenty-sixth of August he led to the altar Miss Bessie Murphy. The marriage ceremony was performed by Fr. Boland, a former teacher of the groom. To Mr. and Mrs. Lejeal we extend heartfelt good wishes.

We hear that Frederick Sigwart "ex. '05", and Robert McCabe "ex. '10" and George Ivancovich "ex. '02", were also wounded by the sure aim of Eros arrows. We regret that we have not on hand the full particulars of the "to whom and when". To these old students we wish the best success in their new career.

LOSS Joyful as were the echoes of these wedding bells we now, in sadness, hear the bells tolling as the remains of two of Santa Clara's well-deserving sons were being carried to their final resting place: one Henry Miller, a student of the early eighties; the other, Joseph Green, a student of recent years.

'84 Mr. Miller was a banker then afterwards the Mayor of Valdez, Alaska. From the lips of Fr. Hickey, who attended Mr. Miller in his last moments, we learn many interesting particulars. True to the last to those principles that he had learnt here in Santa Clara, he returned to his Maker, full of confidence that is born of good deeds. "The good Father is calling me home," he said to Fr. Hickey in the presence of his sorrowing family, "and I am pleased to do His Holy will. One thing alone I regret, that is, the leaving of my dear family. But let the Good Father's will be done." He leaves a widow and six children, and it is to these we turn and it is with these we condole in their bereavement. A loving wife has lost a faithful husband; six children mourn a father; and Santa Clara, one of her dear sons.

'04 Recently also Joseph Edward Green, well beloved by all who knew him, passed to his reward. He was a student here in '04, and those who knew him, saddened as they were to hear that "Joe" was no more, were not surprised to learn that he was not afraid to die. Honest, generous, faithful in college, he afterwards became a true husband and a loving father. Much as we mourn his loss and much as we sympathize with his young widow and child, we cannot help feeling that we can justly apply to him, "Blessed are they that die in the Lord."

Alumni Association The Santa Clara College Alumni Association elected the following named officers for the ensuing twelve months: President, Hon. Thomas I. Bergin, of San Francisco; Vice-President, Elmer E. Smith, of Merced; Secretary, Charles D. South, of Santa Clara; Treasurer, Charles M. Lorigan, of San Jose. Executive Committee: Rev. James P. Morrissey; President of Santa Clara College; William F. Humphrey, of San Francisco; Judge J. J. Trabucco, of Mariposa; John H. Riordan, of San Francisco; Rev. William A. Fleming, of San Francisco, and Senator E. B. Martinelli, of San Rafael.

In Memoriam

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call from this life our beloved fellow-Alumnus, George A. Sedgley, and

WHEREAS, during his life he was ever devoted to the best interests of Alma Mater and of this Association, having been the honored Secretary of our organization for more than a quarter of a century, and

WHEREAS, he was an able and conscientious teacher, a valued member of the Faculty of Santa Clara College, and a loyal son of Holy Mother Church; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that we, the Alumni Association of Santa Clara College, in annual meeting assembled, do hereby express our profound sense of loss in his demise and our sincere sympathy with his bereaved family.

RESOLVED, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, and a copy thereof sent to the family of the deceased, and to the "Redwood" for publication.

Committee:

JOHN J. BARRETT,
JOHN A. O'GARA,
JOHN H. WADDELL,
LEO J. ATTERIDGE,
CHAS. D. SOUTH.

San Francisco, June 21st, 1911.

—Jos. Demartini.

The Squad

The Campus is alive with Rugbyites and once again do we hear the whirr of the pigskin. Prospects for the season, now on, look exceedingly bright for a banner year, if the few engagements the Varsity has participated in—which resulted very favorably—may be taken as a criterion.

Many of last year's victorious fifteen have returned to college: Barry, Tramutolo, Hogan, Gallagher, Ganahl, Patten, Detels, Best, Ramage and Captain Ybarrondo.

Quite a horde of new arrivals turned out for first practice, the number including: Momson, Bronson, Davis, Hatch, Stewart, Gill, Canepa, Wildy, Quill, C. Palmtag, Castruccio, Barnard, Sargent, Curry, Harkins, C. White, McGrath, Hardy, O'Connor, Melchior, Fitzpatrick, A. Di Fiore, Lyng, Jacobs, Lettunich, Kelly, Beach, Celio, Powell, E. White, D. Di Fiore, Diepenbrock, J. Hartman, Dolan, Leake, Hoedt, Thomas and Gillman.

With all these men in competition a keen fight is on for Varsity positions, and under the able leadership of Captain "Tommy" Ybarrondo and the excellent tutorship of Coach Harry Renwick, a crack team is surely in store for Santa Clara.

Coach Renwick

The presence of Harry Renwick on the Campus is added reason for predicting a very successful Rugby season.

All are fully acquainted with the brilliant success last year's Varsity attained under his coaching and we are safe in saying that he will repeat last year's victories.

Never a more popular or able man has handled the helm of Santa Clara's Rugby fate than Coach Harry Renwick.

Success is the wish of the "Redwood".

Santa Clara 13. California Freshmen 3.

In the initial contest of the Rugby season, Santa Clara triumphed over the Blue and Gold "Babies" on the latter's oval, by the score of 13-3. The Varsity easily outclassed the "infants" and took the day rather easy. The forwards of Santa Clara were instrumental in securing the first try—when a

dribbling rush was successfully terminated by Patten hopping on the ball behind the white lines. "Tommy" Ybarrondo converted the goal. Both teams worked earnestly during the first half, but Patten's try was the only score and the whistle blew with the figures reading: Santa Clara 5; California Freshmen, 0.

The Freshmen crossed the lines for a try in the early part of the second half on a lucky kick and a fast follow-up. The trial at conversion was missed. Santa Clara then came back strong with two scores, one made by Best on a 45-yard run through a scattered field and the other by Patton on a pass by Tramutolo. "Tommy" added two points, failing the other from a difficult angle.

Time was called with Santa Clara resting on the long end of a 13-3 score.

Santa Clara 3. Stanford Freshman 3.

We insert the following from the San Francisco "Chronicle", Sept. 27:

The Rugby team representing Santa Clara College and the Stanford Freshmen fought each other to a standstill this afternoon on Stanford field and succeeded in accomplishing nothing more than a 3-3 tie score.

The half ended, Stanford 0, Santa Clara 3. During the second half, just before time was called, Stanford was awarded a free kick for offside play on the part of Santa Clara. It was within 20 yards of the goal, and Clark sent the ball over the posts for the score of three points, which tied the game.

The lineups were as follows:

Stanford Freshmen—Wines, Soper, Wilson, Haley, Frost, Jacomine, Dutton, Bloeser, forwards; Clark, half; Erb, Sims, five-eighths; Ross, Thoburn, center; Cookson, Templeton, wings; Hutchinson, full.

Santa Clara—Ganahl, Barry, Quill, Hogan, Hatch, Patten, Palmtag, Tramutolo, forwards; Ybarrondo, half; Gallagher, Best, Stewart, Monson, three-quarters; Detels, full.

Santa Clara 5. University of Nevada 0.

The Red and White cohorts, twenty-one strong, journeyed to the "Sagebrush" State Saturday, Sept. 30th, and romped away with the Nevadan's goat, 5-0. The game was played on the Mackay Athletic field, and incidentally the "natives" were treated to one of the most spirited contests that field ever witnessed. Owing to the change of clime the Varsity men were affected a great deal in their playing, the high altitude slowing them up greatly,—which fact accounts for the otherwise close score.

Santa Clara started off with a rush in the first half securing the first and only try fifteen minutes after the opening whistle had sounded.

Quill captured the ball after it had been thrown in from touch and breaking through Nevada's guard sprinted ten yards for the goal. Ybarrondo converted, making the score Santa Clara 5, Nevada 0. The remainder of the half saw the ball principally in Nevada's territory and the Nevadan's were sure the luckiest men in the world that the Varsity didn't pile up a larger score.

The second half started with a terrific wind blowing at the backs of the Nevada men and the sun glaring in the eyes of the Santa Claran's. Notwithstanding these odds the Red and White warriors held bravely and played the

"Sagebrushers" to a standstill. It was during this period of the game that Santa Clara's excellent defensive work showed to great advantage, for when a score seemed likely—bang—down went the gates and Nevada, even though playing with great odds in their favor, could not penetrate the Varsity's stonewall defense.

One able Nevada critic, in one of his happy seances, refers to this phase of the day's play in this wise: "Time after time the University team appeared on the verge of scoring, but lacked the ability to do so." His explanation seems quite logical. I wonder how he tells?

Santa Clara simply played safe in this half, being content with one try to their credit and the final whistle blew with the score unchanged.

The lineup of the teams follows:

University of Nevada—Harriman, Settlemeyer, front rank; Holmes, Spencer and Anderson, lock; Mackay, Kniffen, side rank; Perkins, Bartin and Dorn, rear rank; Charles (captain), wing forward; Menardi, half back; Bringham, Knight, five-eighths; Curtain, center three-quarters; McPhail, Webster, wing three-quarters; Sheehy, fullback.

Santa Clara—Barry, Ganahl, Quill, Hatch, Hogan, C. Palmtag and Patten, forwards; Tramutolo, wing forward; Gallagher, half-back; Ybarrondo (captain), outside half; Stewart, five-eights; Momson, center three-quarters; Best and Bronson, wing three-quarters; Detels, fullback; Castruccio, Harkins, Sargent and Davis, substitutes; Dromiack, lineman for Santa Clara; Pruett, lineman for Nevada. Referee—Frank Mayers.

Santa Clara Second Varsity 8. San Jose High 3.

The Second Varsity, under the guiding wing of Captain-Manager John Barnard romped home winners over San Jose High in a fiercely played contest, 8-3.

Both backs and forwards for the Seconds performed brilliantly, those shining particularly being McGrath, Ramage, Davis, Gill, Beach and Captain-Manager John Barnard.

Santa Clara kicked off and kept the ball well in S. J. High's territory. In a few minute of play McGrath hooked the ball, crossing the white lines for S. C.'s first try. Ramage failed to convert.

The ball was kept see-sawing back and forth in the center of the field, many fine plays being ripped off. The oval was suddenly carried to Santa Clara's fifteen-yard line. A free kick was awarded San Jose and Burke dropped the ball over the bars for San Jose's only score.

The second half was also closely fought, Beach of Santa Clara going over for a try, which Ramage converted from a difficult angle.

For their first appearance the Seconds played magnificent ball. There is still room for improvement however, and we hope to read of many more Second Team victories.

Santa Clara Seconds 9. Santa Clara High 0.

Santa Clara High fell before the onslaught of the Second team, 9-0. What promised to be a hard-fought game resulted in a runaway for Barnard's colts.

Only one half was played, the contest being halted on account of darkness. Gill, Ramage and Barnard each scored a try for the winners.

The team as a whole played much better Rugby than at their first appearance.

—Marco Zarick.

THE REDWOOD

NOVEMBER, 1911

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The Redwood

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VOL. XI SANTA CLARA, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1911 NO. 2

GRIEF

All the flowers are droopt and moistened,
Petals wet by falling rain:
Tears that course from out the heavens
Begging rest for all in pain.
Sad trees quake their boughs in horror,
Bare and nude like scarecrows jest.
And beneath the green sward sleeping
A love of mine will ever rest.

—*RODNEY A. YOELL*

JOHN J. MONTGOMERY

BY WILLIAM P. VEUVE

When, in the spring of 1905, the people of Santa Clara saw a bird-like contrivance far up above their heads turning and soaring and standing still and again swooping down with the ease of a graceful bird, they little thought that he, who was its inventor, would one day be its victim. And now Montgomery—he, whose mind was the storehouse of all those principles which he proved so conclusively on that memorable day in April—is no more. Death has come to rob Santa Clara of one of her dearest sons, and Science of one of her best exponents.

I.

Mr. Montgomery first made an exhibition flight with his aeroplane in Santa Clara on the occasion of the feast day of the President of Santa Clara College, prompted, no doubt, by filial affection towards his Alma Mater. The account of this day we have from an eye witness.

The day was exceptionally grand, the throng of spectators immense, and the college buildings beautifully and tastefully decorated added to the solemnity of the occasion. It was the President's day; the students decked out in gala dress, with their red and white badges and joyous faces, the alumni, gathered from all quarters to do homage to the Rev. Robert E. Kenna, and the various members of the Faculty mingled in groups and talked of days gone by and of days to come. Among the visitors there were Congressman Hayes, and Supreme Judge Wm. Lorigan, and Superior Judges Coffey and Hyland and Herrington and a number of other Californian celebrities, all gathered to felicitate the Reverend President on his Festive Day. Then there was a group of press representatives and photographers invited for a special feature, of which the other guests knew nothing. For it had not been determined, until a day or two previous, to have the aeroplane exhibition. As it was, this exhibition turned out to be the feature of the day and, in fact, one of the greatest, if not the greatest feature, in the history of Santa Clara. Professor Chanute of aeronautical fame says that, "It is the most daring feat ever attempted" and Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone man, says that, "all subsequent attempts in aviation must begin with the Montgomery machine."

It is that machine and its successful flight with which the present paper has to do. We who were present on the occasion may seem to those not similarly fortunate, to have a tendency to-

wards exaggeration; and in fact to say that it is a monster bird, and to attribute to it all the motions and all the power of a bird is exaggeration. The inventor himself is the last man in the world to approve of such kind of talk. The actual facts of the case need no coloring; they speak for themselves and speak very eloquently.

At eleven o'clock A. M. the big balloon began to writhe and shift from side to side in an effort to leap into the air; it seemed anxious for the ascent. The aeronaut was in reality anxious as he took his place on the saddle of the aeroplane and waited. Photographers were busy at work, reporters were plying their questions, the neighboring house-tops were filled with on-lookers and those who had been admitted to the vineyard, moved to and fro and made their comments in a fever of excitement. Amid all this bustle and anxiety there was a scene of touching significance. In response to the request of the inventor, the Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., accompanied by several acolytes, approached the aeroplane and blessed it with all the solemnity possible. At the side of the Reverend Father stood Professor John J. Montgomery, hat in hand, joining in the prayer for Heaven's blessing, while all the assembled guests and students uncovered their heads and united heartily in the solemn service. The aeroplane was christened "The Santa Clara" in honor of the college and in filial reverence to the virgin Saint Claire of Assisi. The name was chosen by Mr. Montgomery himself and in thus placing his machine under the patronage of the Saint who has guided and blessed the college he felt that he also would have her blessing.

This ceremony over, it was time to start. There was a crackling noise of ropes, a dash upward and a deafening shout of triumph from the by-standers. Then there was an interval of silent admiration as the balloon ascended. Up, up, it went into the skies, until it became a speck in the azure depths. Still it was not so far away as to obscure the crucial test. When, at a height of some 4000 feet, the balloon and the aeroplane separated, the hearts of the spectators throbbed anxiously; but as the balloon keeled over and dropped earthward leaving the aeroplane on high, with no other support but the circumambient air, the shouts and cheers became deafening.

He was safe! That was enough for the nervous; but the curious wanted a demonstration of dirigibility and sustained flight. Nor were these latter disappointed. For a moment the "Santa Clara" paused motionless and then began a demonstration of its capabilities. The present writer was comfortably situated in the College tower, whence he enjoyed a perfect view of the various maneuvers.

This is what he saw. The aeronaut directed his course straight against the wind and proceeded, in an all but level

plane, for over three hundred yards. He then turned, the wings forming an angle of forty-five degrees, and dashing back with frightening speed, he succeeded by the same manipulation of the wings, to turn again and to move downwards. This process was, apparently without effort, repeated several times, before the courageous pilot made up his mind to alight. The final descent was perhaps the most marvelous feature of the flight. He was about 1500 feet above the Santa Clara Mill, with lumber piles and telegraph wires and trees beneath. The field of his own choosing lay at a great angle from him; but that was nothing. By the aid of the wind he mounted several yards, and turning made the great dive for the field. Like a meteor he shot through the air, and such was the velocity of the descent that had it not been checked it would have ended in ruinous disaster to both aeronaut and aeroplane! By a simple turn of the wings, however the speed was checked and by a second dive and turn the aeronaut alighted with such ease and grace, that no one could imagine, had he not witnessed it, that the man had, but a moment before, a velocity of over a hundred feet per second. "I landed like a bird," was the remark of the aeronaut as he folded his wings, mounted a bicycle and rode back to the college.

The foregoing is, in brief, what was noticed by the spectators generally; the following particulars escaped the many. During the ascent of the balloon and the flight of the aeroplane, Professor Montgomery was surrounded by the various members of his family. His mother, his sisters and his brothers were there and the Most Reverend Archbishop Montgomery of San Francisco, a cousin of the inventor. With these the learned Professor spent the important moments. He sat by his mother's side and explained the various motions and though interrupted by the anxious reporters with all manner of questions, he gave them but a fraction, and a very small fraction, of his attention. His mother, though an octogenarian, had come all the way from San Diego to witness the triumph of her son and his first duty was to stay with her, to explain things to her and to his sisters and brothers.

"After the success of your aeroplane," some one ventured to ask the inventor, "what gave you the greatest satisfaction? Was it not the presence of so many scientific and otherwise celebrated men?"

"Not at all!" was the answer. "The things that gave me satisfaction were mainly these; the solemn blessing of the aeroplane and the presence of my aged mother and of my brothers and sisters. When I began my experiments twenty-five years ago, my mother chided me for what she called my 'youthful pranks,' she had to urge me, on many an occasion, to drop my laboratory work and retire to rest and so the greatest satisfaction of the day, and of

my life, is to have had her present on the occasion."

Encouraged by these Montgomery made other flights in San Jose and in Oakland and Santa Clara. The machine which he used on these occasions was neither a parachute nor an aeroplane as we now generally understand the term. It differed from a parachute in that it was capable of rising upward and in general of being able to be directed by the operator in any manner whatever; it differed from an aeroplane in that it was incapable of sustained flight beyond a definite time. What Montgomery strove to accomplish by this, his first machine, we can best learn from himself. In an article written for the Redwood he said in part:

"The flight of birds naturally suggests to everyone the idea of navigating the air, and its various phases seem to indicate the proper line of development. These in their natural order are: rising from the ground, continued flight, and soaring or gliding. Most of those who have experimented, have endeavored to follow this order, oblivious to the thought, that the whole phenomenon of flight is based upon a set of laws unrecognized in mechanics. Herein lies the error that has caused such confusion of thought and so many discouraging failures. This mistake is not to be wondered at; for the simple easy movements of a bird, rising from the ground and gliding through the air, rob the subject of all suggestion of mystery or difficulty.

"Those who have followed this investigation have met obstacle after obstacle and have been forced back to mere humble attempts, and have been compelled to study elements that hardly suggested themselves at the beginning. As a result of this retreat in the face of obstacles, the proper order of study seems to be the reverse of that presented by nature. The reason of this will be apparent when we consider that the air is an untried domain of action, and the first step must be to derive safe support from it, just as in navigation the first essential is to understand and apply the principles of equilibrium of a vessel. This must be the foundation on which all development of a vessel is based, and without which it is folly to consider any questions of steering or propulsion.

"If this question of equilibrium of an aeroplane is solved we may securely launch our apparatus in the air, travel through it, study the various phenomena and finally obtain a mastery over it.

"The recent experiments, which I have performed with aeroplanes, seem to justify the belief that the question of equilibrium is so far solved as to make it possible to glide through the air in safety, and control the direction of movement at will. Thus a basis of action is afforded and development becomes possible; while, on the other hand, without a knowledge and appre-

ciation of the laws and principles underlying the various phenomena of flight, there is little hope of advance."

II.

It will no doubt be interesting to learn that the aeroplane is not a hap-hazard or a fortuitous find, but the result of years spent in patient scientific research. It is hoped, too, that a clear narrative of the particulars leading up to the invention will have a tendency to remove, in part at least, any little prejudices that may remain in the minds of the "wise." Prejudice is ever apt to spring up against innovations. Conservatives we are, every one of us in spite of our boasts to the contrary; it is a trait of human nature. When the carriage was introduced into England in 1564, the progressive magnates of the time thought it an unjustifiable innovation. It was called a "great sea-shell from China" and a "temple in which cannibals worshiped the devil." Fulton had even greater difficulties to contend against. He was mocked at home with "Poor fellow! what a pity he is crazy!" and in England his steam appliances were cried down as late as 1817. The Journalist Jeffrey, when he saw a steamship on Loch Lomond, "hissing and roaring and foaming and spouting like an angry whale," expressed himself thus, "I am glad that it is found not to answer and is to be dropped next year." About the same time a writer in the Quarterly Review spoke as follows: "As to the persons who speculate about making railways general throughout the kingdom and superceding all canals, all the wagons, mail and stage coaches, post-chaises, and in short, every other mode of conveyance by land and by water we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice." We twentieth century folk laugh at these poor benighted forefathers, but have we the right to laugh? Not if we throw eyes and hands to heaven at the mere thought of a flying machine. Man is made to walk the earth; why should he tamper with the vacant air. Softly, friend critic; how about the boundless ocean? we plow the deep; why not the air? Why not indeed? That is the question. Professor Langley spent one hundred thousand dollars in an attempt to answer it, Professor Lilienthal lost his life in a similar attempt, and as far as flying was concerned the result in both cases was total failure.

The thought of these failures is apt to prejudice us, but when one sees the actual and undeniably successful flight, he loses his prejudice. I have seen such and I must confess that it is with an effort that I can refrain from undue enthusiasm. The papers have called the machine the "human bird," the "greatest discovery of modern times," and so on through the whole vocabulary of exaggerated terms. This enthusiastic admiration is justifiable to be sure, when the contrivance is seen, turning and soaring and standing still and swooping with graceful ease; but

because the machine is not as yet what the Professor would have made it, because it has not as yet the power of self-elevation, nor under all conditions the power of propulsion I have determined to be somewhat reserved in this article and refraining from excessive praise of what has actually been accomplished bring the reader through the preliminary steps that led to Montgomery's success.

The first thought of a flying machine came to the inventor at the early age of five. It came in this way. He had been observing for some time the fleecy white clouds floating through the air without any apparent sustaining power. In the evening when the clouds rested on the hill-tops, he asked some friends if it would not be worth while to climb the hill and see if there was not a way of mounting the clouds and riding through the air. Of course his friends did not go to the trouble, but the idea haunted the youth. Two years later the Montgomery family moved to Oakland and little John was still ambitious to fly. It occurred to him as strange that wild geese had more power for flight than their domestic relatives, and many a time he chased his mother's geese with a desire to see the effect.

At the age of eight, he became interested in kites, and time and time again did he interrupt the more serious occupations of his mother to have her assistance in kite-making. He heard, about this time, from an old French neighbor, of the balloons used in France. It was a revelation to the boy, a realization of a long cherished dream. People actually sailing in the air! This was what he wanted, and forthwith his youthful imagination began to picture the balloon. It must be, he thought, an immense house-like structure with paddle wheels, like those which he had observed on the ferry-boats when crossing to and from San Francisco.

He had not long to wait, however, before an actual balloon ascension dispelled his imaginings. When he was eleven years of age a certain Mr. Mariot, a friend of his father, the famous Zach Montgomery, brought out the "Avitor" in San Francisco. The Avitor was a sort of cigar-shaped, dirigible balloon and aroused a considerable amount of interest and curiosity in the State. On the occasion of the first exhibition Zach Montgomery brought a picture of the machine home and the young John made immediate demands to see it. The demand was of course complied with and for the first time in John's life he saw the realization of his hopes, but not the thorough realization. The monster contrivance arose, but was by no means dirigible, the wind drove it in sport whithersoever it listed.

On the following day one might have observed the little manly youngster intent on a toy balloon. Among his experiments he endeavored to have a little gas-bag raise a hatchet, but of

course it did not respond to the wish. More satisfaction resulted from another toy, the "flying top." With it he performed countless experiments; he changed the shape of the blades, changed the angles, the curvatures, etc., trying to make it ascend higher than before. This was an important period of the invention. Of course every boy has had his kite-day and his top-day and his marble-day; but not every one has seen in his own boyish way the principles involved, the impact of marbles, the rotary motion of the top, the forces acting on the kite. Montgomery was a natural scientist and during these boyhood years he thought of all these things.

When at the age of fifteen the young man came to Santa Clara he formed a close friendship with Mr. Kenna (now Rev. Father Kenna). Many were the mutual chats between John and his instructor. Though engaged in other pursuits besides science, his mind, following its natural bent, seemed to tend towards nature's phenomena and especially those of the heavens. Astronomy and flying were his principal points of inquiry and such was his scientific bent generally, that though not of the scientific class, he was admitted at times to the laboratory to witness the experiments.

Only one year was spent at Santa Clara, his education being completed at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco. During his first years at this latter place, he clung to his favorite subject and many were the experiments he performed, skimming flat-surfaces through the air and watching their movements. On one occasion an experiment of lasting influence was performed. Young Montgomery found a piece of sheet-iron, curved in a peculiar way at one end. He threw it from him and noticed is gliding through the air. Suddenly while nearing the ground, it struck a weed and in striking changed its position. The result was that it paused for a moment and then ascending to a considerable height made an almost complete circle and falling with great force struck and held fast to a tree. The manner of its rising and its subsequent motion appealed to the curiosity of the youth and he concluded that there was something there which was not fully understood and he determined in youthful earnestness to solve the mystery.

His attention, however, was soon directed in another direction. When Montgomery entered St. Ignatius College, the experimental work of Father Neri, principally along electrical lines, was attracting universal attention and Montgomery turned his thoughts to electricity. He was present when the famous "Alliance Machine," the parent of the dynamo, reached St. Ignatius College; he was there when Father Neri, S. J., performed his experiments on Market street with electric arc lights. But though science was uppermost in Montgomery's mind he did not

neglect his other studies. In 1879 he was graduated and in his class were the Rev. R. H. Bell, S. J., Rev. H. D. Whittle, S. J.; the Hon. James D. Phelan, Ph. D., and the Hon. Francis C. Cleary. It was a class that any college in the country should and would feel proud of.

After his graduation the Montgomery family moved to San Diego, where John built for himself a laboratory and supplied it with a valuable collection of instruments. During the day John was engaged on his father's farm; but every spare moment was spent in his laboratory. There is a peculiar circumstance connected with this period of experimental work which may seem fiction, but it is not. Mention has already been made of Father Neri's "Alliance Machine," and we said that it was the parent of the dynamo. At all events it was the first machine of its kind ever introduced into America. It had been used as a source of power in producing light for the defensive work during the seige of Paris, and was secured by Father Neri immediately after the Franco-Prussian war. It is still at St. Ignatius College and consists of a number of magnets surrounding a revolving coil. At a public exhibition for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institute in 1875, the famous Jesuit scientist who worked the machine devised a scheme of strengthening the magnets by means of a current from a storage battery. Those who understand the make-up of a dynamo will recognize this as a rather near approach to the modern structure. But there was a still nearer approach a few years later. When Mr. Montgomery was fitting out his cabinet at San Diego, he endeavored to reproduce the "Alliance Machine" plus the improvements of Father Neri and his attempt resulted in a modern dynamo of great power. Surprised at the efficiency of the machine, he began a careful study of its workings, when lo! the scientific press announced the discovery of Farrenti and Thompson. It is an astonishing fact, but it is true, and the old neighbors of his home in San Diego, for whose benefit he used to perform experiments, can bear witness to the truth.

But to return to the flying-machine and the ideas that led up to it. It was a common practice of Montgomery to watch the flight of birds, to shoot them and study the relation between weight and wing-surface. On one memorable occasion,—memorable because it led to renewed studies of the subject,—he saw a flock of pelicans hovering over head; he watched their graceful motion through the air, their ascents and descents, their apparent pauses and the imperceptible effort made in remaining aloft. He shot one of them and found that it weighed 12 pounds; he measured the wings and they were nine feet from tip to tip; he ascertained the wing-surface and found it to be by no means of unattainable proportion to the weight of a man. On the following

day he counted a similar flock of pelicans and found that they numbered one hundred. There then right above him he beheld 1200 pounds, sustained in the air, moving through the air with great velocity, rising with no apparent effort, resting with wings motionless and floating calmly in the breeze. If twelve hundred pounds could be sustained and directed and held in equilibrium, why not two hundred? It is certainly possible, if one can find the secret. These thoughts held revel in the young scientist's brain.

To find the secret he accordingly set himself to work during his leisure moments. In fact I should remark that all of the Professor's work was done during leisure moments. He never allowed the flying-idea to interfere with his ordinary duties.

His first actual experiment was in 1883, and it resulted in what he styles "the first and only real disappointment in the study." It was a wing-flapping contrivance built on the idea that a man with muscular effort could rise from the ground. He succeeded in flapping, as might be expected, but rise he could not; something else was necessary, and he accordingly constructed a double-winged concern, with the idea of alternate flapping; but it, too, failed, and he had to begin anew.

This double failure had a good effect; he concluded very logically and sensibly that an attempt to fly outright was too bold an attempt, that the consummation should be reached through a gradual process, that it was necessary in the first place to secure a machine with equilibrium, one that would glide through the air in safety, and to this he devoted himself. In 1884 he constructed a pair of wings on the model of a sea-gull's and with them descended from a height of over two hundred feet. It was a daring attempt, but its success spurred the scientist on to greater efforts. He removed the curvatures of the wings and made sundry attempts to secure equilibrium; but the plane-surface wing was a failure.

At this juncture, with all his actual knowledge of air currents, he began an attentive study of the problem as set forth in the books; he read the various theories with great chagrin, because none of them explained the phenomena which he had himself noticed. He searched high and low for an explanation of his youthful experiment with the piece of sheet-iron, but in vain.

In his disappointment he turned his attention to independent researches, beginning with a self-constructed whirly-go-round. It consisted of an upright and a cross-beam, so attached as to revolve readily. The purpose was to place at either end of the cross-beam, variously shaped surfaces and at different angles, with a view to study the air-pressure, while the surfaces were in motion. On one occasion he placed a surface at a definite angle in such wise that it could change the angle as it revolved and he attached an automatic

contrivance to record the changes. Contrary to anticipation the surface began to flap or oscillate to and fro.

This discovery was the starting point towards the present machine. If the surface oscillated it was evident, that in this particular case, the air-pressure against the surface was not, as one would have naturally supposed it to be, uniform, but of a pulsating nature. What was this pulsating force? Could it be possible that the surface produced movements in the air in advance of itself? Such were the questions which the young scientist set himself to answer. Going out into an open field where a slight wind was blowing, he threw some thistle-down into the air and observed that it was carried along on the wings of the wind gracefully and determinately, until nearing a broad, flat surface, which was introduced at some distance, it turned, approached and glided around the surface, and then continued in a long wave-like curve resembling the floating of an immense flag.

This phenomenon suggested three fundamental, working ideas:

I. What is the cause of those movements?

II. What has the surface-shape to do with them?

III. What is the nature of collision between the moving air and the surface; is it elastic impact or simple static pressure?

The last question, being more fundamental and containing, in its solution, an answer to the other two, demanded first attention. It was approached through an earnest study of mechanical laws generally. Light refraction occupied the scientist for some time; then he studied the nature of and the effects produced by different forces applied to the gyroscope while in motion. These experiments led to many and varied conclusions which may be discussed at greater length later on.

The foregoing experiments took place in San Diego on the Montgomery farm, during the years between 1886 and 1892. It was then that the inventor's father, the Hon. Zach Montgomery, was filling the office of Assistant Attorney General of the United States and accordingly the things at home were left in the hands of the young fellows. John led the way and interested his brothers in science, so much so, in fact, that their mother was compelled time and time again to scold them for not keeping reasonable hours. She was afraid that John's health would suffer and urged on him a greater amount of prudence in his research work.

In 1893 John went to Chicago, anxious among other things to attend the Aeronautical Congress. His ambition was more than satisfied; he not only had an opportunity to attend the meetings of the Congress, but for his knowledge of the subject he was made a member, and so enjoyed, during the sessions, a privilege which in his diffidence he had hardly looked forward

to; he was permitted to take part in the discussions as a member of the Congress. His admission happened this way: on one occasion he was present at the reading of a paper composed by the famous Professor Langley. The subject was "The Internal Work of Wind," and naturally enough it recalled some experiments which Montgomery had himself performed. Spurred on by a desire to speak, the youth waited on the celebrated Mr. Octave Chanute, the then President of the Congress, by whose courtesy the youthful Californian was given what he sought and had ample opportunity to discuss matters.

This honor and the additional one of being admitted as a member of the Electrical Congress encouraged the scientist, and so when he returned to California in 1894 he began his experiments anew, this time with liquid movements. His position of Professor at Mt. St. Joseph's College gave him ample opportunity to study the subject.

These experiments were performed in 1894. From that year until the fall of 1903 nothing special was undertaken in the flying direction. In 1903 he constructed his first aeroplane with a view to study the subject scientifically. In fact all of his work has been scientific. When, however, he found that his machine was perfect in point of equilibrium, he determined to experiment. In the summer of 1904 his first trial took place; in March, 1905, he tried again and on April 29th he demonstrated clearly and unequivocally that he had an aeroplane of wonderful power and of still more wonderful promise.

III.

Having then perfected a machine that would balance itself in the air and that was capable of being directed by the operator in any manner he wished, Professor Montgomery next turned his attention to the problems of propulsion and elevation. In studying out these problems of continued flight he saw that some small alterations had to be made in his glider as the introduction of motor would somewhat impair that marvelous equilibrium which he had obtained in his first machine.

After making these changes and having determined the best position for the motor he returned to reconsider the best manner of warping the wings. In his last machine instead of warping the back wings as he had done in the glider he warped the fore wings because, as he said, the operator could easily see if the wings were responding to his movements.

Montgomery was by no means abstract. He subjected every calculation that he made to actual experiment, as those who knew him will amply testify. Every corner and nook of his work shop bears testimony to this. Here we find a series of wings, each a little different than the other, there specimens of different kind of

wood. There a machine to test air currents, here a heap of models. But these were not sufficient for him. He well understood the benefit to be derived from actual experiment in the air, and he determined to leave nothing unexplored that could help him in perfecting his invention.

The machine was ready and off he started to make the experiments. Out in the hills near Evergreen, about twelve miles from the College, he established his camp. There were there Professor Montgomery, and the two mechanicians, Messrs. Reinhardt and Vierra. We waited eagerly to hear the results of these experiments, and on his return we questioned the inventor. In his usual kind way he gave us many interesting details of his flights, and said enthusiastically "It flies like a bird." The Redwood was very anxious to publish at this time the accounts of these flights and Professor had of his own good will volunteered to write for it a lengthy article. These experiments took place during the early part of September.

In the latter part of the month he again set out to experiment with the machine that he had slightly altered. On the 23d of October, accompanied by his wife and two mechanicians, Montgomery started for Evergreen, the place that had but lately been the scene of so many splendid achievements. And we waited for the results—waited for him to return and tell us of his latest successes, but we waited in vain. We had hoped to hear from his lips an accurate account of his aeroplane, but instead a messenger came to tell us that he was no more.

"Accident, Dead". Who can describe the feeling of awe and sadness that these words brought us on that fatal day. Montgomery was no more. Montgomery, the kind, sympathetic, generous Montgomery was snatched away from us by the cruel hand of Death. The summons had come from the Master and he hastened to obey His call.

We learn the particulars thus:

"On the morning of the accident he had started to experiment early. One more trial and the motor was to be used. Up on the end of the runway that had been constructed on the side of the mountain, Montgomery sat in his machine. The machine started down, then after a few yards it left the earth. Hardly fifty yards from the starting point the professor released his hold on the stearing contrivance, the machine became overbalanced on the left side, and the aeroplane came crashing to the ground. The left wing was slightly broken. Mr. Montgomery fell heavily on his head and neck. We rushed to his side and he told us not to fear that he had not been severely hurt and asked what we thought had been the cause of the accident. It was very apparent that he was dazed and often would complain of dizziness and then fall asleep. He died about three hours afterwards."

Montgomery! How easily could we grow eloquent in his praise! How would we love to eulogize that noble, generous, self-sacrificing friend that is no more. Easily will we pass over in silence his wonderful achievements along scientific lines; nor stop to speak of the fidelity with which he attended to the duties imposed on him as a son of the Catholic Church to which he was ever so devoted. We all remember, how, on the day before the accident, he left his camp early in the morning to be present at Holy Mass here at Santa Clara, and how frequently we saw him approach the Divine Supper of the Lord, to beg assistance for soul and body.

Rev. Fr. Morrissey, S. J., our much esteemed and still more loved President, gave expression to our feelings, when, on the day after the accident, he said:

"The tidings of the death of Professor Montgomery was an inexpressible shock to me. In him the faculty of Santa Clara loses one of its most honored and devoted members. I feel that by the untimely ending of a remarkably brilliant life the science of aeronautics has sustained a loss that many years may not repair. Professor Montgomery was no mere experimenter with wings. A profound mathematician as well as a keen observer and a persevering thinker, he elaborated his principles and treated them mathematically before experimenting practically.

"I regret that many of the most valuable results of Professor Montgomery's labors have never been committed to writing. It was his intention to make public his most recent discoveries in the course of lectures he was to give during the present year on aerodynamics, and later he intended to publish these in book form. These discoveries he has carried with him to the grave."

But we were his friends, and some might take these expressions as the outpouring of sorrowing and remembering hearts, we therefore add some quotations from others.

San Francisco "Star", Nov. 4:—

"The world would better have spared another than Professor John J. Montgomery of Santa Clara College, who fell to his death last Tuesday. It would better have spared a multitude of others than this one great man who is with us no more. He was of the kind who add something valuable to mankind's knowledge, and those of that kind are few.

"We wish to emphasize the indisputable fact asserted in the last sentence. Other aviators have risked their lives and mounted into the air for pay or for lust of excitement; Professor Montgomery differed from nearly all, if not all the rest, in following the science for the very love of it and because it opened a new field for the achievements of mankind. A simple distinction apparently, but it spans the wide gulf which lies between the man who is

a benefactor of his race and the one who lives only to be forgotten.

"The passing of this rare man is a sore loss, not alone to Santa Clara College, where he will be sadly missed; nor to California, whence has departed one of her most eminent citizens, but to the entire world, whence has gone one who was opening new and untraveled paths through the skies whereon the generations to come shall journey."

Oakland Tribune, Nov. 5:—

"Having none of the instincts of the showman or the money-maker, Professor Montgomery would not go into the business of speculative exploitation. He would not patent devices that he considered imperfect. Others did both, while the man from whom they filched their ideas remained poor and comparatively unknown. Too often is this the case with the ardent and conscientious inventor. But while Professor Montgomery expressed whimsical surprise at the ingratitude and dishonesty he had encountered, he never lost his sweetness of temper or his faith in human nature. He died confident that he had finally mastered the problem of navigating the air with safety and certainty, to which he had devoted so many years of his life, and with his confidence in mankind unshaken. Nevertheless he went to his grave unrewarded for the service he rendered science and his fellow men.

"Men like Professor John Montgomery have led the way in every advance of the human race. . . . Yet they are the most useful class the world has ever produced. Apart from the value of his scientific and inventive work, Professor Montgomery deserves an honorable place in public memory for his nobility of character and his devotion to the primal virtues on which all stable society rests."

The San Francisco Examiner said in part:—

"John James Montgomery, the first of the world's aeronauts and professor of applied sciences and aerodynamics at Santa Clara College, was killed this morning in a twenty-foot fall from a monoplane glider of his own invention, in which he was experimenting with the hope of achieving sustained flights.

"Professor Montgomery's fame as an aviator and inventor extends around the world. He has been honored with medals and degrees from almost every aeronautical city of Europe and America.

"Lying on a table in his tent at the camp this afternoon were two letters from European aeronautical authorities. One was from Prince Hugo Deitrickstein of Austria, honorary president of the Newspaper Corporation for the Furtherance of Aerial Navigation, and the other from Brigadier General Leopold Schleyler of the Imperial army, informing Professor Montgomery that the Austrian government, after an investigation covering a period of several years, had decided that he should be placed as the master of aero

navigation before Otto Lilienthal, to whom the honor had been given for more than a quarter of a century.

"Close beside, on the professor's desk was a copy of the "Fachzeitung Fur Flungtechnik," the official organ of the Austrian flying technical society, which contained a lengthy editorial comment upon the various successes of the American inventor.

"According to aeronautical authorities and the decision of the Royal Aeronautical Association in Vienna, Montgomery was the first man in the world to achieve a successful flight in a heavier than air machine.

"In 1884, eight years before Otto Lilienthal had appeared as an aviator, and before the Wrights had hardly conceived any ideas in aeronautics, Montgomery made a flight of 600 feet in the fields near San Diego. At a meeting of the Austrian Society, three years ago, the records of all the early aviators were investigated with the final decision of that body in favor of the American.

"In the opinions of several prominent patent attorneys and aeronautical authorities the principles of every heavier than air machine used at the present day are covered by the patents of Montgomery, namely, the curved surfaces and wing warping."

San Francisco Call:—

"Professor John J. Montgomery was recognized by aviation experts of every nationality as one of the greatest inventors of and experimenters with heavier than air flying machines, and to him is given the credit of inaugurating the progression in aeroplane flight witnessed in the last few years. He is almost as well known for his discoveries in other realms of science—notably for the invention of a rectifier to rectify alternating currents of electricity for storage batteries, and for the invention of a system of sending telegraph messages by writing on a typewriter, the receiving instrument also transmitting the message on a typewriter."

Sacramento Bee:—

"The death of Professor John J. Montgomery, of Santa Clara College, is a great loss to the world of science. He ranked as one of the foremost of scientific investigators, as well as one of the most profound mathematicians of his time.

"Professor Montgomery was a modest man, who did not seek notoriety of any kind. He shunned rather than courted publicity for his great achievements as an inventor and investigator. He was virtually the father of the aeroplane, in its present form as an efficient flying machine, but the Wright brothers and others who have followed in his footsteps and infringed his patents have obtained popular credit that was justly his due.

"So California may truthfully claim the credit of having produced the real founder of practical aviation, as exhibited in the countless flights of aeroplanes. He met his death, it appears,

in an effort to solve the problem of soaring or gliding without the use of power, after the manner of the sea-gull, the eagle and other soaring birds —a problem of fascinating interest, which, it may well be believed, his rare genius might in time have successfully accomplished.

"Personally, John J. Montgomery was a delightful man, as simple and unassuming as a child, with a big heart as well as a great brain.

"The little world in which he lived and was loved will miss him as much as the great world of science in which he was a king."

JOHN J. MONTGOMERY

BY VICTOR LOUGHEED, Author of "Vehicles of the Air"

No sense of personal loss, however poignant, can for long overshadow the loss to all mankind which the world has suffered in the death of Professor Montgomery. Just at the moment when the sturdy activities of a lifetime, most ably, consistently, and unselfishly devoted to a single great object, seemed about to come into their full fruition, he has been taken from us—a victim primarily of perhaps unsuspected physical infirmity, rather than of any defect in the machine he was testing.

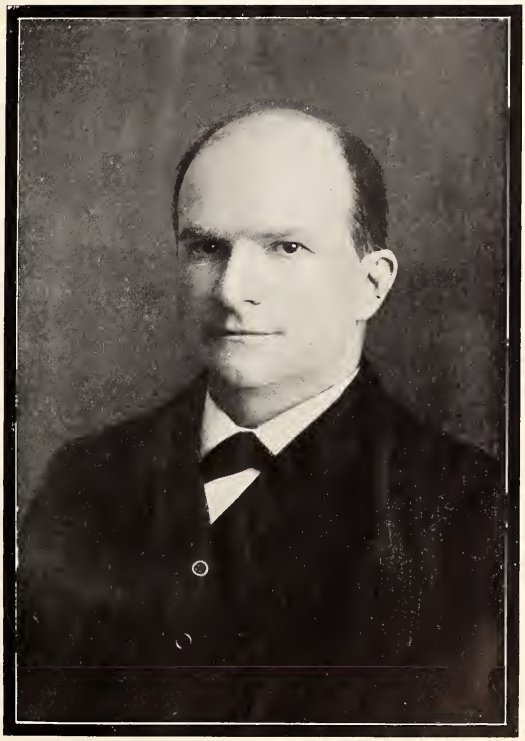
For, from all the circumstances of the accident—the absence of broken bones, cuts, serious bruising, or other evidently bad hurts, it must appear that death resulted from a mishap that might not have harmed a lighter or younger man. And the pity of it is that among Professor Montgomery's immediate friends and associates were a dozen admiring pupils willing to take all risks, and ready to assume that they could be better spared than he.

But it is for man to accept, not question, the decrees of Providence, and it now must devolve upon others to struggle with the problems of which Montgomery was master. The mental labors and the physical hazards involved in this particular work of carrying the flaming torchlights of material advancement into the abysmal darkness of ignorance must be now assumed by others, without his further help—but not without the inspiration of his splendid genius and unfaltering zeal. We are all soldiers, he would have been the first to say, enlisted in the great cause of human progress, and as good soldiers we must close up the ranks.

Unquestionably the first man in the world to ride an aeroplane without accident, Montgomery was fully conscious of the risks involved, but this knowledge seems always to have made him more solicitous of others than careful for himself. The whole story of his life proves this.

A graduate of St. Ignatius College, in San Francisco, in 1879, he had been even then attracted to the subject of aerial navigation, when a move on the part of his family from Oakland to San Diego, California, resulted in the hills around the little town of Otay, just north of the Mexican line, becoming the scene of experiments that antidated even the famous work of Lilienthal, the great German engineer. With the first machine, built eight years before Lilienthal's gliders, one 600-foot glide was accomplished in 1884.

It is interesting to remark that these first struggles with the then almost insuperably difficult problems of the air were surrounded by conditions of the



THE LATE JOHN J. MONTGOMERY

most discouraging character. And none familiar with the soul-tormenting adventures of the youthful Montgomery, so far in advance of his time, warring valiantly and alone in the face of poverty, derision, and every imaginable handicap, with a problem that until recently had completely baffled the foremost engineers of the world, can ever forget the picture of the lonely and misunderstood boy, dubbed crazy by his fellows, suffering from a diffidence naturally born of the ridicule to which he was subjected, and further handicapped by the remoteness of the locality that was the scene of his experiments—all so characteristic of the first struggles of genius, which too often after achieving its results goes down unrecognized by contemporaries, to become famous only in the eyes of subsequent generations, and after the lapse of many years.

Three gliders were built in the course of Montgomery's early work, and then, coming to the conclusion that, the laws of aerodynamics being unknown, the one rational road to results was their formulation, he commenced researches that were first made public in a paper presented to the Aeronautical Conference, at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893. This paper, which manifests throughout the rare genius for clear expression that comes from the possession of facts, rather than from training as a writer, is considered by the few who have been privileged to read it in full, to be one of the most illuminating and profound contributions ever made to the literature of this enthralling subject.

With most of the work necessary to the construction of practical aeroplanes thus completed in the middle nineties, it was not until 1903 and 1904 that Montgomery was financially and otherwise able to build man-carrying gliders which immediately proved most amazingly the soundness of his theoretical conclusions.

Most spectacular and widely discussed of these wonderful flights in the Santa Clara Valley of California, was that of April 29, 1905, on which day Daniel Maloney, an intrepid parachute jumper, took one of Montgomery's gliders 4000 feet high with a balloon, cast it loose, and accomplished a safe descent to earth, during which he exercized a degree of control and performed steering and diving movements that are yet to be outclassed by the finest vol planes, and other maneuvers of the most accomplished modern aviators.

The flight was terminated by a perfect descent upon a selected spot, and its whole quality was so remarkable that of it the correspondent of the "Scientific American" said, in the issue of that periodical, published on May 20, 1905, that "an aeroplane has been constructed that in all circumstances will retain its equilibrium and is subject in its gliding flight to the control and guidance of an operator." (No other machine has yet qualified for the first

part of this characterization.) Octave Chanute declared the flight to be "the most daring feat ever attempted," and Alexander Graham Bell averred that "all subsequent attempts in aviation must begin with the Montgomery machine."

An interesting fact with relation to Montgomery's work was the completeness with which he was out of touch with the few others in the world who were giving serious attention to aeronautical problems at the time he was actively working with them. He thus was compelled to pursue an almost independent course, not alone with no help from, but also with only the most vague and superficial knowledge of contemporary European and other investigations, such as those of Penaud, Lilienthal, Pilcher, Langley, Ader, and their contemporaries.

To this same isolation of thought and work doubtless was to be attributed the singularly unspoiled and unassuming, even unsophisticated, quality of the man, who concealed a most wonderful fund of information, and a theoretical and practical engineering ability of the rarest order, behind a personality of the utmost modesty and good nature.

And as those who knew him never will be able to forget his wholesome example and steadfast friendship, neither shall the world be ever allowed to disregard the vast and fundamental importance of the elements he contributed to the wonderful flying vehicle of the present and future, which, more and more, as the months speed by, looms on the horizon of human endeavor as the greatest miracle of engineering perfection and practical utility that the genius of man has been permitted to wrest from the inscrutable mysteries of force and matter.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

HE Triune-God with blended powers has made
In thee a work that is beyond compare;
All Their eternal love, their mighty care,
To make thee perfect lent their willing aid.
Whence all creation views thee now displayed
With heavenly radiance divinely fair,
No other mortal can thy splendor share
Of love and purity in charming grace arrayed.

This sinful earth illumined by thy pure beams
Is sanctified and feels a new delight
That far transcends e'en Fancy's wildest dreams.
No shade of sin can touch thee with its blight
But purity alone that sweetly gleams
E'er clothes thee with it's robe of dazzling light.

—FRANK D. WARREN

THE DECEIT OF THE SILENT ONE

BY CHRIS. A. DEGNAN

WINTER had swept down from the northland, and the chill of the late October wind, that found its way through the cracks of our little cabin brought the unmistakable bodings of an impending storm. The higher peaks around us were shrouded in the white mantle of the first snow. The occasional glints of moonlight lent them an enchantment and they stood shadowed against the streaks of murky clouds, like spectres come to warn us against the treachery of the northern winter.

For five long months I had worked with my three veteran companions on our little claim in the Lyell canyon. For five long months, the mountains echoed back the noise of blast and hammer in loud mockery. I had answered the lure of gold, and had joined those rough mountaineers who had isolated themselves from civilization and friends away up there in the Sierras, with sights of none of God's creatures save those who worked with them, the pack animals and occasionally a beast of the woods.

Day after day we toiled from daylight to dark and a small sack of nuggets that barely covered our expenses was all we had to show for our back-breaking work.

"Oh, it's not half bad," philosophised my companions. "We're lucky to warm our grub stake out of it the first year. The vein's there and we ought to strike it early in the spring."

Notwithstanding these optimistic hopes, I had decided to quit the prospecting game and turn my efforts to other lines.

That afternoon the last pile of "pay dirt" had dwindled away under our incessant panning, and we could dig out no more, for the frozen ground resisted our picks like solid rock. The short frost-bitten grass in the meadows offered but scanty grazing for our horses and we had decided to leave off work and return to civilization, to await the spring thaw.

When night time came stealing over the crest of Mt. Dana I had always been content to listen in silence to the tales and reminiscences of my companions as we sat in the door of our cabin, or around the fire, on cold nights. Many and marvelous were the tales they told, of the Big Boneti mine, of the "high-grading," and the ease with which barrels of gold were collected, until it was a source of wonder to me that they were not all captains of finance.

The horses had been rounded up, supper over, and as usual, we sat

around the open fire, taking the evening smoke, before arranging our bunks. This night, however, no one opened a conversation, but each sat silently gazing into the glowing coals, seemingly preoccupied with his own thoughts.

At last, Wallace slowly raised his head.

"Say boys, don't you know, I'd like to find who that fellow on the other side of Gibbs' is. He's been blastin' over there all summer, and he was at it today too," he said.

"Some crazy prospector, like ourselves," answered Murry. "He'd better hit the trail soon, or he'll be snowed in."

All was silent for a while until Wallace spoke again.

"Well where is it for the winter boys?"

"Home for me," I answered.

"Tell better when I get there," said Murry.

"And you, Tom?" queried Wallace, tapping Schyler on the shoulder.

Schyler did not answer for several seconds, but we did not wonder at this for it was usual for him to indulge in day dreams.

He was a man of about fifty-five years, but as spry as any of us, as his panning showed, for he was always ready to work. He was always reticent, rarely taking part in the conversation unless asked a direct question. He was agreeable, however, and no one ever found occasion to complain of him. My other "pards" told me they had been with him for five years, and he had always been the same recollected Tom. We all felt that there was something of his past life which he was brooding over, which he withheld from us, and we wondered if some day we might hear his secret.

He sat with his chin resting on his hands, intently gazing into the fire and seemingly did not hear Wallace's question. At length he raised his eyes and said slowly:

"I don't know, boys, it's hard to tell," and lapsed again into his reverie.

Loud snorts from the horses waked us all from our dreams, by the fire, and each looked at the other.

"A bear around," suggested Wallace, "I'll take a chance at getting him," and taking his rifle, he went out.

I followed, as did Murry, but Schyler turned again to the fire.

Our cabin stood upon a little hill in the middle of a clearing and on all sides the meadow sloped off in a small incline to meet a surrounding clump of small pines.

Through rifts in the clouds the moon occasionally flooded the space with its rich mellow light, reminding me of the wonderful fairy lands I once read about.

"Over there, coming down the trail," whispered Murry.

We looked in the direction indicated and there, among the sapplings we could see something lumbering slowly toward us, now slightly invisible in streaks of moonlight, and now obscur-

ed in the dark shadows of the trees.

Wallace raised his rifle, but Murry cautioned.

"Wait till he gets in the open,—better shot."

Slowly it approached and when it reached the edge of the clearing we were surprised to see, not a bear, but a man, walking unsteadily under a heavy pack, coming straight for the cabin.

"Good Lord! If I had shot him," faultered Wallace.

"Well, you didn't, did you? You couldn't hit him anyway," laughed Murry.

He was now within hearing.

"Hello, pard!" hailed Murry. "Where'd you come from and where 're you goin', and what 're you doin' up here all alone? Pretty near got shot," he finished, pointing to the rifle Wallace held.

"Let's see," answered the new-comer. "First, hello. Then, I don't know where I came from. I'm goin' wherever I get, and I'm doin' just what you see now. If I got shot, oh well, it would be all right, I've never been shot yet, and it might be interesting."

"You're pretty fresh for a—"

Wallace tapped Murry on the shoulder and pointed to his head. "Off his balance," he whispered.

Murry retracted.

"You're pretty fresh lookin' after walking so far with that big pack. It's some work in these hills."

We invited the man to stay in our cabin for the night, but in vain. He was intent on continuing his journey. We finally prevailed upon him to come in for a cup of coffee before going on.

He told us that he had been working across the hill, in broken sentences as we walked to the cabin.

When we went in, Schyler was still by the fire in the same posture that he had assumed before we left him. He did not look up until Murry spoke.

"Hey, Tom! This is the man who'se been making all the noise across over Gibbs, he's goin' down and stopped in to have some coffee."

Schyler glanced up, a look seemingly of recognition on his face, then he turned ashen, his quivering hands closed, then slowly opened, while through his frame a nervous tremor ran. He rose unsteadily and staggered out into the night.

I went out after him, but he stopped me.

"Don't—don't come out here," he whispered softly. "I want to be alone."

"But Tom, you're sick," I said.

He pointed to the door with a look of pleading on his whitened face. "Go in there," he said.

I turned to do his bidding and he sat on a log just outside the cabin.

I waited a moment.

"That same white hair, those eyes," he moaned, and then turning, he saw

me. "Didn't I tell you to get!" he cried savagely, and I went reluctantly into the room.

Wallace poured out the coffee and the stranger drew a box to the table and sat down.

"How's the diggin' over there?" asked Murry.

"Oh," he answered. "The diggin's good, but you don't get much for diggin'. You get all you can, but you can't get that, and you eat up your grub stake before you get any. I'm not up here from want of gold, I'm up here to get away from people I don't want to be near, and I don't want to be with, any one."

Wallace made a motion, suggesting wheels and pointed to the newcomer.

He caught the dumb signals, and immediately devised their meaning.

"Ha, ha," he chuckled, "I know what you think. You think I'm crazy. Well, I am, but I've got papers to show I'm not." And pulling a worn and greasy packet from his coat he flung it on the table. "Take 'em and read 'em," he said.

Murry picked up the packet and as he unfolded the certificate pronouncing a former inmate of an asylum sane, a small photograph flitted to the floor.

"Hey, boy," cautioned the owner of the papers. "Be careful of that. Look at it and pass it around, but don't get it dirty."

"Pretty hard to spoil rotten eggs," said Murry in sotto voice as he stooped for the greasy picture. He looked at it, emitted a low whistle and passed it to me. I was indeed surprised when I looked upon the profile of so beautiful a face.

After we had all seen the photo, and read the papers, the stranger looked at us in deep satisfaction.

"I know what you think now," he said. "You think I went crazy over a woman, well, I didn't. The man that goes crazy over a woman, don't go crazy over her, he's crazy already."

He took the photo, placed it among the papers and put them back in his pocket.

"Well, I'll hit the trail now," he said, opening the door. "Thanks for the coffee."

"I think you ought to stay tonight, pard," invited Wallace. "You'll freeze to death before morning."

"Well, if I freeze, I die, that's all, good bye," and he started down the trail.

After he had disappeared in the trees we all went back to the fire. Schyler was still sitting on the log and no one attempted to disturb him.

"Say, that's hard," said Murry when we were seated. "Must have gone bugs from lonesomeness."

"But, say," broke in Wallace. "I can't understand Schyler's actions. Did you notice his face when he went out? He seemed to know the man, but why didn't he talk to him? It's queer, very queer."

"I wouldn't ask him for the world," I warned. "He's all shaken up."

Just then the door opened and Schyler came in. He seemed to have regained composure, though he was still very pale. He did not speak, but sank heavily on a box.

"I've heard of sheep-herders going bugs from being alone," continued Murry. "But why did he think so much of that woman's picture? He must have had something to do with it."

"Did he have a woman's picture?" asked Schyler still studying the coals.

"Yes, and she was a peach. If the thing didn't lie, she was about as pretty as any woman I have seen."

Schyler rose from his seat and walked, this time steadily, to his bunk. He reached under his pine-needle mattress and pulled out a bundle of letters. From among them he extracted a photo about the same in size as that carried by the stranger.

"Did she look like that?" he asked, holding the photograph.

"The same woman!" we exclaimed in unison.

"Yes," he said. "It is the same woman, and that is the same man whom I have been thinking about for years and years."

His voice was steady now and we were in hopes that at last we might hear his secret.

"You knew him before, then?" asked Wallace.

"Yes, indeed, but sit down and I'll tell you the whole thing."

"Just twenty years ago," he began, "when I was a sergeant in the Fourth Cavalry, we were stationed at Fort Leavenworth for winter quarters. There was another sergeant in the same company with whom I soon became quite chummy. We bunked in the same room and frequently, when off duty, we took long rides together over the beautiful fields and winding roads, that were then so numerous in Kansas.

"About a mile from the quarters there was one of those old southern farmers, who lived on a little corn-patch. He had a daughter who lived out there with him and kept house. She was the picture of ideal womanhood. She was a beautiful girl but unlike most others of her kind, she was strong and hardy, with the healthful glow on her cheeks, that comes from plenty of outdoor exercise.

"We soon became quite friendly with the girl and her father and many pleasant evenings we spent in their company.

"As our visits became more frequent I noticed that friendship was growing between my companion and the girl, and it was a source of chagrin to me to note that Hanlon's attentions were not treated with indifference. Perhaps I was too conceited, but I imagined that I was the better man.

"One morning, just after mess, assembly was sounded and we lined up to learn that our troop was detailed among others to depart for the western

borders, to quell some Indian raiders who were giving the rangers a little trouble. We were told to be ready to start by four o'clock that afternoon.

"I finished my packing as soon as possible and went to the stable to saddle my horse to ride over and say good bye to Molly and her father. When I reached the stables I was taken aback to see that Hanlon's horse was gone. I thought perhaps he had thought of the same thing as I, and had beat me out. Before I got beyond the picket line, my surmise proved to be right. I met Hanlon coming back. 'Come on, Jim,' I called, 'let's go and say good bye to Molly and the old man.'

"'Been there already,' answered Jim. 'You see, I—I wanted to see Molly alone.'

"'You mean to say that I am a kind of sticker around?' I asked.

"'I mean,' he said, 'that I had something to say to her alone.'

"'Then you—'

"'Then I asked her to marry me and she consented,' he replied, beaming with joy.

"'Well,' I said, 'I might as well turn back.' I guess I was foolish, but I thought—I had a chance.'

"'There's no chance with Molly,' he said. 'But you ought to say good bye any way; but say, I might have lost out if you got there first, she said some very nice things about you.'

"I rode on alone and hurried back to find the troop ready to start."

* * * *

"The hillside was studded with camp fires which blazed lazily in front of each group of tents. We had been on the trail of the red man all the hot afternoon and were all glad to be able to get a merited rest. Around each fire an assemblage of four or five reclined, smoking and telling stories.

"Early in the evening the topic around our fire turned to the doings of ghosts. Each in turn told a hair-raising account of these bogie people, until most of us became alert lest one of them should crawl out from behind a willow and pounce upon us.

"Hanlon was silent, until one fellow, Hester by name, started a tale which he swore was true.

"'Aw, get out,' said Hanlon. 'I never did take stock in that rot, and never will.'

"'Straight dope,' said Hester earnestly. Then we all started to josh Hanlon. 'Look out, old boy,' said Ray. 'Those boys are around here somewhere, and one might get you tonight.'

"'Let him come,' challenged Hanlon. 'If one should come my way, I'll guarantee to find out what he's made of. If I get a bead on it, the bullet'll go clear through.'

"Hester finished his gruesome tale and we dispersed for the night.

"Hanlon went straight to the tent, but I went over to the picket line to blanket my horse before going to bed. Just as I was about to throw back the tent flap, some one tapped me lightly on the shoulder, and, turning, I saw

Hester. He motioned me to follow him, and out of ear-shot of Hanlon, he told me of their plan. One of the men was going to wrap up in a canvass and test Hanlon out on the ghost proposition. I cautioned him, that Hanlon would shoot, but he answered that that was all fixed, so I fell in with their little plan.

"About fifteen minutes after, when Hanlon had put the light out, McCann came over decked for all the world like a genuine ghost. He tapped lightly on the tent.

" 'Come in, Schyler,' called Hanlon.

"The spook didn't answer, but tapped again and moaned Hanlon's name.

" 'Come in, whoever you are,' said Hanlon once more. The moaning and tapping was repeated several times, and each time Hanlon answered, 'come in.'

"At length, Hanlon lost his temper. He rose from his cot and lit the candle. We saw by the shadows on the tent the motions he made. He grabbed his revolver from his belt, walked straight for the door and threw the flap back.

"McCann stepped back a few yards and grinned. Hanlon leveled the gun at him and said 'Three to tell me who you are.' McCann remained silent with the same set grin on his face. 'One,—two,—three,' slowly counted Hanlon, and fired the first shot. After the smoke had cleared, the spook slowly took a bullet from his mouth, rolled it along the ground to Hanlon's feet and grinned again.

"Slowly and deliberately, the five remaining shots were fired, and after each shot the bullets were rolled back. After the last shot, Hanlon hurled the revolver at McCann, missing his head by a fraction of an inch, and fled madly out of the tent. We called to him, but he did not heed. We rushed after him over the rough hillside and down into the canyon, laughing and chiding him for his fright. After a few hundred yards we realized that he was thoroughly frightened, for he showed no intention of stopping. We called, but in vain. On and on we sped, over the rocks in the creek bed, but every time he glanced back and saw us coming, he quickened his pace, bidding fair to tire us out.

"For nearly a mile, we ran in that intense darkness until we reached a clump of pines where we lost sight of Hanlon.

"We circled through the trees all night, calling and searching, but it was not until dawn that we caught sight of him, skulking among the trees. We approached him, he avoided us, we pleaded, coaxed, threatened, but to no avail, he knew none of us. When I first caught sight of him, my heart sank. His eyes were wild and protruding, his lips livid, and his hair had turned white."

"Enough to scare anyone to death," broke in Murry. "But how was it that Hanlon didn't shoot him?"

"Keep quiet, will you, Murry?" said Wallace. "Let's hear the rest, Schyler."

"Oh, yes," said Schyler, "I didn't tell you. Well, McCann went to Hanlon's tent and took the cartridges out of his revolver and re-loaded it with blanks. Then he put six bullets in his mouth, the ones he rolled back.

"Well, after we had succeeded in getting him, we took him back to camp. He was sent to the Government asylum. He had gone plumb crazy."

"And the woman?" asked Wallace.

"Just what I'm getting to," answered Schyler. "When we returned to Leavenworth, I went out to see Molly and her father. She asked me about Hanlon, and why he did not come over with me. I didn't know what to tell her at first, but finally," he picked the poker from the floor, stirred the dying coals, then looking into the fire, softly said, "I—I—lied, thinking it would be easier."

"'He was fighting in the front,' I said, 'when a bullet found him.' She did not faint or go hysterical, as most girls do, and as I had expected, but with tearful eyes, she asked me to tell her all.—Here—here—I made my biggest mistake. I—kept on deceiving her, and—and she believed me."

He remained silent for a while and as the fire glowed we could see the tears in his eyes.

"That spring," he continued, "when we were about to leave for Walla Walla I asked her to be my wife and she consented." And he covered his face with his hands and turned to the fire.

"Then the stranger was Hanlon?" asked Wallace.

"The stranger was Hanlon—but wait. We were married that spring after my discharge from the army and we went back to her Kansas home to live. For two years we lived happily enough, when a baby boy came to brighten our home.

"Soon after that I noticed that Molly was failing. She seemed to be pining slowly away. One day she was suddenly taken with a malady, which the doctor said came from continual worry. It was coupled with pneumonia, and in a week—she—died.

"On her death bed, she called me, and her dying words were:

"'Tom, I forgive you—take—good care of—our—son, and—God bless—you—both,' and with these words she crossed the Great Divide.

"I could not divine what the words 'I forgive you' were meant for, until two weeks later I found a letter. It was addressed to my wife in her maiden name, and dated a year back. I understood all when I read the signature. It was from Hanlon. He had regained his sanity and was released from the asylum. In that letter he told her everything. How he had lost his reason, and his awakening. In that letter he released her from her promise, saying that he was a nervous wreck and no longer able to make a home happy. He asked her if she knew where I was, saying that he wanted to see me.

"That letter started the worry for Molly. By it, she learned of my—awful—deceit, and I know that I,—I was therefore the cause of her early death." He covered his face with his hands and was silent.

"It wasn't your fault," Wallace attempted. "But how about the boy, Tom?"

"He was weak when born, and under improper care died—when two months old. That—ah—that is another life I am responsible for—taking," faultered Schyler.

"But Hanlon's still crazy," said Wallace.

"Perhaps he's getting that way again," answered Schyler. "But he's like a judge compared to the last time I saw him."

"Why didn't you speak to him?" asked Murry.

"I don't know. Perhaps it was too strange a meeting. And I—I couldn't dare look into his face."

"Cheer up, Schyler, old boy," spoke out Wallace, "it's all over now, and you did what you thought was best."

He did not seem to hear but looked intently into the fire, sadly pensive. We sat in silence for a few moments, then I interrupted. "Let's turn in Schyler, a good night's rest is what you need."

"You boys turn in," he replied, "I feel warmer here by the fire." Then he was silent again, all the while gazing at the now dying coals.

* * * *

We turned up our coat collars and wrapped our ears in mufflers as we started down the trail that morning.

The storm clouds had passed, and the frost stood out in crystals on the grass. It was just daybreak when our cabin was lost to view behind the trees, as we rounded the turn. Schyler had not returned that night and we were a little anxious.

"Good God," ejaculated Wallace, pulling his collar higher, and breathing upon him numbed fingers, "If Tom lived through a night like last, it will be a miracle."

Slowly we wound down the zigzags, until, on reaching a prominence, a panorama of Jessie Lake and the surrounding meadows spread out before us. As we reached the edge of the first clearing, one of the horses pricked up his ears and shied, and pulling away from Wallace, galloped down the trail.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Wallace, and then looking across the meadow, he pointed.

"Not a log," he said. "That wouldn't scare a horse. It can't be—"

"Schyler," supplied Murry.

We hurried to the spot, and there beside a few scattered charcoals, the remnants of a feeble fire, lay both Schyler and Hanlon, wrapped in the same blanket.

"Frozen to death," whispered Wallace.

Far up in the Sierras in the Lyell Canyon there is a vein that is still awaiting the pick of the prospector, for none of us cared to go up the winding trail across a heap of stones that marks the two silent nameless graves.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

1861-1911—1886-1911.

BY JAMES E. BEACH

DURING the last month Catholic America celebrated with solemn religious ceremonies the dual jubilee of James Cardinal Gibbons,—the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the Cardinalate and the 50th of his ordination to the priesthood. The jubilee proper occurred on June 30th, on that occasion a public reception was tended the Cardinal by the most eminent men of the country.

And though then and now the press has been lavish in the praise of His Eminence and though we feel that nothing commendatory of him has been left unsaid, it seems but just that Santa Clara College should add her meed of praise to the general chorus of congratulations. Over and above the fact that he is the highest dignitary of the Catholic Church in America, several other reasons urge upon the students of Santa Clara College this little act of recognition and appreciation. Not a few of the members of our Faculty have during the past twenty-five years received their ordination to the sacred priesthood at his hands. And who is there that has attended the College during this same space of time that has not shared the blessings that flowed along with these ordinations? And who is there consequently, who may not be said on this account to owe a special debt of gratitude to this venerable man?

Then too, there still lingers about this grand old institution, traditions of a visit paid to the College by His Eminence in the early days of his Cardinalate. Not even the most sanguine could have then foreseen all the glories of the years that have elapsed and especially their culmination. No one could have them imagined that twenty-five years after men of an entire nation, irrespective of race or creed, would be vying with one another to honor in a fitting manner that humble man then in their midst. No one could have then imagined that James Cardinal Gibbons, already an old man, would have lived to see so many dignitaries of the American hierarchy gathered together in his honor as were assembled to celebrate his dual jubilee last month.

To sketch the life of a man who, like His Eminence, has lived so long before the public eye or has gone through so many vicissitudes would prolong this essay beyond the space allotted, but we feel that it would be both interesting and profitable to dwell for a short time upon those qualities which characterize Gibbons as a Prelate and a Statesman.

A true and successful prelate must live, so to say, a two-fold life, a life among his people and a life with his Creator, a life of activity and a life of contemplation. Though dwelling and laboring in this great world of which he is a part, his thoughts and aspirations must ever be centered in the grand world beyond. In a word, he must be on the one hand united with his flock and on the other intimately united with Almighty God. Affability, charity and firmness should characterize this first union, while prayer must be the source and at the same time the effect of the latter. He must be the living image of the great model Pastor whose vicar he is.

No one who glances through the life and deeds of Cardinal Gibbons can deny that he possesses the qualities of a true prelate in an exalted degree. If ever there was a pastor united with his flock, it is Gibbons. He considers not only all Catholics of Baltimore, but every man, woman and child of Maryland to be under his special surveillance. Not only does he look upon these people as his flock; they in turn treat him as their pastor. Whenever there is an occasion of moment in Baltimore, he is usually asked to take part and he seems to know everyone present even to the naming of the little children. The love and esteem in which he is held by these people is due in great part to his affability.

The poor and sorrowful find in Cardinal Gibbons a dear friend, one who is always willing to share their trials and misfortunes and who would rather help them over a rough place in life than take part in an event that would bring him personal glory. Who can enumerate the homes he has brought light to or the hearts he has uplifted by his counsel? He knows something about every person with whom he comes in contact and nothing seems to slip his memory. Modest and unpretentious at all times, he is the simple, kind-hearted man, loved as well as revered by all he meets.

Although he is the most outspoken of Catholics he has a courteous respect for the beliefs of others, and this has made him esteemed by all non-Catholics. Indeed, tolerance, based on a genuine charity which seems to include the whole world in its scope, is one of his strong points. He is what St. Paul says: "Omnia omnibus". This we see characterized especially in his writings, which are saturated with that "kindly, broad, tolerant, conciliatory, gentlemanly spirit" and tone that cannot but conquer prejudice. It may well be said that no other Catholic clergyman has done more to remove bigotry against the Catholic Church in America during the past quarter of a century than the Cardinal, for he never speaks ill of the followers of any creed. He is at the same time a man of deepest religious convictions and of sound Catholic principles and is ever on the side of right and truth against evil and falsehood. Whenever he recognizes in some pub-

lic movement anything that forebodes disaster to his flock, he is the first to meet the assault. He is the bulwark of the faith in America and when any one attacks its principles as happened recently when Mr. Edison denied the immortality of the soul, the Cardinal is ever ready for the attack and always comes out victorious. Though he has denounced public evils in and out of the pulpit more than any other American, he is never sensational or offensive. His guidance is so sound, his reproof so well administered, his sincerity so evident, that none can doubt.

Of the spirit of prayer that is so characteristic of His Eminence not much can be said for this is his Creator's own secret. Its external evidences are however very apparent. We note this spirit particularly in the constancy and fervor of his devotions, which consume several hours daily and with which nothing is allowed to interfere. We note it too in his spirit of zeal, in the unction of his sermons and in the spiritual successes that accompany his efforts, all of which can only be the fruits of prayer. An underlying quality of the Cardinals' is his sincere devotion to the duties of his calling, especially his love for apostolic work. In fine, this eminent churchman whose influence stretches around the world, who is a participant in so many things that shape the course of the human race is a fountain of inspiration and piety to all who come in contact with him.

To pass now to the patriotism of the Cardinal. Above all he loves his country, and his faith in its future is boundless. It is because of the affection he has towards America that he is ever working for the benefit of the country and the advancement of the people. While abroad he never misses an opportunity to praise America, and permeating all his speeches is that intense love for our great United States and that strong faith in her government which always indicates a devoted statesman. He is moreover deeply concerned in the welfare of the masses and the interests of the poor and unfortunate, and in all great reforms his aid is readily lent. He possesses too that spirit of perseverance which stays with a thing until it is accomplished and well accomplished. Any enterprise which the Cardinal actively undertakes for the uplifting of the body politic is sure of success.

But the patriotism of the Cardinal is not merely devotional, it is also most practical. This is clearly brought out in his own words:

"Ever since I entered the sacred ministry my aim has been to make those over whom I exerted any influence not only more upright Christians but also loyal citizens, for the most faithful Christian makes the best citizen. I consider the Republic of the United States one of the most precious heirlooms ever bestowed on mankind adown the ages and it is the duty and

should be the delight of every citizen to strengthen and perpetuate our government by the observance of its laws and the integrity of his private life."

Perhaps the leading political question of today centers around the labor movement and the conditions existing between employers and employees. Here too, by his stand the Cardinal has proven himself devoted to the cause of the laborer on the one hand and on the other an enemy of everything that tends towards socialism. He believes in the work of our Labor Unions in as far as their conduct is in harmony with our Constitutions and with the good order of the community. Hence it is that he is considered on the one hand by laboring men as their champion and on the other by the statesman as a firm upholder of all rightly constituted authority.

An eminent writer sums up the patriotism of Cardinal Gibbons in the following words:

"While he praises his country and holds up her form of government as a splendid example, he reprehends national faults as often as he bestows laudation. He has been unsparing in his condemnation of ballot frauds, of the lax and dilatory practices of the courts, of the shameful divorce laws in some of the states and other evils that have afflicted the body politic. His voice is always on the side of enlightened and progressive citizenship and he staunchly upholds constituted authority. Socialism and anarchy find in him an uncompromising and watchful foe. But through it all is the thread of the trust in the future, of confidence in the ability of the American people, under the American constitution, to right their wrongs by orderly means."

To conclude, it is because he has lived the life, in precept and example of a true prelate and a great statesman that James Cardinal Gibbons has been so honored of late by the people of America. The fidelity with which he has devoted himself to the duties that fell to him as a Bishop and a citizen have gained for him the affection and esteem of all. No better proof of this can be offered than the grand testimonials that came from men of every nation, creed and station of life on the occasion of his recent jubilee. And of all these perhaps none voice our sentiments better than those of Senator Root, with which we shall close this little tribute of appreciation of the Cardinal.

"It is because Cardinal Gibbons has illustrated in his life, in his conduct, in his arduous labors, in his self-devotion to all good causes, all that we would like to have our children admire and follow, all that we love to believe that our country possesses, that America, through us, with sincerity and ardor honors him today. And it is because he has been the champion of ideals, because he is a man not only of work,

NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

but of faith, that we, who differ from him in dogma, who do not belong to his church, hold him as in his proper person, illustrating the true union of service to God and service to state, the true union that makes ceremonial union of the church and state unnecessary, the union in the heart of man, of devotion to country and devotion to God."

GUARDING ANGEL

HOW sweetly secure should the breast of the Christain,
Repose in the thought of the bountiful love
Of Our God, who in tenderness, mercy and kindness
Sends Angels to guard us, from kingdoms above.

He has promised, not only in hours of goodness,
When our souls clothed in Purity's raiment of white
That the angels shall guard us and keep ever kindled
The fire of our love burning constant and bright;

But in times of affliction, when spirits of darkness,
With enticing temptations the soul would ensnare,
Then our guardian angel is watching and striving
To save us from ruin by counsels and prayer.

We give thanks for the blessings and favors,
That flow from the Merciful Fountain of Love,
And pray that heaeafter our souls may be carried,
By guardian angels to kingdoms above.

—JAMES P. McGRATH.

The Redwood

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to give proof of College Industry, to recount College Doings and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Professor John Montgomery

When, with the fatal accident of October 31st, the Maker called to Himself, Professor John Montgomery, a pall was cast, not only over those to whom he was near and dear, and the old College with which he was for so long connected, but also over the whole scientific world in which he so conspicuously moved. Sad, though it seems, that such a brilliant career should be closed through the instrumentality of the inventor's own creation, just as he was about to meet the success of his life's endeavor, nevertheless, the will of Him who controls the universe and

commands the forces of nature, must be obeyed and resignedly must we respond.

In this issue of the Redwood we have devoted considerable space to articles on the late John James Montgomery. We know full well that no one will chide us for this and we offer no excuses. Among the articles there is one that we know will be of interest to our readers—by Mr. Victor Lougheed.

Mr. Lougheed is well known in the scientific world and is generally conceded to be one of America's foremost authorities in the matter of aeroplanes. His work, "Vehicles of the Air", is a standard and we hear with pleasure that he is busily engaged on a new book. The "Redwood" extends its sincere gratitude to Mr. Lougheed for his kindness.

Father Kenna, S. J. The many friends and admirers of Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., former President of Santa Clara College, were relieved of no little anxiety when they heard that the good Father was rapidly improveing.

Ever active and self-sacrificing in his Holy Office for the benefit and the betterment of his fellow men, it was indeed difficult for the strong soul of this faithful follower of St. Ignatius to become reconciled to inactivity during his late sickness. Inactive indeed he was, but he preached and still in his convalescence preaches a wordless sermon by his resignation and his cheerfulness.

Fr. Kenna returned to the College on Saturday, the eleventh of this month, and we are more than pleased to see the Father in our midst, and pray that soon he may be able to resume his active work.

The Inroad of Socialism From the returns of the municipalities in the elections in some of this and a few other states, spread broadcast through the medium of the press, a big scare, that socialism is rapidly gaining ground, is created.

This would be a source of discomfiture to those who have the best interests of the country at heart, were the true case unknown.

These alleged victories of "socialism" are really not brought about by socialistic endeavor and strength, but through organized labor and the pallings of those who have become the victims of graft, discontent, despair and disorder.

The surest way to determine whether these successes are really socialistic would be to attempt to impose the doctrines of socialism against its own members. A disruption would be inevitable.

As soon as even a socialist becomes in the least way prosperous, the motto "to have and to hold" obscures his former ideas and he ceases to be a socialist. He, naturally wants to keep and accumulate.

To become a socialist leader three essentials must be present, the happy

faculty of saying the least in the most words, a soap-box to stand upon, and two or three followers to start the congregating of an audience, then you are able to explode your wild dreams of how easy it would be to bring about a total reformation; to "buy up" all the lands, etc.; and to issue checks payable at state warehouses, and all the other day dreams of a frenzied mind.

At present, the socialistic cortege is not gaining as much as is thought, for when a new recruit is ushered in, another has graduated with the thorough conviction that he has been in the wrong school.

—CHRIS. A. DEGNAN.

This month's influx of college literature was of a most desirable nature. We were really delighted with the improvements some showed in contrast with former efforts; while we were made so happy with the continued good standard of others, that it honestly made our cold editorial heart glow with friendly warmth.

It is most unusual for us to be so freely indulging in this sort of mood, but we pardon ourselves by considering how greatly enthused we were with the many splendid editions which came to our poor, unworthy notice.

We may even take the liberty of calling some of the productions that came to our notice, neat masterpieces of college literature. Not that their authors have reached the summit of perfection, but considering the sphere in which they move, they show ability and talent that make them conspicuous as writers of an undergraduate magazine.

Georgetown College Journal

The Georgetown College Journal for October is on hand and our cup of joy was made complete by the perusal of "A Castillian Romance". The plot itself may be termed as being brown with age, which fact only rendered it doubly interesting, inasmuch as it was written so very cleverly and endowed with such a delightful new phase of life.

This magazine also pleased us a little more than usual with an essay on "Immigration". The question itself, is one of great import; one that is weakening the contentedness of the present generation, and no matter how difficult a riddle it is, it is one which must be solved, ere many months have come and gone. The author of this article evinces a keen insight into a condition which is now confronting us and disturbing our public welfare and we heartily sympathize with the views which he has so bravely voiced.

The Vassar Miscellany

Among our many contemporaries we can truly say that the Vassar Miscellany is indeed one of the most welcome numbers of our Exchange Table. This splendid little magazine very rarely needs anything less than the highest of praise, and this

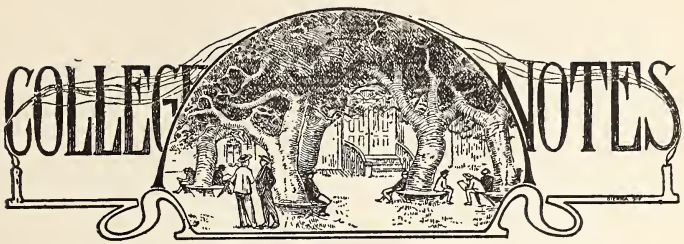
month's edition, we take pride in saying, is no exception. "The Staff of St. John", is an excellent drama in two acts, and the story of the play is of a very high order. It is one which has been worked out clearly and with preciseness of detail, showing that many painstaking cares have been brought to bear in its conception and birth, while more knowledge of play-writing than is usually manifested by College literateurs must be accredited to the author. "The Sacrifice", and "Miss Martin's Man", both of which come from the same pen, idled away quite a few minutes of our valuable time and it must needs be said that we derived many pleasant thoughts from their reading.

The Univerity of Virginia Magazine

The October issue of the University of Virginia Magazine offers an abundance of good literature and we eagerly gulped down its contents from cover to cover.

Especially were we pleased with "The Little Gods." It is very readable fiction and rendered in such good style and manner as to make it appear most plausible. As the title would suggest it receives its incarnation from the fortune and misfortune which befalls mankind and which is attributed by the superstitious to the God of Chance. In this instance it concerns a young man —an artist, with whom life had become anything and everything save agreeableness. A painting—the pride of his heart, and the result of much labor and of many hardships, including that of hunger and an insistent landlady—had been offered for sale on many occasions and spurned an equal number of times with the result finally that the art company in whose custody it reposed, bluntly requested him to remove it in order to make room for private stock. To cap the climax of it all, it has become apparent to him that his affianced bride, living in a far away state, has probably forgotten all about him, and even that he ever existed. To go on with the story, after receiving the disappointing letter from the studio people he left his attic apartments to fetch the picture and while walking down the street he was run down by a careless chauffeur, and spent the following week in a hospital. After recuperating from his injury he was allowed to return to his lodgings where he was handed two letters. He entered his room where a pet monkey embraced him and sprinkled a few grains of salt over his left shoulder (the omen of good luck), then slitting open the letters he found that one offered him a position as an illustrator with a very high salary attached to the work, and the other was from the mother of his sweetheart, saying that she was just convalescing from a sickness well nigh unto death.

—ALOYSIUS DIEPENBROCK.



Prelude 'Tis hard for us to leave off our evil habits. We came to Santa Clara fully determined to forget the bygone days and dive deep into the fountains of learning. But still that little spirit must have been lurking somewhere—that little spirit that is ever saying "get into society". "Every man is a sociable animal," the philosophers say and at Santa Clara everybody is a man. The yielding to this propensity of being "sociable" may be learnt from the following account of some of the Societies.

Senior Sodality The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin under the invocation of the Immaculate Conception was convened for its election of officers by the Director, Rev. Fr. Boland, S. J. For Prefect, Paul Leake was chosen. Frederick Hoedt was elected First Assistant and Marco Zarick, Second Assistant. Joseph Thomas will be Secretary and Edwin Booth, Vestry Prefect. The Sodality has on its roll call the majority of the First Division boys and it is very gratifying to note the fidelity with which they attend to the obligations imposed on them.

Sodality of the Holy Angels The Holy Angels Sodality of the Second Division is not less prosperous than the Sodality of the First Division. Many new candidates were received and we hope soon to see them admitted as regular members. The officers for the ensuing term follow: Mr. Jos. Vaughan, S. J., Director; Thomas Davis, Prefect; First Assistant, Joseph Parker; Second Assistant, Joseph Aurrecoechea; Secretary, Thomas Kearns; Censor, Nicholas Martin; Vestry Prefects, Alvin McCarthy and Thomas O'Connor; Consultors, Percival Hughes, Charles Falvey and John Mahan.

Senate Under the leadership of Father Conlin, S. J., the Senate held its initial meeting of the session on Tuesday evening, October 10. After a few preliminary remarks the election of officers was in

the order. Senator C. Tramutola was unanimously chosen as the best fitted to record the marvelous achievements of the society, and Senator Zarick was officially appointed to communicate the records of the society to the outside world. Senator H. Ganahl will act as Sargeant-at-arms and Senators White and D. Holm will care for the books.

House of Philhistorins

The first regular meeting of the House of Philhistorians was called by Mr. Edmond J. Ryan, S. J., on Wednesday, October 11. The election of officers was had with the following results: Representative Bert Hardy was chosen as Recording Secretary; Representative Aloysius Diepenbrock, Corresponding Secretary; Representative Constantine Castruccio, Sergeant-at-arms; Representative James Beach, Treasurer.

Several new members were added to the roll call, and they bid fair to give the Senators a good race for the Ryland Debate Medal.

Junior Debating Society

The old chapel building was alive with noise and bustle on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 17, when the famous J. D. S. held its first meeting of the season, under the Presidency of Mr. Jos. R. Crowley, S. J. The reason of the noise we soon learned was the hearty applause with which the following members were elected to offices. Mr. J. Aurrecoechea, Vice President; Mr. J. Parker, Secretary; Mr. P. Hughes, Treasurer; Mr. C. Falvey, Sergeant-at-arms; and Mr. T. O'Connor, Librarian. Several new members were also admitted to membership and great enthusiasm is displayed by all parties.

Junior Class

The present Junior class has never been behind when there was question of being enticed by the serpent "Society," and on the first of October they listened to his siren voice and are now on a Society island where Harry McGowan is king; Bert Hardy records the doings; Joe Thomas collects the fees; and Aloysius Diepenbrock quiets those inclined to be boisterous.

Reading Room

Pluvius of the hoary beard and drenched with rain has again driven the athletes into winter quarters —the Reading Room and Billiard Hall. Nothing has been overlooked that would help to pass away the long tedious winter hours. There are books for the studious; magazines for the curious; checkers for the thoughtful and pool and billiards for the playful. The officers are: Mr. Aloysius S. Eline, S. J., President; Edward O'Connor, Censor of the Billiard Hall; and Gove Celio, Sub-Censor. The Reading Room is censored by H. Wilkinson, William Redding, J. Doyle and Aloysius Diepenbrock. "Rex" Beach records the

events of notes and "Bert" Hardy collects the sheckels.

Play

Concerning the Football show to be had on Tuesday evening, November 21, four night before the big St. Mary's-Santa Clara Football game, it seems a certainty that the affair will be a great success from every point of view.

Under the management of Harry Gallagher, a brilliant list of "skits" and vaudeville acts are programmed. The talent and the special features that will appear on that night bid fair to make this show one of the best on record.

One of the features will be a one-act play written especially for the occasion by Martin Merle '05. It is entitled the "Football Nightmare". It is cleverly written and all who have a part in its performance are enthusiastic in its praise.

To help out the local talent August Aguirre, Harry McKenzie and "Dutch" Mayerle have gladly offered their services for the evening. The two former will appear in an act of their own, while Mayerle will act as "leader of the German Band."

Besides these Mr. I. Best, Louis Jennings, Dion Holm and Hap Gallagher, assisted by a band of Nightingales, are scheduled to make fun for the crowds.

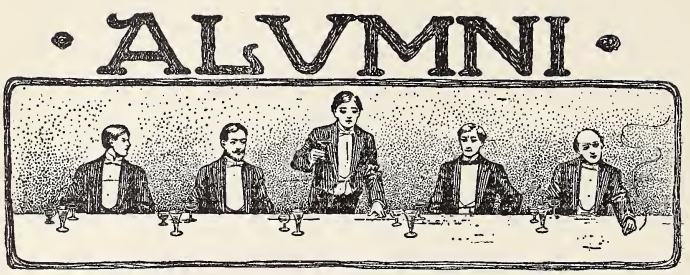
Whereas, God in His Infiinite goodness and wisdom hath seen fit to call unto Himself our esteemed friend and beloved Professor, John James Montgomery, and

Whereas, We, the Associated Students of Santa Clara College desire to express our utmost sorrow and regret and desire to extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved wife and relatives of the deceased.

Therefore, Let these resolutions of sorrow and regret be the instrument of communication and let them be inscribed on the pages of the "Redwood" and spread upon the minutes of the Associated Students, and let a copy of them be sent to the wife and relatives of the deceased.

JOHN P. BARNARD,
HARRY W. McGOWAN,
ROBT. M. HOGAN,
Student Committee.

—PAUL R. LEAKE



Elsewhere in these pages an account has been given of our deceased Professor, John James Montgomery, Ph. D., '01. We here subjoin an account of the burial from the Oakland Tribune:

"Midst the impressive ceremonies of the Catholic Church and in the presence of several hundred mourning friends, the last rites for the late John J. Montgomery were held this morning at St. Francis de Sales Church, Grove and Jones streets. There a Requiem Mass was said for the repose of the soul of the noted professor in Santa Clara College, who met his death on Tuesday afternoon while making experiments in the interests of aviation.

"Great simplicity marked the obsequies. At the request of the family, no flowers were sent by friends, nor was the service sung in the most formal style. Only a beautiful wreath of laurel tied with royal purple ribbon and two casket sprays of pink and white roses, the offerings of the bereaved family, lightened the dead black of the pall covering the casket. Nor was there a full choral service sung, the organ alone, together with the voices of the celebrants of the Mass, being the only sounds of the service.

"The Requiem Mass was sung at 9 o'clock, the Rev. Father Richard Bell, S. J., a classmate of the dead man, being the celebrant, assisted by the clergy of St. Francis de Sales. Following the Mass a eulogy was delivered by the Rev. Father James P. Morrissey, S. J., President of Santa Clara College. This address was short but full of deep feeling for the dead man, who was highly eulogized for his life and services to his fellowmen. Two great purposes had ever animated Professor Montgomery, said the speaker, his devotion to science, especially to aeronautics, which cost him his life, and his love of and service to his church, of which he was one of the most devout members. Father Morrissey spoke of the devout attitude of the dead man in all his work, of his frequent requests for the prayers of the church for his experiments in science

and of the uniform piety of his daily life. In conclusion he touched on the sense of personal loss felt by the Faculty of Santa Clara College for one whose devotion to the College had been constant and unlimited.

"Preceding the ceremonies at the church, a simple service was held at the residence of the dead man's mother, Mrs. Ellen Montgomery, 1407 Grove street, attended only by the members of the family and the pall bearers. The latter were:

"Honorary—W. H. L. Hynes, A. J. Snyder, Dr. Owen Bucklin, Charles McClatchy, L. A. Redman and Philip Amos.

"Active—Edward McGary, R. E. Queen, Fred L. Wheeler, H. U. Maxfiell, Dr. O. D. Hamlin and Con Reinhardt.

"Members of the family present at the services included the widow, Mrs. Regina Cleary Montgomery, a bride of a year; the dead man's mother, Mrs. Ellen Montgomery; his brothers, Richard J. and James P., and his sisters, Miss Mary C., Miss Margaret E., and Miss Jane E. Montgomery.

"Interment was private and was in Holy Cross Cemetery in San Mateo County, to which the body was taken after the services here."

Need we add how we sympathize with his bereaved mother, wife, and brothers and sisters. Our hearts go out to them in their sorrow and we pray the Great and Good Consoler that He, out of the abundance of His tender mercy, may have compassion on those to whom He has seen fit to send so heavy a cross.

'05 It is with feeling of deep sorrow that we learn of the death of Joseph Deming, "ex. '05". Dark as was the gloom caused by the news of his death, still through the dark clouds of sorrow, a bright gleam shone when we heard the particulars of his holy death. When we learned that his death was like a going home to the Great and Good Father, we were not surprised. "As our life so our death." "Joe" lived a life full of reverential and filial fear for our Common Father, and he gladly answered His call home. A mother and a younger brother mourn his loss and to these we extend our sincere sympathy.

Rev. R. Gleeson Among the the visitors to the College during the last month was our much-beloved President of two years ago, the Rev. Richard Gleeson, S. J. Father Gleeson was merely passing on his way to Spokane, so we did not have the pleasure of his visit long, still we learn that the College of Los Angeles, of which he is in charge, bids fair to become one of the leading institutions of learning in Southern California.

'06 It is our agreeable task to record the fact that Mr. E. Ivancovich, S. J., is at present among the faculty of Santa Clara.

Mr. Ivancovich but recently underwent a serious operation, but is at present convalescing rapidly. We hope soon to see him actively engaged in the college.

Back Again "They always come back" seems to be the slogan here. Were we to record the long list of those who paid us a visit in the last month we would fill a volume with the catalogue of names. We mention a few.

New Santa Clara lately beheld one of her children of years gone by, in the person of Mr. L. Gray, '63. Mr. Gray is at present holding a position worthy of mention in the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Los Angeles.

A wireless tells us that Harold O'Connor, the "quondam" President of the College Camera Club and one of the star tennis players of 1903, is at present engaged in the collecting department of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Few there are of the old boys of 1903 who will forget the genial smile of Harold.

And among the younger graduates there are those who pay us an occasional visit. "Dan" Tadich '11, "Jack" Irillary '11, and "Will" Barry, all found their way back to old Alma Mater.

"Dan" has his eye on the big "yellow pile", and is at present in the Bank of Italy, counting out the ducats. "Jack" is looking out for his interests in a large firm in San Francisco. "Will", we are sorry to state, is broken down in health and had to discontinue his work with the Southern Pacific. We hope soon to hear of his return to the seat behind the big desk.

Santa Clara 18. Barbarian Club 3.

The astrologers in Rugbyology must have had their telescopes focused on the late comets, for they completely overlooked the Santa Clara Stars when they foretold a victory for the Barbarians of San Francisco.

It was by far the most interesting game of the year, and as for the class of Rugby exhibited it was par excellence.

The Barbs were swept off their feet by the fast collegians, the Varsity starting aggressive tactics from the initial whistle until the final. The first score came before the game had progressed fifteen minutes. Santa Clara kicked off, the ball being returned to midfield. A series of scrums and line-outs here ensued which kept the oval zig-zagging across Barbarian territory for ten minutes. From the Barb's 15-yard line the ball was passed to Quill, who made a beautiful pass to Barry, the latter crashing through a thick field for the first try of the day. Captain Ybarrondo converted a difficult goal.

Following the drop-out the ball was again seen in Barbarian territory. A scrum was formed, Gallagher receiving the ball and passing to Ybarrondo, who passed to Stewart. "Captain Tommy" in the meantime had circled Stewart and again receiving the pigskin just as Stewart was downed, dove over the lines and placed the ball squarely between the goal-posts. The trial at conversion was a failure.

The third try introduced Curry, the clever little wing. Receiving the ball on the twenty-five-yard line, he dodged through a scattered field and was downed behind the lines. The play was a pretty one and merited many rounds of applause. Ybarrondo converted, making the score read for the first half, Santa Clara 13, Barbarians 0.

The second half was fiercely fought. At the start the Barbs attempted aggressive play, but were soon forced on the defensive, so fast was the Varsity's play.

Again, before fifteen minutes had elapsed, Santa Clara's score was increased. A kick by Detels, a fast follow-up by Best and the latter's subsequent dribble, resulted in his carrying the ball over for a try. Ybarrondo easily converted, the score, at this stage reading, Santa Clara 18, Barbarians 0. This ended the scoring for the Red and White, as the Barbarian Club, a shut-out staring them in the face, fought desperately. Fight as they would, however, they could not penetrate the stonewall defense of the Collegians. They averted a shut-out, though, by a beautiful penalty kick by Captain Brown. The try for goal was made from placement in nearly midfield.

The kick seemed almost impossible, and when the ball was seen spinning through the cross-bars many cheers rent the air for the perpetrator, Captain Brown.

Capt. Ybarrondo, Best, Tramutolo and Curry showed up especially well in the backfield, while Hatch was the individual star in the forwards.

Holm of Santa Clara refereed and gave entire satisfaction.

The line-ups:

Santa Clara	Positions	Barbarians
Ganahl	Forward	Markwart
Quill	Forward	Turner
Hatch	Forward	Bartlett
Barry	Forward	Gibson
Patten	Forward	Fairbanks
Hogan	Forward	Livingston
Gillman	Forward	Brown (capt)
	Forward	Belsher
Tramutolo	Wing-forward	Pomeroy
Gallagher	Scrum-half	.....
Ybarrondo (capt)	Outside-half	Goff
Momson	Three-quarters	Norton
Stewart	Three-quarters	Flood
Best	Three-quarters	Faulkner
Curry	Five-eighths	Fyfe
Detels	Full-Back	Hellmen

Santa Clara 0. Stanford 2nd Varsity 8.

The colors of the Red and White were lowered for the first time this season when they met defeat at the hands of Stanford 2nd Varsity, 8-0, on our grounds, Saturday, Oct. 21st.

The Cardinal 2nd Team presented a very strong line-up, many of their players being very close candidates for Varsity positions, while Santa Clara's team was badly shaken up, both in players and team-work.

The Stanford men realized this opportunity and were quick to take advantage of it. Five minutes of play had not elapsed before Templeton of Stanford placed the ball squarely between the posts and converted the try, making the score read 5-0. He captured the ball on Santa Clara's 20-yard line and evaded White, who played full-back for the Red and White, in the absence of Detels. For the most part of this half the ball swerved in midfield, what advantage being gained, going to Santa Clara.

In this period the pigskin was sent over Stanford's line once, but luckily a Cardinal rested on the ball. Two or

three times the Varsity had their chance to score, but a fumble or poor pass intervened. The whistle sounded the end of the half on Stanford's 20-yard line, and with the Cardinals resting on the long end of a 5-0 score.

Patten's work in the back field was deserving of special comment, while Hogan and Hatch were the pick of the forwards in this half.

Santa Clara fell off in offensive tactics in the second period, though their defense was as strong as in the first reel. Curry, at wing, and Gallagher, were the bright spots in this half, Curry coming in for some clever ground-gains, while Gallagher figured with his strong and accurate boot.

A series of fumbles and kicks in the last few minutes of play paved the way for Stanford's second and last try, Haley securing the oval near the goal line and plunging over for a score.

The try at conversion failed. The curtain fell soon after, leaving Stanford 8 to Santa Clara's 0.

The line-ups:

Santa Clara	Positions	Stanford 2nd Varsity
Ganahl	Forward	Hall
Wildy, Gilman	Forward	Blye
Hogan	Forward	Skinner
Barry	Forward	Whitaker
Hatch	Forward	Hubbard
Jacobs, Kohner	Forward	Darsie
Sargent, Palmtag, C	Forward	Haley
Tramutolo	Wing Forward	Lill
Gallagher	Scrum Half	Tilton
Ybarrondo (capt)	Outside Half	King
Best	Wing	Noble
Curry, Bronson	Wing	Templeton (capt)
Momson, Ramage	Center 3-Quarters	Sims
Patten	Three-Quarters	H. J. Smith
Detels	Full-Back	Kaufman

A. E. Roth, a former Stanford Rugbyite of prominence, refereed the game, his verdicts being approved by all.

Santa Clara 2nd Varsity 6.
San Jose Hi 5.

San Jose Hi were vanquished by the Second team in one of the hardest fought contests seen on the Campus, 6-5. It was a tough fight all the way, with the Seconds on the offense.

Hardy scored the first try on a brilliant run before the game had hardly started. The angle was a difficult one and the trial at conversion failed.

The pigskin remained in neutral territory for the rest of the period, the half ending with the score, Second Team 3, S. J. Hi 0.

The feature play of the day was pulled off by Needham of San Jose Hi in the middle of the second half. The ball had traveled from one end of the field to the other when suddenly White of Santa Clara secured the oval and cross-kicked to the center. Needham, running at full speed intercepted the kick and with a clear field ahead of him placed the ball squarely between the goal-posts. The try was converted. It

was a pretty play and happened so suddenly that it swept the Second Team off their feet.

The old fight, however soon returned and with but a minute to play, Voight crossed the lines for Santa Clara's second try and the game.

Santa Clara 2nd Varsity 8.
St. Mary's 2nd Varsity 0.

Though crippled by the absence of its star captain, John Barnard, the second team defeated the Red and Blue Seconds on their campus, Nov. 1st, by the score of 8-0.

The following, taken from the San Francisco Call of Nov. 2nd, accounts the game:

The Santa Clara College second Rugby football team drew first blood in the annual football series of three games with the second team of St. Mary's College by defeating the Oaklanders yesterday on St. Mary's campus by the score of 8 to 0. The Mission town players were superior to their opponents both in defense and attack, and it was mainly the brilliant individual work of Blanco of the losing aggregation that prevented them from rolling up a larger score.

Santa Clara scored its eight points in the first half of the game. The first score came fifteen minutes after the start of the contest and was due to Harkins' try after a line-out on the St. Mary's five-yard line. Kohner secured the ball from the line-out and passed to Harkins. Ramage cleverly converted.

The second score was made a few minutes later, when Hardy marked a ball that had been kicked by Roth of St. Mary's and Ramage booted the pigskin between the goal posts on the free kick.

Santa Clara	Position	St. Marys'
Wildy	Forward	Pappa
De Fiori,		
Fitzpatrick	Forward	Price
Kohner	Forward	Randall
Lyng,		
McGrath	Forward	Glavenich
Jacobs	Forward	Tognazzini
Sargent	Forward	Guptil
Palmtag	Forward	West
Beach	Forward	Bruzzone
Castruccio	Halfback	Weber, Cooney
Harkins	Halfback	.....
Hardy (capt)	Three-quarters	Anderson
Ramage	Three-quarters	Crow
Davis	Three-quarters	Togney, Cooney
Curry	Three-quarters	Zappetini
	Five-eighths	Chiles
	Five-eighths	Blanco
White	Fullback	H. Roth

Santa Clara 0. Stanford Freshmen 0.

Stanford Freshmen and Santa Clara Varsity met for the second time this season, the result of the game still leaving the supremacy undecided, the first, as also this game, ending in a tie.

It was a see-saw from start to last, neither team having any advantage to speak of. The forwards in each team

figured conspicuously, Hogan, Hatch, Barry and Ganahl doing the best work for Santa Clara, while Haley was the individual star forward for Stanford. In the backfield Best was the Red and White's best bet. For the Freshmen Templeton and Sims were the pick of the backs.

Santa Clara 40. U. S. Marines 0.

The "Jackies" from Mare Island were swamped by the Varsity, 40-0, and to this year's team goes the honor of having run up the largest score against any club since Rugby was introduced into Santa Clara College.

The contest was featured by the excellent team-work displayed by the Varsity, not a single hitch occurring in the back division, each time they getting possession of the pigskin the result being a try. The sailor boys were a husky bunch and kept the Red and White front division working all the time. Their weight evened matters in the scrum but their back-field could not cope with the speedy backs of Santa Clara.

An attempt to describe each try would be useless, as it would simply be a steady repetition of passing rushes in which each of Santa Clara's backs figured in some way or other.

Patten led in the number of trys, three falling to his lot. This was Patten's first game as a back and he made good with a vengeance, he and Capt. Ybarrondo sharing the individual honors of the day.

Though "Tommy" didn't cross the lines he figured in many long runs, converted five trys and scored three points on one of the prettiest field goals seen on the College Gridiron this season.

Barry, last year's Varsity Captain came to the front with two pretty scores, as did also Best.

Hogan, who played wing-forward in the absence of Tramutolo, and little Curry, the shifty wing, each scored once.

Patten scored the initial try in the first few minutes of play and the half ended with the score, Santa Clara 22, Marines 0.

The sailors made a much better fight in the second period, holding the Santa Clarans to 18 points.

The Varsity had just scored on a beautiful passing rush which sent Patten crashing over the goal-lines, when the final whistle blew, ending the contest with the Navy men on the short end of a 40-0 score.

The line-ups follow:

Santa Clara	Positions	U. S. Marines
Ganahl	Forward	Mahar
Quill, Wildy	Forward	Shave
Barry	Forward	Ogar
Hatch	Forward	Leland
Voight	Forward	Dubois
Jacobs, Kohner	Forward	Boots
Gilman	Forward	Smith
Hogan	Wing Forward	Regan
Gallagher	Scrum-half	Homan

Ybarrondo (capt) Outside-half Horne
Ramage Three-quarters Rhodes
Patten Three-quarters Lane (capt)
Best Wing Three-quarters Burrell
Curry, Hardy Wing 3-quarters Hein
Detels Fullback Smith

Santa Clara 13. College of Pacific 0.

On Pacific Field, Nov. 2nd, the Red and White warriors clearly outclassed those from Pacific and won handily 13-0.

Though outclassed the Yellow and Black men fought like demons all the way, making the Varsity extend themselves to the limit.

It was the annual struggle between the "Tigers" and the "Missionites", and the result leaves Santa Clara's record of games with the College of Pacific still unblemished.

Pacific kicked off and by a Santa Claran's fumble and fast work on the part of C. P.'s forwards caused a line-out on Santa Clara's 15-yard line.

The play was kept in the Red and White's territory for the first part of this period, but a couple of well-placed punts sent the oval skimming in Pacific's field, where Capt. Ybarrondo drew first blood for Santa Clara on a pretty run. The trial at conversion failed. The ball was again sent over the lines, but Walton relieved for Pacific by falling on the ball.

Gallagher marked the oval soon after and Hogan added four points by drop-kicking from the 45-yard line. It was a beautiful and mighty boot.

The ball remained in Pacific ground the remainder of the half, Walton, the College of Pacific fullback, averting many scores by dropping on the pig-skin behind C. of P.'s line. At half-time the score read—Santa Clara 7, College of Pacific 0.

In the second period Santa Clara ran the score up to 13, by making two pretty tries. The first was made by Best on a run near the touch-lines. The try was not converted. A few minutes after on a line-out, Hatch secured the ball and broke through for a run of 15 yards, with a Pacific man hanging on, he passed to Quill, who, after a nice run gave the oval to Hogan, who completed the prettiest play of the game by placing the ball behind the lines for the last score of the day.

Pacific then fought hard to avert a shut-out, but the whistle ended their efforts on Santa Clara's 15-yard line.

McNair, Smitherum and Walton were the pick of the Yellow and Black team, while Hogan, Barry, Best and Hatch did the best work for Santa Clara.

Redding of San Francisco refereed the contest and detracted interest from the game by the frequent blowing of the whistle, though for the most part he performed well.

Santa Clara 2nd Varsity 10.
St. Mary's 2nd Varsity 0.

For the second time within the week the Red and White Seconds lowered the colors of the Red and Blue, on this occasion, 10-0.

As the series requires but two wins, the championship rests with Santa Clara's crack second fifteen.

Though the squad from St. Mary's fought earnestly—to the spectator the class of the two contesting teams could be plainly seen on the victor's side.

The victory was clean-cut, both trys being made on pretty passing rushes. Play had hardly started when Ramage intercepted a pass, got away for a run of twenty yards, and as he was about to be tackled passed to Davis, who in turn at the right moment relieved to Curry, the crack wing then bucking through for a score. Ramage converted from an easy angle.

Play then switched across the field, now in Santa Clara's territory, then in their rivals, for the rest of the half the play remaining quite equal. At half-time the score remained unchanged; Santa Clara 5, St. Mary's 0.

The second half saw the elusive pig-skin mostly in Red and Blue territory, but their stubborn defense prevented a score, which seemed imminent on many occasions. With but a minute to play, the Santa Claran's tore through for their second and last try.

Castruccio received the ball in the loose and passed to Harkins, who then passed to Ramage. With a single man to pass, the crack center three-quarters placed the ball between the goal-posts and easily converted his own try. The whistle soon after ended the game, the final score reading, Santa Clara 2nd Varsity 10, St. Mary's 2nd Varsity 0.

For the losers Blanco, Guptil and Miller played well. Fitzpatrick played an excellent game as forward for the winners, while Ramage, Harkins and Curry played a crack game in the back-field.

The line-ups follow:

Santa Clara	Position	St. Mary's
Wildy	Forward	Pappa
Fitzpatrick	Forward	Clinton
Jacobs	Forward	Miller, Randall
Lyng, McGrath	Forward	Glavenich

Kohner	Forward	Tognazzini	Harkins	Outside Half	H. Roth (capt)
Sargent	Forward	Bruzzone	Ramage	Center 3-Quarters	Blanco
Palmtag	Forward	McDonough, West	Curry	Wing 3-Quarters	Togney
			Davis	Five-Eighths	Chiles
Beach, Diepenbrock	Wing Forward	Guptil	Hardy (capt) O'Connor	Wing 3-Quarters	Cooney
Castruccio	Scrum Half	Magee	White	Fullback	Crow

—MARCO ZARICK.

Santa Clara Victory Song

Music and Words by M. P. Detels

Santa Clara, we're for you, **rah! rah!**
Santa Clara tried and true, **rah! rah!**
We will fight, fight, fight
For the Red and White
And defeat the Red and Blue
We're behind you in the fray, **rah! rah!**
While you win the game today, **rah! rah!**
Bring another victory
Back to old **S. C.**
Who from? St. Mary's
Who for? Santa Cla-**rah.**

THE REDWOOD

CHRISTMAS, 1911

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The Redwood

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Cal., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

VOL. XI SANTA CLARA, CAL., DECEMBER, 1911 NO. 3

Vision of Simeon

ast night in dream, a little babe I saw
His face—all heaven's joy seemed brooding there,
And yet how poor he was; a little straw
The couch was, for that God-like form so fair.

"I list and angel voices seemed to hear
I looked with rapture on the face again;
While through my soul there ran a sacred fear
For as I gazed, I saw—the Prince of Men.

Well I remembered then those words of old
'Thou shalt not, O Simeon, see sad death
Until Emmanuel thine eyes behold.'
He ceased his tale then said in tranced breath:

"Oh now, Oh Lord, thou wilt my soul release,
And in that joyful realm there let me dwell,
My eyes to look for'er in endless peace
On Thee, Oh Lord, the Hope of Israel.

---Thomas Ybarrando

THE LITERARY CLUB

A SKETCH

INCLUDING IMITATIONS OF FAMOUS POETS

Prologue

Our club was most harmonious, till on one unlucky day
The stirring question was discussed: "What school should bear away
The palm in English poetry?" Fierce raged the wordy strife;
Each battled for his favorite school as warriors fight for life.
Disruption then had been our fate, had not our chairman cried:
"By telling deeds, not angry words, this question we'll decide.
Let all rewrite with patient care, each in his favorite style,
The ballad of the bland Chinee, Ah Sin of childlike smile.
So shall we all judge clearly, without tumult or delay,
What school of English poetry should bear the palm away."

Alexander Bishop—devoted to Pope.
Harold Child—quite Byronic.
Alfred Pendragon—who believes in Tennyson.
Jack O'Malley—thinks Lever is the man.

BISHOP. Hallo! Past eight o'clock. Nobody here? That's strange. Perhaps the gentlemen were hurt at our last meeting. Ha! Ha! Well we did grow warm. Yet I can't see how there can be any difference of opinion as to what is the greatest school of English Poetry. Byron's cheap melodrama, forsooth! Tennyson's milk and water romance! Give me the good old school in which every poet was a gentleman and every gentleman could be a poet. What would Pope have said could he have seen his wild-eyed, long-haired successors of today? But that was a bright idea of mine. Ha! Ha! Each member is to write the "Heathen Chinee" in his own favorite style! And I'll wager the romanticists are handicapped. The subject is too real for them, but it just suits the epigrammatic couplet. Here's my version, and I don't think Pope could have done it better. (*Sits down and reads. Enter* CHILD.)

CHILD. Good evening, Mr. Bishop.

BISHOP. Ha! Child, my boy! Glad to see you! Where are the others?

CHILD. I had hoped to meet all here. Perhaps they dare not meet me. When they hear my version—

BISHOP. Pooh! Pooh! Your version! Who could do "The Heathen Chinee" into Byronic verse? What room has it for mountains and lakes and the deep and dark blue ocean?

CHILD. Not at all necessary, I assure you.

BISHOP. Byron without Giaours, Greeks, Moors and other outlandish characters is an impossibility!

CHILD. Well, we shall see! "Keats

"Without Greek
"Contrived to talk about the Gods of late."

Nothing is impossible to a man of genius, and I—But here's Pendragon. (*Enter* PENDRAGON.)

BISHOP. Welcome, Pendragon! Have it your own way, Child; but I flatter myself that mine was the easiest task. For real life there's nothing like Pope.

PENDRAGON. Yes, if you are content with conventionalities; but,

"Common is the commonplace
And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

CHILD. Oh, you'll give us something fantastic, something like "Maud" for instance, or a strange medley, unintelligible, unconnected, as "The Princess." Take from Tennyson his lords and ladies, knights and princesses, kings and round tables, and he has no more inspiration than a schoolgirl.

PEND. It may be so. Certainly in the subject we are writing upon, profound orientalists, such as Byron and his admirers, have a great advantage.

BISHOP. I think, gentlemen, we might as well begin. After all, we constitute the club. The other members are merely adjuncts. (*Takes his seat.*) This evening's business is to determine by experiment in the re-writing of Bret Harte's ballad, "The Heathen Chinee," the highest school of English poetry. Which of you will open the ball?

CHILD. Mr. Pendragon, most certainly. (*Aside*) My best work is in the beginning. I wouldn't have the others miss it.

PEND. Oh! I couldn't think of it. (*Aside*) My best work is at the end. I suppose the others will be in time to hear it.

CHILD. I insist, my dear Mr. Pendragon. I could not read my poem unless I knew what it is to compete with. As it is, I am afraid that after hearing you, I shall have to withdraw from the contest.

PEND. Well, I must submit, if you will have it so. (*Advances front and declaims*):

My name is James. Truthful am I in all
As was the English Alfred, whom men hail,
Through the dim vista of a thousand years,
The prince among all princes vowed to Truth.

(*Enter* O'MALLEY.)

I tell a story of the Golden Gate,
Which in wild times now past, to me and Nye
Happened one afternoon, when August brown,
The sun-stained guardian of late mellowing vines,
But three had wasted of his store of days.

O'MALLEY. Go it, Pendragon, my boy! Sure it's Tennyson through and through!

PEND. Yet as a tree in each successive year

Of its slow life brings forth a golden fruit,
In color, form and scent the counterpart
Of sisters vanished with the Autumns gone,
Which in the chambers of the heart, like them,
Hides germs of fruits another summer's sun
Will foster, till in color, form and scent
They grow its counterpart, so passing tales
Of many a diverse time, in various tongues,
Told beneath Southern Cross or Arctic Star,
Or in the central point whence pampas plains
Sweep out through circles, widening to the verge
Where mingle earth and sky, bear each some seed
Of truth sole changless in a changing world.
And this my tale, devoid of art, will tell
How now, as when long centuries ago
In high towered Camelot the blameless King
Set up his Table Round, the heathen still
Are false and vain, in ways of darkness versed
And falsest of them all the bland Chinee.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Eastern sea!
Blow, blow, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Eastern sea!
Over the ocean's roll and flow
Come from the lotus lands and blow,
Blow us the bland Chinee!
All his cunning ways, all his funny ways—Heaps!

O'M. And, what, may I ask, has all this to do with the haythen, Ah Sin! Faith! The song is tacked on to the end of the poem like the can to a dog's tail! No natural connection between the two, only the string!

CHILD. Oh, that's Tennysonian, you know! And Arthur and the Round Table give quite the flavor.

BISHOP. Order! gentlemen, Order! The poem is hardly begun.

O'M. and CHILD. Mercy on us.

PEND. A veil of shimmering haze like thinnest lawn
Lay on the silent land. No aspen leaf
Half turned to show a momentary grey
Amidst the green, so faint the heat-filled air,
And the dry watercourse, in wintry storms
Tumbling in cataracts, a path of white,
Now seen, now lost to view, strayed in and out
Round wooded slopes, beneath low hanging boughs
Heavy with languid foliage. Far off hills
Reddened beneath the slowly sinking beam
That struck across the eastward turning earth.
No sign of life was seen; birds, beasts and men

Had sought the shade, and I, the truthful James,
At the saloon, Eureka called by some
Forgotten host unmindful of classic lore,
In the moist coolness, which, with watering pot,
The gentlemanly barkeeper renewed
From time to time, reposed; nor ever failed,
When the loud summons sounded from the bar,
To take refreshment. With me, William Nye.
In a back room we sat. Upon the board
Between us lay a pack of cards which Nye
Was loosely fingering. I, truthful James,
Looked listless towards the casement, chin in hand.
Brief play there had been; but on those that play
Only to win, the game soon palls when hope
Of gain is none; and partners, such as we,
To plunder others pockets, could not win
Each from the other. Lions do not prey
On lions; theirs to spoil the lower beasts
That range the field. So came it then to pass
That, yearning for some money-laden fool,
Nye loosely fingered still the cards, while I
Looked listless towards the casement, chin in hand.

Slow sinks the westering sun; the sky
Glows crimson in his fading ray,
Night from the east comes silently
To still the busy life of day.

All sounds die out of beasts and men,
The twittering ceases in the nest,
But life renews itself again
In waking lands beyond the west.

O'M. It's pretty, by my soul, but what has it to do with Ah Sin?

CHILD. I really can't say. But where are the others, Taylor, the champion of Coleridge, and Cumberland, who vows there is no poetry like Wordworth's, and Ortheris, who tells us that the military-imperial school is to sweep all other verse out of men's minds and memories? I suspect they have not succeeded in their task—

O'M. Or else they are afraid to pit themselves against me.

BISHOP. I entreat you, gentlemen, do not interrupt.

PEND. The doorway darkened. From the room without
One entered softly, as they move whom dreams
Show to the brain, when sleep descending steals
From closing eyes the view of outward things
And bids the shadows of the fancy live.

He stood and gazed. We watched him as he stood,
A man of yellow aspect, clothed throughout
In dark blue samite, save that beneath his blouse
Flashed as he moved a gleam of snow-white shirt,
Not hid its tails as is our use and wont,
But floating unconfined.—

O'M. Ah Sin at last!

PEND. His feet were cased
In snow-white coverings, and set within
Shoes of barbaric shape, with thick, white soles;
And as a serpent waiting for his prey,
In many a ring lies coiled, so turn on turn
Circled about his shaven head a queue
Thick at the root, then slowly tapering down
Through all its glossy length, to end at last
In twisted silken cord. 'Twas bland Ah Sin.

O'M. I told you so, begorra!

PEND. Seeing the cards he smiled as infants do,
When sunk in guileless slumber, and his eyes
Set in his head aslant, twinkled for glee,
As doth the dog star rising in the frosts
Of middle winter. William marked the gleam;
And winking at me with his further eye,
As who should say: "Here is a lawful prize,"
Jovially hailed him in that broken tongue
Which simple Orientals fondly think
To be good English, and the Caucasian takes
With equal fondness to be good Chinese;
"Hi, John! You sabbee Euchre?" Sin replied
"No, me no sabbee." To him Bill again,
"You likee play?" And Sin with childlike smile:
"Wha' for? No sabbee." William's bearded face
Assumed a gentleness too rare; his voice
Thrilled with unwonted condescension: "Hi!
Me teachee you play Euchre allee same
Amelican. You sittee down." Then Sin,
Still smiling in his childlike way, sat down.

Over the city springs the day
Under the walls the bugles play;
Out from the steeples ring alarms,
The cry resounds: To arms! To arms!

Over the city broods the night;
Under the walls gleam torches bright;
Bury the dead and breathe a sigh;
With morning comes our turn to die.

But William Nye, because our purse was light,
Too light to risk a loss, strode from the room
And sought a place, where those black eyes aslant
Might not observe him. There he filled his sleeve,
Choosing from many a pack, with cards of worth,
Intent to win. Then like a gopher old
Pouch full of corn, he came again and took
The cards that had been lying on the board.
My truthful soul, though shocked, would not consent
To pry and peer on his reserve, and so
Sighing, I cut, he dealt, the game began.
Card fell on card with measured beat, but when
We thought to take the winning trick, Ah Sin
Dropped from his hand a card of higher worth
And made the point we hoped for. William's face
Flushed red, then paled again, as winter night
When arctic fires light up with transient glows
The northern sky; yet never word betrayed
The rage within, till smiling, bland Ah Sin
Dropped the right bower, that from his well-filled sleeve
William had dealt to him. Then broke the storm
Of pent-up wrath as bursts in tropic seas
The hurricane. Forth from his seat he leaped
And grasping by the throat that heathen meek,
Shook him with might and main, till from his sleeve,
Capacious as the cachalot's vast mouth,
Fell cards so many, that when sorted out
They equalled four and twenty packs. A groan
Deep from the breast convulsed the stalwart frame
Of William Nye. Turning, he fixed sad eyes
Of woe unspeakable on me, and I
On him gazed silent. Then his hand sought mine
In strong, warm grasp, never to be renewed,
While in grave tones he spoke this sad farewell:
"These many years we have been joined in ties
"Of common interest. Now the bond is loosed,
"And in a cold world Truthful James and I
"Must walk apart, nor evermore unite
"To pluck some pigeon rich in sordid gold
"Without the wit to keep it. The labor cheap
"Of almond-eyed Chinese hath shipwrecked us;
"And yet will prove the ruin of the world."

O'M. Not bad, my boy! But don't call it poetry!

CHILD. Poetry? No indeed! A little trick of inversion, of repetition, of avoiding the commonplace, of word choosing, and a fair eye for description—and you have Tennyson.

BISHOP. Dear me! If this be so, how does he differ from Pope? For the same has been said about him too.

PEND. Not so, my dear Bishop. None ever was daring enough to deny Pope the commonplace, or to grant him even a tolerable eye for nature. A rummager, my dear friend, in other men's work, a dealer in second-hand thoughts, a renovator of worn-out ideas, that's all.

CHILD. Inspiration is lacking as utterly as a schoolboy's primer. For this you must come to Byron from whose transcendent merits rivals detract merely, I verily belive, because he was a lord; though, in truth, he valued his laurel far more than his peerage.

BISHOP. Well, then, let us hear your version.

O'M. Aye! let's hear Child.

CHILD. After what we have heard, I think I may venture.

I live a stranger in a peopled land;
I am a hermit in the midst of men;
None reaches out to me a friendly hand
Of all the thousands that surround me when
I tread the streets. I go and come again,
Pass and repass, a man of mystery,
My sad slow life stagnating as a fen
Whose waters ne'er may mingle with the free,
Wild-tossing billows of the deep and dark blue sea.
Such is my lot; but 'twas not always so;
I, too, have known the joy of youthful prime
And the delight of living, long ago;
Nor were friends lacking in a happier time
When o'er my head the sun of life did climb
Up to its zenith in a cloudless sky,
Before the evil day another crime
Darkened my being, forcing me to fly
Far from each well-known haunt to long in vain to die.

PEND. Melancholy enough in all conscience. A regular misanthropic Harold!

O'M. Faith, you may lay by that! But allow me to ask, what has it all to do with Ah Sin?

BISHOP. Silence! gentlemen. I beg.

CHILD. What that crime was I shudder yet to tell.
Long past away, it still remains as clear
In Memory's view as if the hour I fell
The clock but now had tolled; though year on year
Has come and gone since then, the briny tear
Furrows anew mine aged check when I
Recall that August day which cost me dear;
Me, James the Truthful, who, with William Nye,
To play a little game on bland Ah Sin did try.

O'M. Ha! There he is, the spalpeen!

CHILD. In the old, golden days, a mining camp
Nestled among the mountains crowned with pine,
And there beneath a swinging camphene lamp
Two bronzed and bearded toilers of the mine,
Though others thoughtless lingered o'er the wine,
Sat at a rough-hewn table, cards in hand,
Teaching, though teaching hardly was their line,
With all the patient skill they could command,
The mild Ah Sin a game he did not understand.

In glorious sequences the cards were played,
Kings, queens and jokers, bowers left and right.
Nor was this strange, for William Nye had made
Such good provision in his sleeve as quite
Unhinged my moral being, whose delight
Is only in the truth, and would not cheat,
But for good cause, a heathen; so the sight
Of Bill's duplicity, though, in truth, 'twas neat,
Caused me to weep amain and tremble in my seat.

Such conscience to quick bosoms is a hell
And it hath been my bane, a burning fire
A torture to the soul that cannot dwell
In its own narrow self, but must aspire
Beyond the common level of desire;
Consumed with yearnings, quenchless evermore,
For deeds of venturous daring that require
Minds scruple-free. But William, happier, bore
No tyrant in his breast as tortured my heart's core.

BISHOP. The villain! That stanza is stolen bodily from "Harold"!

CHILD. The game went on apace, and bland Ah Sin
With beaming smile played hands that made us stare
In mute surprise; the tricks we saw him win
Filled us with horror, till with childlike air,
Of innocence, and all devoid of care,
He put down the right bower, that with much skill,
William had dealt to me—'Twas most unfair;
So William thought; and therefore with a will
He went for that Chinee as one intent to kill.

Above us through the canyon sighed the breeze,
And the pure stars that fill the vault of space,
Looked down upon us through the silent trees,
Heirs of the world primeval. The whole place
Seemed filled with solemn sanctities of grace,
Save where man's foot was planted, where as Cain,
Envious of those who passed him in the race

For wealth, he yielded to the lust of gain,
And nourished treacherous thoughts within his teeming brain.

And treachery, black as that which ruined Cain,
Possessed Ah Sin, a heathen full of guile
In ways of darkness, and in tricks most vain
Full deeply versed, despite the childlike smile
That flickered on his soft, round face. For while
He seemed all innocence, his morals lax
Had led him to conceal with purpose vile
To cheat, of winning cards two dozen packs;
To work which well his fingers he had tipped with wax.

Such the foul crime that makes me as in a dream,
Pass lonely 'midst the busy throngs that scan
My haggard features, make my shame their theme,
For deeper shame is not since time began,
Than to be euchred by a Chinaman;
That drives me forth to seek some far-off spot,
Whither no whisper of my woes e'er ran;
Where, for the few short years the fates allot,
I may await the end, forgetting and forgot.

O'M. And if Byron wrote like that, he wrote queer poetry. Sure, it's pitiful, this whining pitying of himself. As my good old grandfather, Charles O'Malley, the Irish dragoon—maybe you've heard of him, gentlemen,—used to say: "It's a poor soldier that cries over a broken head." For, you see, he puts himself in the way of it. And the same is true of villains.

BISHOP. But a whimpering villain is quite Byronic.

CHILD. A villain, though a villain, has a soul to loathe his own villainy. 'Tis a trait of high morality to recognize and bewail it.

PEND. True, if the sorrow be such as possessed Guinevere and Lancelot, so excellently portrayed by Tennyson. But you have made Truthful James forget his own and William Nye's wickedness, to lay all the blame upon poor Ah Sin.

CHILD. Which I apprehend to be not entirely un-Byronic.

PEND. In that case there is no more to be said, so we may hear, as we shall with great pleasure, our dear friend Bishop.

BISHOP. Willingly. For, after all, the good old school is the true antidote of sentimentality.

Where is a man in wiles more deeply versed
Than Ithacus by shrill Thersites cursed?
Through rolling years, in every varied clime,
Alike in sportive youth and manly prime,
On Alpine heights, in flowery Tuscan meads,
Where Nilus lingers 'neath his whispering reeds,
Wherever craft is feared or cunning blamed,
Or conscious Truth by scheming Fraud is shamed;

Skilled in the lie that arts detective braves,
Ulyssess has been hailed, the prince of knaves.
So in the past, but now in regions new,
Which brave Columbus from their darkness drew,
When, with full-swelling sail and favoring breeze
He plowed the billows of the western seas.
Where all is found that makes the old world fair.
Nobler in essence and in form more rare,
Where Nature earlier wreaths is seen to bring
And richer perfumes pours the breathing spring.

CHILD. Stolen from Pope, as I live!—

BISHOP. Where loftier mountains o'er the valleys rise,
Where trees nod higher in the purer skies,
Where brighter gleams the gold in glittering veins
And larger pumpkins grace the verdant plains;
No honor there doth famed Ulysses win;
The prince of doubtful arts is mild Ah Sin...

* * * * * * *

Fierce from the zenith's height bright Phoebus' rays
Beat on the land in a relentless blaze.
Pleased with his power the god rejoicing sees
Perspiring mortals seek the umbrageous trees,
Or weak, at once with heat and thirst, incline
To celebrate due rites at Bacchus' shrine.
Two warriors through the sultry afternoon
Pay solmen worship in a cool saloon,
(Thus call the rugged denizens of the west
The temples of that god they serve the best),
One James, for truth through all the region famed,
The other simply William Nye is named.
Though days be hot, it ne'er can heroes please
To waste an hour of life in careless ease.
Though the revolver's use be then denied,
Though bowie knives hang idle at their side,
Till evening cool permits the sterner fray,
At mimic fights our lanquid warriors play;
For weapons cards in their strong hands are found;
They cut and deal while the shrill trumps resound.
Now, as they struggle for the victor's prize
Enters a third with queue and almond-eyes,
With shirt outhanging, not confined within
His trousers waistband, 'tis the meek Ah Sin.
Swift flies the challenge, "John! Come! Take a hand!"
"Hi! me no sabbee," answers Sin the bland,
"Wha' for you talkee?" William winks his eye
At James the Truthful, then the quick reply:

"We'll teach you Johnny! Come! Sit down Ah Sin!"
Ah Sin sits down, the game doth now begin.
'Tis euchre, not the kind progressive hight
Alike the matron's and the maid's delight;
When tables multitudinous they throng,
Eager to win, yet shuddering to do wrong;
A sterner euchre, fit for bearded men,
With hats low slouched, their jackboots, number ten,
Strangers to blacking as their hands to soap;
Skilful with guns and Justice Lynch's rope.
'Tis cut-throat euchre, partners there are none,
But all are enemies once the game's begun.
Though such the game's strict law, there was, I fear,
About this game of euchre something queer.
Ah Sin had cash, which seemed too good a joke
To William Nye, for James and he were broke.
William was full of guile, Ah Sin was bland;
Though James was truthful, Sin "no understand."
Why then the state of William's sleeves reveal?
Ah Sin "no sabbee" what their depths conceal.
To prove his truth, for William's fault James weeps,
Then wipes his eye and plays his cards for keeps.
Now from each hand the painted baubles fly;
Fall on the board to win a trick or die.
As surely as the stars in order wheel,
Bowers right and left appear at every deal;
Kings ne'er are wanting, each leads on his queen;
Nor fails the joker once upon the scene.
Rich were the hands that William dealt to James;
Yet richer hands for himself he claims;
But mystery profound! The hand to win
Falls ever to the childlike, bland Ah Sin.
William is pained at what he wondering sees,
He dealt the pagan only fours and threes,
Yet marks him play a queen with careless air,
With joker take the king, too hard to bear!
Then the right bower lay down with artless smile
And reach his hand to grasp the glittering pile.
A pallor chill suffuses William's cheek;
Three times he gasps and tries in vain to speak;
Then feebly through his blanching lips exclaims:
"That is the bower I dealt to Truthful James."
"How got it then into that heathen's hand?
"This is a thing I mean to understand."
So gathering all his scattered forces, he
With vigorous blows goes for that meek Chinee.
As falls beneath the woodman's axe an oak

So falls Ah Sin beneath stern William's stroke.
As in the forest fall the autumn leaves,
So cards unnumbered fall from Sin's wide sleeves.
Packs twenty-four he hid, this heathen bland,
To play the game he did not understand;
And that he might the better work these packs,
His nimble fingers he had tipped with wax.
Grief racked the mighty soul of William Nye;
Deep from his manly heart burst forth the cry:
"What hope remains for the Caucasian race
"When yellow strangers push us from our place?
"Chinese cheap labor shrouds us like a pall,
"And universal ruin buries all."

CHILD. It's Pope, without doubt. Phoebus and Bacchus and heroes and all the sham classicism.

PEND. Yes, and the cheap smartness, the commonplace figures, the petty antitheses, and the game of cards borrowed from "The Rape of the Lock," and the conclusion from "The Dunciad."

O'M. Gentlemen. It's my humble opinion that we have heard no poetry at all tonight. Now my grandfather, Charlie O'Malley, the Irish dragoon—perhaps you have heard of him—told me that his old messmate in the peninsula, Doctor Quill, held that the greatest poet in the English language was a certain Charles Lever, a Dublin man, whose stirring poems had cheered him in many a bivouac. Now by your leave what do you think of this for the real stuff!

Did ye hear of the haythen Ah Sin,
Maginn?
The bouldest of bould Chaneymin,
Maginn?
Oh! He was the bye
Who could play it on Nye
And strip him as aisy as sin,
To the skin,
Oh! 'twas he was the gossoon to win.

It was euchre we'd play, me and Nye
Me bye!
An' the stakes was uproariously high,
Me bye!
Nye's sleeves they was stocked,
An' me feelin's was shocked,
But niver a whisper said I—
You know why!
For Bill is outrageously shy!

The game to the haytehn was new,
Aboo!
He didn't quite know what to do,
Aboo!
With the cyards in his hand
He smiled childlike and bland,
And asked us of questions a few,
Wirrastheu!
Which we answered as bad as we knew.

We tuk it the game was our own,
Ochone!
We'd pick him as clane as a bone,
Ochone!
But the hands that he played
An' the pints that he made,
Made me feel like a babby ungrown,
I must own!
An' dull as I'd shwallowed a stone!

Nye wud give him a three or a four,
Asthore!
But niver a better cyard more,
Asthore!

Yet he'd dhrop down a king
Just the aisest thing,
An' jokers an' bowers galore!
By the score!
You may lay he'd been there before!

He was happy as haythen cud be,
Machree!
His manner surprisingly free,
Machree!
But William looked sour
When he played the right bower
Which William had dealt out to me,
Do ye see!
For to euchre the haythen Chinee.

Then William got up in a stew,
Hurroo!
An' shlated Ah Sin black and blue,
Hurroo!
An' shuk out of his sleeve,
I'm not makin' believe,
Of picture cards quite a good few!
It is thrue—
This story I'm telling to you.

We had danced to the haythen's own tune,
Aroon!
Oh! It's lucky we got out so soon,
Aroon!
He had twenty-four packs,
On his fingers was wax—
An' this in Tim Casey's saloon!—
The ould coon!
How he played us that warm afternoon.
So you've heard of the haythen, Ah Sin,
Maginn!
The bouldest of bould Chaneymin,
Maginn!
Oh! he was the bye
Who could play it on Nye,
An' shtrip him as aisy as sin,
To the skin!
Oh! 'Twas he was the gossoon to win!

BISHOP. So, gentlemen, you have heard four versions of the "Heathen Chinee." The other members of the club seem to have feared the experiment. I was expecting to have it in the Hellenic vein of Swinburne, the imperial style of Kipling, the rustic manner of James Whitcomb Riley, and the esoteric verse of Francis Thompson. We have been disappointed. It only remains, therefore, to decide which of those we have heard, is the truest poetry.

PEND. No question about it!—
CHILD. Absurd to ask!—
O'M. Why! it's evident!— } Mine!

BISHOP. Now, gentlemen, be reasonable! Consider the excellence of my version, and confess it to be the best!

PEND. Nonsense!
CHILD. Ridiculous!
O'M. No! No! } Mine! Mine!

BISHOP. Then we are as far off from a solution as ever. For, in the words of Pope, the greatest English poet: "Who shall decide when doctors disagree."

"LA CASA BLANCA"

BY RALPH SHERZER

PERHAPS we owe this tale to the swarthy, black eyed, and heavy-limbed barber of San Domingo, or maybe we should credit it to the landlord of the little decayed tavern, "Tres Pinos". He it was who opened the first jug of "waro", and thus, indirectly had he opened the barber's mouth and started him telling the secrets of the pueblo. I merely mention the "waro" that it may serve as a slight excuse for the barber's indiscretion. Surely a sober man would not have unfolded the secret he trusted to the three strange travelers who tarried over a bottle of rare old wine in the vine-covered patio of the adobe hostelry.

It was a warm, lazy California night. There was no moon, but many bright stars cast a soft light over San Domingo. From the patio the travelers could plainly make out before them the heavily-burdened garden whose fragrance occasionally hung over them and then passed, as if borne away by every flutter of the warm evening air.

One of the strangers, the youngest man, a well set, tanned, blue eyed fellow, commenced to strum idly upon a guitar; then all three soon began singing some familiar Spanish melody. They were decidedly not of that race; their pronunciation and accent being somewhat labored.

Here it was that our friend, the barber, appeared on the scene. Perhaps it was the music that had lured him from the company of the landlord, or maybe the faulty Spanish of the singers had jarred on a sensitive nerve, and prompted immediate investigation. At any rate, he came rapidly and stood over the trio, his head cocked critically upon one side until the refrain was finished. Not till then had he been noticed, so he coughed and modestly tried to make his presence felt.

The young fellow with the guitar looked up, nodded a friendly greeting, and received a sweeping courtesy in return.

"Usted play divinamente, senor, your touch is muy fine—nice." This, he accompanied with an airy gesture across an imaginary guitar.

The young musician lit a cigarette; then offered the instrument to the Mexican.

"Here! I suppose you play?"

"Ah, only un poquito, senor but I will—" He dragged a nearby chair over to the table, sat down and caressingly touched the strings, launching shortly into a native love song. He played well, and sang still better. The

three men applauded and beamed satisfaction upon him. They urged one, —two—three—four songs from him, meanwhile ordering more wine and filling his glass.

It was directly after the fifth song that the barber placed the instrument on the table, lit a cigarette, and sighed heavily.

All three looked upon him questioningly; then the younger man filled up his empty glass.

"You certainly can beat that guitar, amigo," he exclaimed.

"And you've a fine voice, too," chimed in the second of the trio. "I'd like to hear you perform when you're sober."

The third member of the party, a red-haired chap, said nothing. He had reached the stage where he could only smile sociably and feel perfectly agreeable to everybody.

The Mexican puffed modestly at his cigarette for a moment, then, with a glance toward the door-way, threw the butt aside, and straightened his tall frame in the chair. Ominously he held out his arm, and pointed a long, thin finger at the guitar.

"You like my playing, senores?" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "If you hear the magic guitar of la Casa Blanca you would laugh at me playing."

He stood up as if to go.

"Here, here," cried the young man eagerly detaining him. "Sit down and tell us something about it."

The barber sat down reluctantly; bent over toward the young man, and spoke very low. "Senor, he dicho demasiado. I talked too much. I am the only one in San Domingo who knows of this wonderful thing, and I cannot talk because, because—Dios Mio. I will tell you this. Five miles from here is the Casa Blanca; at this time every night you can hear a guitar playing divinamente," he drawled out this last word and accompanied it with a graceful gesture. "Y una voz linda. No one knows who she is who sings that song."

After the last remark the Mexican bowed low, waved his hand lightly, and disappeared down the far end of the patio.

"I think the lad is cracked," volunteered the second man, yawning.

The third smiled acquiescingly.

The young man was silent. He was wondering who the singer might be; she whose voice accompanied the guitar at Casa Blanca.

* * * *

On the night following, a lone horseman rode slowly over the shadowed road leading away from San Domingo. It was the youngest man of that party of three who tarried at the "Tres Pinos" tavern. His curiosity had been aroused by the tale of the barber, and he rode in quest of the Casa Blanca.

A deep musical bell in the San Domingo Mission was tolling off nine, as the horseman drew within the grounds of a large two-story dwelling. The

house was adobe, and white-washed a grayish ashy color, that made it look weird and spectral in the dim light. Nor did the masses of creeping vines and tangled rose bushes climbing up the sides relieve it of its ghostly appearance.

The house set deep from the road, and wide-spreading trees marked the driveway that entirely circled the house. Under these trees the horseman took refuge, riding to the right of the house, where the shadows seemed deepest.

Half an hour he waited patiently for some manifestation of the phenomena described by the barber, but no sound came from within the dwelling nor from the surroundings. The man jerked at the horse as if to move on, but hesitated when he heard a sound from the road.

He backed quietly behind a tree and strained his eyes to see one of his companions riding into the garden. This second man chose a position slightly to the left of the main path, and sat quietly upon his horse almost opposite the younger man.

There were two listeners now waiting patiently for that strange sweet music of Casa Blanca.

Once the second man made a motion as if to depart, but instead retreated deeper into the trees as hoof-beats rang dully on the road.

This time the red-haired member rode in on the scene. He realized that he was a little late, and trotted in rather speedily, not even stopping to hide beneath the shelter of the trees like the others. He rode straight to the house, examining it curiously in every detail, even riding around to the back, as if anxious to count all the windows. After a seemingly satisfactory survey of the premises, he rode back to the main path and stood undecided for a few moments. He drew out his watch and had scarce looked at the face when the faint echo of the Mission bell vibrated eleven times in the dead, still night.

Scarcely had the last bell sounded when he dug spurs into the horse, and cantered out and into the road. When the hoof-beats of his horse were scarcely perceptible, the second man rode slowly from his retreat, and disappeared quietly into the night, riding slowly back to San Domingo, without even a parting look at Casa Blanca.

The younger man breathed a deep sigh of relief as he watched him ride away. His limbs were cramped from the long stiff vigil in the saddle, so he dismounted laboriously, yawning sleepily. He sat down at the foot of a nearby tree and commenced to pound his muscles vigorously in a vain attempt at awakening his half-paralyzed muscles.

The moon now rising high over San Domingo, enshrouded the white dwelling in a vivid light, giving it a still more ghostly appearance. In fact no one could have been surprised that some mysterious music would be heard

around this spectre-like adobe dwelling.

He gazed anxiously at an upper window in front of him. A rose bush clamored from the ground to the very sill, forming a frame of heavy red buds around the aperture. He wondered what a woman might look like with such a setting for her to lean from.

For a second every nerve in his body seemed to stop still. As if in answer to his fancies, a young girl leaned far out over the sill, and peered into the night. With the soft light of the moon full upon her he could see her plainly. Fair had been the maid that his fancy pictured leaning from that window, yet fairer she whom he now beheld before him. Her hair dark and curly, fell loosely on her shoulders, bringing into better relief her white, shapely neck. Her face beamed perfect contentment and a genial smile played on her rosy and buxom cheeks and her bright dark eyes, the very picture of innocent merriment, seemed to sparkle in the moonlight. A firm round chin held high gave an expression haughty, yet loveable in the extreme.

The man thought her beautiful. He longed to talk to her, to hear her voice.

As he looked upon her face, the silvery tones of a guitar seemed to float into the garden. A youthful, sweet voice began to sing something low, and plaintive. The girl disappeared within, but he was certain it was not she who was singing. The tones did not come from inside the house, but rather seemed to wave through the air, as if blown along gently by the lightest of breezes.

He listened enchanted, and wove a little romance. This girl must have something more than human about her. Surely it was the God of Music who serenaded her. He wondered if this god wished to have her for his own, and was using these means of luring her from the mortal world.

For a second he felt angry. It wouldn't be fair for this beautiful maid to be transported to the land of Juno and Jupiter. No, he would go right into the house himself, and if necessary he would carry her away. He longed for her himself, and he should have her.

The music suddenly died away, the last low notes of the singer seeming to blend right into the very tones of the guitar. The magic spell seemed to break, and the man laughed at his foolish thoughts.

Again the girl appeared at the window. This time she looked down upon him and their eyes met. The man felt the blood rise to his face as she smiled.

"There is a ladder on the ground," she said, pointing below. "Place it against my window, and come in."

The man would have replied, but she immediately withdrew. He turned to look for the ladder and found it half-hidden amongst the flowers. With a thousand thoughts rushing through his mind he raised it against the window and started to ascend. There was something very queer about the whole thing.

An end was put to his doubts as he reached the sill. Quickly he climbed in and looked about him. If he had expected to find himself in the young lady's room, he was disappointed. The apartment was evidently a chemical laboratory. The four walls were covered with shelves containing all sorts, colors, and sizes of bottles; while in the center of the room stood a long table, crowded with testing tubes, charcoal heaters, and steel instruments. A sweet, half-intoxicating odor filled the room.

The man turned his eyes to the doorway as the girl entered. She had arrayed herself in a long white rubber apron. He wondered what was next on the program.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, smiling. "But where are the other two. I thought there would be three of you?"

She turned and locked the door, putting the key in her pocket.

"The others got tired of waiting and went away," he replied, bewildered by her remarks.

"That's a shame. Filipo should have told them to wait till midnight at least. I've been very busy tonight and need more material." She commenced to mix something in a tube.

"Who's Filipo?" inquired the man.

"Why Filipo is the barber at San Domingo. I paid him fifteen dollars to send three men out here tonight; I'm very angry; he has bungled everything."

The man was completely at a loss to fathom what she was talking about.

As she worked, he watched her every move, marveling at the rapidity with which she mixed chemicals, and admiring her in every detail.

She stopped her labors finally, and poured some blue fluid into a cup, sealed it tightly with a metal cap; then held it up to the light in both her hands.

He approached her slowly as if to speak; she backed away and laughed mockingly. He stopped, rather embarrassed.

"Look here, what did you tell me to come up here for? If I can aid you in any way, please say so,—otherwise I must be going." He spoke impatiently.

"Oh, no," she answered, mildly. "You won't go for some time."

"What do you mean?"

He backed to the window as if to leave. To his astonishment he noticed a heavy iron grating that had swung in against it. He put his hand to it and pushed, but all in vain.

"Say, what does this mean?" he asked angrily.

"It means this," she answered, "that I need you, and am going to use you. I will explain briefly what for, though it really doesn't make a bit of difference whether you know or not. To begin with, you heard my music tonight, and will probably admit that it is wonderful. As Filipo told you, nobody knows whence it comes, nor whither it goes. The whole secret is a chemical

combination, a discovery of my own. I can fill the air with it at will. As soon as my formulas are perfected, I will give it to the world. Just now it is a secret."

"But what has all this to do with me?" interrupted the man.

"I am just coming to that part," she answered coldly. "At present there is one drawback to my discovery. To make this music I have to use ingredients that can only be obtained from a dying man. I have brought you in here to kill you."

The man paled.

"Don't attempt to escape," she continued, "because the minute I pull the lid from off this cup, you'll die."

For a second he hesitated. The thought flashed through his mind that he was dealing with a lunatic. He made a sudden rush at her. She lifted the cap off the vessel and he fell in his tracks.

* * * *

The early morning sun bathed Casa Blanca, and the half tropical garden in a generous warmth. Perfume seemed to rise from every separate bud, while the house, so ghastly by night, now shone in dazzling whiteness.

A young girl opened the front door and stepped into the garden to pluck a rose. She had fluffy black hair, dark eyes, and finely stenciled brows, contrasting perfectly with a very fair skin. Her chin, held high, denoted considerable determination. She took a step to the right, but stopped suddenly. Before her was a man sitting against the trunk of a tree, fast asleep. She smiled, an indulgent, youthful smile.

"Poor fellow," she exclaimed softly, "wonder how he got in here."

She tapped him lightly on the hat. The man opened his eyes sleepily and looked up. The girl was bending over him. Half asleep, he arose and took off his hat.

"Excuse me, lady, I wandered in here last night by mistake. Must have gone to sleep. The last thing I remember is looking up at a window and seeing you."

"Yes, I awoke and thought I heard a noise out here, so got up to look."

Catching the horse, the young fellow sprang into the saddle lightly.

"Glad you woke me up early," he said, genially,—"my pals will probably be waiting breakfast for me, and I guess I'll just about make it."

* * * *

Two men were sitting at breakfast in the "Tres Pinos" tavern.

"I was talking to the landlord this morning," one was saying, "and I asked him something about that secret the barber gave us the other night about Casa Blanca. Say, do you know what he said?"

"No, what was it?" asked his companion,—a red-haired chap.

"He said that every time that barber got drunk he was sure to tell some one a fearful yarn before he got sober. I guess we're the goats."

"Why, were you curious enough to

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS 1911-12

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go out there, for goodness sake?" asked the red-haired fellow, loftily.

"Yes, and so were you. I saw you galloping out there at midnight, so don't deny it."

"Say, I wonder who the joke is upon —you or me?"

"I think it's on McArthur, He's probably out there yet." Both men roared. The red-head felt a sudden inspiration. He rose from the table and reached for his hat.

"Where are you going?" asked the second man.

"I'm going down to see that barber," came the reply, as the door closed behind him.

LOST AND WON

BY HAROLD McKINNON

"THERE'S nothing to it fellows," said Stover to a group of Collegians who were discussing the coming examination for the Fardale Scholarship. "Why that feller Fenton will surely get it."

"Well, I guess you're right Stove, old boy," chimed in a rather broad-shouldered youth.

"I don't know about that now," argued Bill Powers. "That boy Ricks is some there when it comes to studies. He's been out working hard with the team this month but just watch that youth after the foot ball season."

Such was the opinions of "those that knew" concerning the Fardale Scholarship. Ricks and Fenton were good students, and popular. Fenton usually carried off the best awards in studies; Ricks was a trifle the more popular.

* * * *

It was the first day of December and the students' last opportunity to register as contestants for the prize. The regulations made it compulsory for all contestants to enter their names by four that afternoon.

It lacked just ten minutes of that hour when Kenneth Ricks, a tall and somewhat lanky Southerner, hurried into the President's office and placed his name at the bottom of the list of competitors, making six of them in all. Somewhat nervously, he wrote and his hand quivered perceptibly. Ricks was sore! One standing near the door when he emerged might have heard a slight "No use", come from his lips. He knew that Fen would get it and what did the fellows want him to go in for? Was it because he was popular? Yes —that must have been it and he would do it to please them; he would work hard for the prize.

Then began the long days of study, of that strong concentration of mind characteristic of the work of one who studies with a definite end. For three weeks these six deprived themselves of almost all pleasure to remain at their books. The lights in their rooms burnt late into the night and sometimes even till morn. But, just as all else connected with college life, the hard part was at last at an end, and it was the day before the examination.

Ricks got up early that morning after a last hard night of study, and, after eating a scanty breakfast, looked about the campus for his pal, with whom he had intended taking a bike ride that day. He was nowhere to be found however and Ken was at a loss to know where he could find a compan-

ion for his trip. There were very few in sight, probably owing to the chill of the early morning and Ricks was about to abandon the idea when his glance fell on Fenton walking slowly up and down a sunny spot on the campus.

"Shall I ask him?" he thought to himself. "He's a pretty good guy, and besides I've got nothing against him. Yes; I will." And the youth crossed the tennis court to reach him.

"Take a bike ride, Fen?" he accosted him. "Fine day and, anyhow it's best to rest our domes today to have clear ones tomorrow. They say that's the best way."

"Believe I will, thanks to you, Ken. Wait a few minutes till I get a wheel." He disappeared round a nearby building, quickly returning in riding togs and wheeling an expensive bicycle.

"Over to the Lake?" he asked.

"Yes. I guess that's the prettiest ride. It's going to be hot about noon too, and the trees will be swell."

Within two hours they were in the midst of the heavy forest that topped the little mountain to the east of Fardale. Owing to the experienced road builders of years before, the grade had been but slight, but despite this fact the boys were now perspiring freely and the shade was comforting. A little rest and the descent into Black Bear Valley was easily made. A lunch procured at the little town near the Lake, a few hours rest, and a dip in the swimming tank of a local boat club, constituted the events of their stay in the valley.

The afternoon had slowly crept by and night was about to set in when the two young fellows reached the top of the mountain.

"Getting dark, Ken. Let's make 'em go," exclaimed Fenton, as he saw that darkness would soon close in on them and it would be most unpleasant picking the road and escaping bad rocks in the night.

"I'm on," from Ricks, and they were soon flying down the ever-dimming road.

Turn after turn they made, side by side, each daring youth endeavoring to outdo the courage of the other. Each minute saw greater speed. The scenery began to streak. Many times Kenneth's foot instinctively touched his brake pedal, but he wouldn't be first to quail. No! Fen would have to slow up first, he would never give in.

Five minutes, or more, passed thus, the speed increasing. Ken had made up his mind that this thing had gone far enough. As soon as this turn was passed he would slow up and acknowledge that Fenton's daring exceeded his own.

They whirled round the curve onto the narrowest portion of the road over the mountain. On one side, a steep, rocky bank; on the other, a straight drop of sixty or seventy feet to the river below. They had made the turn, then suddenly the dark, uncertain outlines of a heavily laden lumber wagon loomed up huge and terrifying in front of them. Fen-

ton saw in an instant that only one of them would be able to pass between the wagon and the bank and the next moment—he was lying senseless in the middle of the road. For the safety; perhaps, for the life of his rival, the heroic young student had deliberately run his wheel into the rocky side of the mountain, that his companion might pass on in safety.

* * * *

It was the day before the Christmas vacations at Fardale. The assembly-hall was crowded with those who had gathered to hear the address of the President. One thing in particular interested them; who won the scholarship. Surely Ricks, as Fenton was sick in the infirmary and could not take the required examination.

The President ascended the platform amid the cheers of the collegians. He spoke — well the anxious crowd thought he spoke on everything under the sun. At last, however, he said:

"Now about the scholarship." All were intently silent. "Six names were registered, but only five were able to be present for the examination. One of the young aspirants being even yet very sick in the hospital from injuries sustained the day before the contest. Of the papers handed in the one most deserving bears the name—Ivan Fenton."

The listeners were so surprised that they did not know whether they should applaud or not. "And to him," continued the President, "and to the one who wrote the paper, the college gives 'ex equo' scholarships. One to Ivan Fenton as a very deserving student, who played so heroic a part on the day before the examination; the other to him whose paper was the best of those handed in and who signed himself, Fenton, Kenneth Ricks."

THE MASTER'S VIOLIN

BY PAUL R. LEAKE

IT was Uncle Ike's off day and the little Jewish pawnbroker looked as sad as might a debutante who had made a failure of her entrance into society. When business was flourishing, Uncle Ike would throw open his coat and putting his thumbs under his vest would strut about with all the dignity of a school boy playing the role of Napoleon. But when the "eagles" began to fly out instead of in, poor Ike would look as though all the harpies of Armenia were feeding on the last morsel he had set aside against a stormy day.

So it was that on this particular occasion he sat brooding over the ill fate that had forced him to place three balls over the door. All that morning he had worked as though he was the busiest man on Front street, arranging and rearranging goods he had set in order a hundred times before. There he labored all that morning, with a feather duster in his back pocket and two or three pencils balanced on his ears, but never a soul stopped in to do business with poor Ike.

Ike was so taken up with his own thoughts that he did not notice a customer who had come into the store. He was an old man and his torn and tattered clothes gave evidences of extreme want.

He carried in his feeble hands a violin case that made his feeble and faltering steps still more uncertain.

Ike looked up and was glad to see the old man. The usual formality occurred between customer and pawnbroker. The old fellow explained that it was necessary for him to pawn his violin, an instrument which had been in the family for over a hundred years. The old man had learned to love the violin as a friend. It had been his sole comfort in his many hours of sadness, but the time had come when he must part with it. A ship, bearing a treasure for him was already three weeks late. He had been forced to live the life of a pauper and his weakened body could bear the strain no longer. For many weeks he had not missed a day going to the docks with the hope of sighting his ship. He must have money and the only thing that he had left that was worth anything was his violin.

The tears poured down his cheeks and the poor old man choked up with grief as he carefully handed the instrument over for the inspection of the pawnbroker. His sole hope was that his ship would soon arrive and thus enable him to buy back his instrument.

The next morning, bright and early,

Uncle Ike was ready for business at the same old stand. He had not forgotten yesterday's dullness, but he was full of faith that he would have a better day. Besides, he had cleaned up a tidy sum in last night's poker game, enough to offstand his dull day; so he was happier than usual and more than willing to show his customer the complete stock of violins, seven in all, and an odd lot at that.

He was a well-dressed, smooth-shaven young man with dark wavy hair and possessing all the ways of a musician of high rank. The greetings were cordial and Uncle Ike was highly honored to meet "Fritz Maurer, Celebrated Violin Virtuoso." One by one Maurer examined the instruments. Finally he picked up the violin pawned by the old man the day before. Immediately his face beamed with smiles. He turned it over and over again. Sounded it; every note was perfect. It was just the violin that Maurer had been constantly yearning for in two different continents. Never before had he heard such a deep, broad, and rich tone. It was as human as any piece of mechanism could be.

The pawnbroker leaned back against the counter in amazement. No wonder the old man was so reluctant to part with his violin. No wonder he prayed night and day for his treasure to come so that he might buy his violin back again. No wonder he was willing to give Uncle Ike three times the price it was pawned for. The little pawnbroker was shrewd enough to know an easy customer when he saw him and he certainly had one in this virtuoso. If he could only persuade the old man to sell him the violin outright then it would be clear sailing; for the musician was not to be disappointed and had made up his mind to have the violin at any price. No one knew this better than Uncle Ike and he told Maurer to call the first thing in the morning for a definite answer.

Maurer had not been gone over an hour when the old man returned. His face, in direct contrast to that of the young, happy violinist, was the picture of despair. His every move seemed to pain him and his voice was low and sad. He had all but given up hope of ever receiving his money and had come just to see if his violin was still where he had left it.

The pawnbroker lost no time in getting down to business. Uncle Ike was a man of few words when money was in view. The old man was reluctant at first and refused to consider selling his cherished violin. But realizing, as he did, that his ship might not be in for another month, and maybe not at all, for—as Uncle Ike suggested—it might be lost at sea, the old fellow finally yielded. He resolved now, that, in his present circumstances, he would be contented with the fifty dollars offered him by the pawnbroker, but at one time he would not have sold it for ten times that price. There was a look of half satisfaction and still a look of

sadness on his face as the old fellow left the pawnshop.

On the other hand, Uncle Ike was the happiest man on Front street, and, possibly, the busiest. He lost no time in ringing up the Hotel St. Regis, where Fritz Maurer, Celebrated Violin Virtuoso, was staying.

Ike talked with the clerk for a short time, then cried out: "What? Crooks? Maurer and another short feller?" And the clerk wonder when Ike yelled out something about an old man and "a ship coming in with a ten-cent violin."

AT THE STABLE

HEPHERDS come from hills of Juda
To the town of Bethlehem,
Where is born the loved Redeemer
Christ, the Savior,—King of men.

And they kneel in adoration
As the angel-choirs sing
"Peace on earth to men of goodness;
Glory unto God the King."

While they kneel His face is clouded
And His eyes are dimmed with tears,
As the saddening vision painted shows Him
All the sorrows of His years.

Hears His chosen people calling;
Starts as though his body bled,
As they cry "His blood be on us;"
Feels the thorns that pierce his head.

Sees lhe winding pathway leading
Round the hills of Calvary,
Sees the cruel cross uplifted
And the Garden's agony.

Suddenly his sorrow changes
And the tears no longer flow,
While a smile of tender mercy
Lights His face with radiant glow.

Then his tiny hands are lifted
Lo, His blessings he imparts,
Blessings that in coming ages
Are to solace sinful hearts.

—JAMES J. McGRATH

THOUGHT SUICIDE

L. H. GANAHL

A FUNDAMENTAL truth is the fact of physical self-existence. And no less real than this mere physical life is the life of the intellect, which consists in the possession of truth. For if we were only endowed with mere physical life how would it be possible for us to know that we are, and not only to know that we are, but to know what we are? Indeed, were we possessed only of physical life, we should be on a level with the brute animals, we should not have reason, but instinct in fact, we should be rational animal devoid of reason.

The intellect is the seat of our knowledge of the things that are. The objective world is the source from which we gather the food of the intellect; and the senses are the means through which the intellect obtains its food. Therefore it is evident that if we deny either the existence of the intellect; or the validity of our objective ideas; or the worth of the senses through which we obtain these ideas; we cut off the means or the possibility of having or obtaining thought and are consequently logically led to commit thought-suicide.

How pitiable is it to see one dissatisfied with life, confronted with black despair, face to face with the failure of a life time, possibly overwhelmed with some loathsome disease, confronted with starvation, unable to support his wife and family, driven to seek solace in self-destruction. The suicide takes unto himself a right which God alone has. But does he die? No. He only changes his lot, this life for the next, and thereby does he shift his responsibilities, does he evade the law, does he escape the just punishment due his crimes? No, he goes to but face an all-powerful and all-just God. It is not for us to judge him, it is not for us to say what his lot in the next life may be—that we leave to an all-wise and all-good Providence. But let us consider what it is that he destroys. The body only dies; he forestalls by a few short years what would naturally happen. But let us turn from the bodily suicide to that of the intellectual suicide.

The intellect governs, guides, and directs our body and so the life of the intellect is superior to that of the body. The intellect lives forever, but the life of the body ceases at death. The intellect solves for us the puzzle of existence, why are we here, whither are we going, and whence we come. Its goal is eternity; its home, heaven; its Father, God, in whose image and

likeness it was created.

The first question to determine is, "Is the mind capable of suicide and if so, how?" We are forced, unfortunately, to answer in the affirmative. Doubt, that "First born Son of Satan", is the principle means by which the intellect commits self-destruction. When I say "doubt", I do not mean to say that we should not rationally restrain our mind between two contradictory judgments, but I refer to those that maintain that we must doubt about everything, or at least, about many things of which of our reason and the common consent of mankind declare we are certain. Those who doubt, where there is no place for doubt, we call sceptics. Scepticism, in general, is a state of doubt in regard to those things which are known with certainty by means of our natural faculties properly disposed and applied.

It would not be difficult to show that he who doubts some truths without reason is logically led to doubt universally; and that he who doubts about everything is a mental suicide.

In the first place, it is evident that if one doubt some truths without reason he must logically doubt about everything. If for example I were to doubt (and it would certainly be without reason), about my existence, I would also logically have to doubt whether I am writing this or not. The same reason obtains in both cases—no reason. And so by doubting without reason some truths we are logically led to throw every single truth into the dark sea of doubt, while we stand on the lonely shore no better than the insensible sands around us.

Few there are, we know, who would like to have themselves classed under the opprobrious title of thought suicides. They strive to earn a better title, or we might say to put up a better shingle though they promulgate the same doctrines. I am speaking of those who say that they doubt because the fact has never been sufficiently well proved for them. They doubt whether the things they see are realities or the mere productions of a wonderful kinematograph they make bold enough to call the intellect.

It would be useless to prove that these would-be philosophers are nothing more than sceptics. Let us then turn our attention to those poor deluded fellows that doubt everything.

The man who says, "I doubt about all things" affirms at the same time that he does not doubt about all things for he is certain that he doubts and he is certain of his mental condition when doubting. To say "I doubt", is as much an affirmation as to say "I am certain". Scepticism therefore holds that a thing can be and not be at the same time. It is as if a man made a long speech to prove that he was dumb. The mind proves that it does not exist; that certainty is uncertainty. Anyone who holds to such a doctrine cuts himself

off from having intellectual life, and therefore commits thought suicide. For it is impossible, logically speaking, for a sceptic to argue or to be argued with. And, as St. George Mivart says: "Every asserter of such a philosophy must be in the position of a man who saws across the branch of a tree on which he sits, at a point between himself and the trunk. Scepticism is a drug which purges out everything, itself included."

In this, our own day, the philosophical systems mainly prevalent are sceptical in their nature. They involve within themselves a contradiction. They refute themselves. They who hold to such systems do not wish to be deceived but they do wish to assent to something which involves error. Everywhere we find the young taught to commit thought-suicide. But Aristotle and St. Thomas have given us a system which is true to nature and is safe from error. A system which has existed surrounded on all sides by a raging sea of hate, prejudice and fear which has always sought to destroy it. But like a rock, it has been impervious to the awful blows of error. It seemed at times that the enemy had been victorious, but it comes back again stronger than ever because it has the truth and there is no system whether invented by man or devil, which can triumph over truth.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE POETS

FROM REDWOOD, 1904

CHRISTMAS, though primarily and essentially a religious festival, has a certain atmosphere about it that causes the human heart, even if otherwise irreligious, to leap with more than ordinary transports of joy. The merry bells peeling out their glad tidings, the songs of gladness, the yule-tide logs, and, in particular, the sumptuous banquets and the friendly gifts explain this unusual jollity in a way; but we cannot explain it fully unless we have recourse to the deeper significance and importance of the festival considered religiously. The words of the Angel to the shepherds: "Behold I bring you tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord," are still ringing in our ears. All men may not realize their meaning, but surely our only justification in the merry-making and joyousness of Christmas is to be found in these same words.

The Feast is the commemoration of the birth of Christ the Lord, Who put off His glory and came on earth to make us heirs of the Kingdom of His Father. No wonder then that all men rejoice on this day, no wonder that the Christmas bells should fling their joyful news through the air, that the organs should peal their thrilling Glorias and heart-touching Hosannas; no wonder that we should send gifts of love and esteem to our friends and best wishes for a "Happy Christmas." The occasion is one of unusual joy, and even those whose misfortune it is not to realize the blessings received from the lowly Babe of Bethlehem are influenced by their surroundings, and almost in spite of themselves keep the gladsome holiday.

Thus it was from the beginning; the shepherds who were favored with the vision of the Angel and who heard the glad news accompanied by the thrilling "Gloria in Excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus," spread the good word among their less favored brethren, till one and all, doubter and believer, they took up the cry: "Let us go to Bethlehem." So, too, was it when the Divine Babe was presented in the Temple. Holy Simeon, it is true, was the only one who could say:

"Now thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord,
According to Thy word, in peace;
Because mine eyes have seen Thy salvation
Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples—

A light to the revelation of the Gentiles,

And the glory of thy people, Israel."

But yet there was an odor of sanctity in the temple that attracted others, who had ears to hear and eyes to see; and men began to think that in truth salvation was nigh.

This we deem a necessary introduction to what we would say of Christmas in poetry, because to fully understand and appreciate the writings of poets, one must be able to enter into their feelings. It is well then, as a preliminary study, to determine the possible mental attitudes which men may assume in viewing the humble stable of Bethlehem, so as to know at a glance if the poet is influenced personally by the great event or merely led along with little or no innate feelings of piety.

We shall therefore divide Christmas sentiment into two kinds, both of which, as we shall show, may admit degrees of intensity or coldness. But for our purpose the two general headings will suffice. Some there are, in the first place, who with a realization of the meaning of Christmas, and with contrite and humble hearts go back in spirit to the cave of Bethlehem to adore the new-born King, and, like the shepherds of the hillside, to offer Him their love. Others, again, indifferent towards or altogether ignorant of the meaning of Christmas, go through the day, with light hearts and easy bearing, with no other thought than that of enjoying a few hours of earthly bliss. These may be compared to the minions of Herod's palace who were endeavoring to enjoy themselves in feasting and drinking, and perhaps in other less innocent pastimes. At all events they were entirely ignorant of the bright light that had arisen in the world, and the heavenly melodies that echoed through the hills of Judea.

What to such men are the tidings of great joy? Accustomed to view everything with the eyes of the flesh, they are seeking the lusts of the moment and not endeavoring to build up mansions for the hereafter.

These two different kinds of Christmas sentiment admit, as we have said, of degrees. The realization of the character of Christmas grows so intense with some, that, disregarding all earthly pleasures, they can spend hours of continued contemplation before the new-born King asking for His graces and His blessings, resting contented with the thought that God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son up for its salvation. This degree of intensity admits even of sadness, as we shall see, sadness over the wretched condition of mankind, who fail to profit by the Savior's birth. Coming down from this degree by a gradual descent, we find a diminution of fervor until on the very limit of this class, we meet with those who know what Christmas means, realize the necessity of the Incarnation, feel the intensity of eternal love, but delight more in external

gauds than in the deep significance of the festival itself. From such men we shall find a greater amount of poetry, better poetry, too, in some regards, because they make the external world, serve as a medium of communication, —but not better Christmas poetry.

It is useless to say anything of the second class. Devoid of poetry in their make-up, they cannot write poetically on such elevated themes as Christmas. We shall, therefore, delay no longer on these various sentiments or moods; it is enough to have mentioned them before studying their expression in poetry.

In this study we mean to disregard chronological order, merely mentioning, as they occur to us some of the Christmas carols of our literature. To begin with Shakespeare.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet strikes,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath powers to charm,
So gracious and so hallow'd is the time."

To say that the great bard hit the spirit of the Christmas season in the above beautiful excerpt would be at once gratifying and to our purpose; but mingling, as it does, the most superstitious beliefs of the time with the most unsuperstitious of all teaching, his passage is marred. The second and last lines are devotional enough, but they lack that completeness of detail which all would like to have from the great dramatist.

Milton enters more into details in his famous ode, and we shall therefore examine it more carefully.

"It was a winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in a rude manger lies.
Nature in awe of Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim
With her great Master thus to sympathize."

Here we have one real element of the great Feast; the abandonment of the Savior, His poverty, His helplessness. The rude manger and the winter cold are necessary surroundings of a Christmas scene, and the poet has made admirable use of them, and so throughout the poem, as in

"But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began,"

and even more pronouncedly in the last stanza:

"But see, the virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending.
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car.

Her sleeping Lord, with hand-maid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable,
Bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable."

Still with all this praise we must say that Milton has not a good Christmas ode. Not that we are bold enough to call the great singer's power into question. No; but with our ideal of Christmas sentiment, as explained above, we are forced to say that he falls below possible perfection in this one point, that he does not bring out the infinite love of the Infant Savior, and without this love the meaning of Christmas is lost.

Coleridge in his "Christmas Carol" has given us all we could desire on one phase of the character of Christ. The poet's genius revels in the thought that "the Prince of Peace is born," that the Savior of the world has come to quell the tide of battle and human strife.

"Glory to God on high; and peace on earth,
Peace, peace on earth; the Prince of Peace is born!"

he exclaims, raised into ecstasy at the thought.

His tribute to the Virgin Mother is beautiful and well meant perhaps, though he has not as noble a concept of Mary's dignity as we would like to see.

"Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace
Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
Oh, why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,—
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?"

These lines are beautiful in themselves, though when used to introduce the soliloquy of Mary on "wars" and "murderous fiends," that follows immediately after, the beauty is partly lost. Poetically considered such dissertation is in place, but it does not seem to us that it is proper to the simple character of the Virgin Mother.

Charles Kingsley's "Christmas Day" is in many particulars a magnificent piece. The author speaks of the spiritual exaltation of man consequent on the birth of Christ. Delaying for awhile upon the selfishness and greed of man he breaks forth into eloquent strains on the Infant Savior,

"Who taught mankind on that first Christmas day,
What 'twas to be a man; to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live."

An exalted strain surely, but still there is a certain doubting spirit discernable through the poem which, we admit, may be poetical scepticism; but poetical or otherwise, Christmas is no season for it. We want the real, the

strong confidence that Christ the Lord is born, that He is nigh unto us, that His nativity is renewed year by year, if not day by day in our hearts, that the angelic choirs are still entoning the "peace on earth to men of good will."

Mrs. Hemans struck this key when she wrote:

"Oh, lovely voices of the sky
That hymned the Savior's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high
Ye that sang "Peace on Earth?"

And yet even Mrs. Hemans has some faint tint of doubt.

"O, star! which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou? 'Midst the hosts above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou are not set,
Thy ways earth might not dim,
Send them to guide us yet,
O, star! which led to Him."

This is beautiful; it is even beautiful poetry; but it is not altogether Christmas poetry. So is it with nearly all of the English poets, whom we have read; they mingle the beautiful with the grotesque, the earthly with the sublime. To find real Christmas sentiments we must go back to the mediaeval carols; back to the times when they sang

"Oh, my dear son, said Mary, oh, my dear,
Kiss thy mother, Jesu, with a laughing cheer."

Such strains, humble though they may be, are the sweet, simple melodies of pious hearts, and surely piety is one of the essential requisites for the proper understanding and appreciation of Christmas.

In conclusion, we shall call special attention to what we consider the best Christmas poem in the language, Southwell's "Burning Babe." This famous martyr-poet was in a position to write according to the spirit of the great festival. He had experienced many trials similar to those of the Savior, "Who came to His own, and His own received Him not." For it is probably known to the reader that Robert Southwell, poet, scholar and priest, going to England for England's sake was thrown into the frightful tower of London, was several times racked and finally executed for conscience's sake. This is but a digression, but it shows where the poet received his inspiration.

Like Milton, the martyr-poet, begins with a description of the winter's cold, so necessary for the proper atmosphere of the mystery, but unlike Milton, Southwell makes his narrative present, for he realizes that the first great Christmas morn is but one in a series, and that year after year the Savior is re-born into the world for the salvation of men. Here are his opening words:

"As I, a hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow,
And lifting up a fearful eye
To see what fire was near

A pretty Babe, all burning bright,
Did in the air appear."

Thus from the outset the poet brings to the front the very essence of Christmas, Christ's love for mankind. After this glowing prelude on the Savior's love, he draws a picture sad to behold. He lived in evil days, perhaps not much more so than our own, but yet evil and wicked. Men were accustomed to spurn the grace of God, to struggle along without His assistance, unmindful and ungrateful. Hence the Savior's complaint:

"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born,
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts,
Or feel My fire, but I."

The sadness which such an appeal is apt to arouse in our hearts may not be considered in keeping with the joyous festival; but if without any consideration of the love of the Savior and the ingratitude of men, we go on in earthly pleasures merely, are we really enjoying Christmas? The joy of Christmas consists in sympathy with the loving Babe of Bethlehem and so even when we read further, our sadness is converted into joy, that Christmas joy, which belongs to the few who return the Savior's love.

My faultless breast the furnace is
The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke
The ashes shame and scorns
The fuel justice layeth on
And mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls.
For which as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in My blood.
With this He vanished out of sight
And quickly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto my mind
That it was Christmas day."

Thus the great poet has given us the best of Christmas carols, the best because full of the brightest and noblest Christmas sentiments. One cannot read the lines of Southwell without feeling the spirit of Christmas in its fullness, a spirit of love and gratitude for the Infant Savior, Who came on earth to save mankind.

HIS REVENGE

JOS. DEMARTINI

IT was a weary, hungry tramp that slowly trudged along the Brockaw road, just at evening. Suddenly, as he neared the Guadalupe Creek he paused and sniffing the air for a moment, joyfully exclaimed, "Coffee!"

With unerring instinct he traced the welcome odor over an old road bridge and up a narrow path to a little knoll thickly veiled in by sweet and odorous willows. With great caution he approached and peeped through the knitted shrubbery. There stood the coffee boiling and sending forth its welcome aroma to the hungry tramp's nostril; gingerly he pushed aside the willows.

"That's mighty good coffee," he boldly announced himself to the stooping form, who seemed to be concentrated upon some deep and important thought. Immediately the stooped form looked up in profound wonder, disclosing a face which had borne many hardships. It was burnt by the scorching rays of the sun and thinned by unmerciful hunger. Large tears seemed to have been flowing down his sunken cheeks.

"Hello, Slim, you here?" he gasped surprised. "Come, have some coffee."

"Why Dor," exclaimed Slim. "I'll be hanged if I knew you."

On finishing their scanty meal, Slim raised his eyes.

"What brought you here?" he inquisitively asked. "I thought you were going to stay in the north," he added, filling his pipe.

At this question Dory grew quite anxious; then turned to Slim and said nervously:

"Slim, I am in trouble."

"Trouble?" repeated Slim.

"Yes, I never had any ambition since the death of my parents and that is why I am here now, in such an outfit, but now I have ambition and I am going to fight."

"Who?"

"A man who was appointed by the town to be my guardian and who has robbed me of my entire fortune."

Dory paused, fuming with anger. Slim gazed at him half cynically, half inquisitively, wondering at his mysterious words and actions.

"Say, Dory, what's the matter with you?" he boldly asked.

"Well, you see, Slim, I was once a wealthy lad, happy and young, but I had a mother then to lead me right, and a father to give me whatever I desired, and, to make my story short, both have died and they rest side by side out there in the grave-yard. Their death started me going wrong. What made matters worse, the fact was that my

mother, who died suddenly, did not leave me a guardian; so, the town appointed a sneaking cur who has robbed me of every cent. But he shall now suffer the pangs of poverty. I met him last night. He is married and has a child, a gracious and pretty lad. His wife—" tears began to flow down Dory's cheeks as he added, "was a friend of my mother and many times I have been kissed by her. He did not recognize me, but wait and see what revenge I shall have upon him, the child and mother shall not suffer."

Silence prevailed within the natural walls of this little knoll, when Dory lifted his eyes towards the deep blue heavens.

"'Tis time for me to move as I have to hustle a trifle to see that justice is dealt out to that demon." Dory slowly rose and guided his weary and feeble footsteps across an old road bridge and down the road along which Slim had lately trudged. Slowly he walked, meditating and thinking of many stratagems whereby he might revenge himself against his cruel and merciless guardian. On he trudged to a line of trees which bordered both sides of the Brockaw road.

The thrilling whistle of the Los Angeles Limited distracted his thoughts and he looked up. There, not forty yards away from him, a small child of about five years of age, neatly clad in knickerbockers, stood upon the iron rails along which the train had to pass. The rays of the brilliant head-light shone dimly upon the lad's curly brown hair which fell about his tiny shoulders.

There stood the child, heedless of its danger, while on and on came that roaring engine.

"Get off the track!" yelled Dory.

But his frail voice was drowned by the loud bellowing engine; Dory ran towards the child. He stopped and gasped for breath. There stood the son of his guardian, the same little fellow whom he saw the night before, now about to be hurled into eternity. Now was his time for revenge. How easy it would be to be revenged.

Then came the thought of the child's mother, of her who had always been so kind to him, of his own dear mother and father. He started to rescue the lad, but the speeding mass of iron did not have far to go before it would reach another victim. Dory got to the place of the peril, seized the child and threw him out of the jaws of death, out of the path of the furious monster. The child, terrified at what had happened, ran home with sealed lips.

* * * *

Slim's curiosity had been aroused and he resolved to follow Dory. Across the bridge and down the road he hastened, meditating upon Dory's strange story. A small crowd that was gathered at the depot distracted his perplexed thoughts and he quickened his pace. On arriving at the depot he saw that they were gathered about a giant loco-

motive. Slim elbowed his way to the side of the engine just in time to see them pulling out a man from underneath.

With a sneering laugh one of the bystanders yelled out.

"Let him go, he's only a tramp."

"I guess he tried to stop the train," retorted another. And such were the comments passed upon the dead body of the unknown.

Not so with Eddy. The poor little fellow now realized what Dory had done for him, for he alone stood by Dory, casting his deep blue eyes upon the corpse, filled with pity and sorrow.

"Eddy," came the shrill command of his father. "Get away from that tramp."

And everyone wondered that the lad fell on his knees and began to pray and little they knew of how that little boy voiced the sentiment of his poor neglected hero when in sad and childish tones he said: "Forgive us our trespasses and we forgive those that trespass against us."

COUGHLIN'S SURPRISE

BY ALOYSIUS DIEPENBROCK

"WHOA there!" shouted Jim McCroy, a handsome, rather girlish looking fellow, to our team as we drew into a picturesque, little mining town of Central California.

We were on a knock-about vacation tour and had stopped in front of the general merchandise store, over which a sign hung, telling us that we were in Chinese Camp, so called, from the fact that it was founded in the early days, by a large gang of Chinese workmen imported by the railroad for section hands.

It was toward the middle of the afternoon, so greeting those few who lounged about, we set search for a suitable camping place. After very little exertion we found a most ideal location. If it were made to order it could not have been more desirable. Situated under the spreading branches of a magnificent oak of many years, with a clear vision of the surrounding mountains with their snow-capped peaks, it was right along side of a creek of clear water, slowly dragging itself over a bed of lava formation, full of speckled trout frisking about, darting hither and thither and making an occasional leap at some water-skimming insect.

Alighting from the wagon, formerly a stage which we had picked up for a mere trifle, Jim set about unhitching the horses. 'Shorty' Reach and I put up the tent, while Roy Coughlin, a fellow given up to poetic ideas, sat beside the stream and commenced humming a song.

Travelling as we did, up in the mountain, few were the towns we struck, and having been on the road a week without seeing more than a deserted mining shack, I concluded that we were entitled to a little something extra in the food line. Acting on the thought I called over to "Coffee", as we nick-named our poet, and giving him some money I said to him:

"Roy, buy the materials of a feed, will you?"

"Sure," he replied, and without further word was off.

By the time we had the horses pastured and the tents put up, Coughlin returned with several packages, which he laid on the ground and then gave me the change, I being treasurer of the crowd. Glancing at the contents of my hand I noticed a rank counterfeit in the shape of a quarter.

"This will never do, Cough," said I, handing the coin back to him. He, satisfying himself that it was bogus, without a word, trudged off in the direction of the general merchandise store, reappearing, after some time had elapsed, not with another piece of

money, but with two dozen eggs, with which purchase we were very well pleased. Laying the eggs down carefully, Coughlin dried the perspiration on his forehead and said:

"Say, fellows, there's going to be a dance here, in the old hall up-town tonight, and we are all going."

"How's that?" questioned Jim.

"Well, you see," he replied, "after I bought the eggs I met a couple of pretty girls, or rather bumped into them, and, after apologizing we had a little chat, with the result that I mentioned already."

"Whoopee!" Mac bawled.

"Great!" blurted 'Shorty'.

I chimed in with: "Why, Cough, you never danced with a girl in your life."

"That's all right," he retorted, "I'm willing to try, besides, I didn't spend a whole winter learning the art in the 'Social Hall' back at school for nothing, I can tell you that."

"Well, I guess you are the boss regarding your own mind," I replied.

After we had finished banqueting, for such it was to us who had been on a pork and bean diet for a week, we took a dip into the icy stream beside us, and then donned our peg pants and 'varsity sweaters, for collars, shirts, and the like, were unknown things to our camping party. Every one being satisfied with his personal appearance, we sallied forth.

"Lead us to it," quoth Jim to Coughlin.

"Yea verily," replied that gentleman.

Even though he was inclined towards poetry, Coughlin was a large strapping youth, as generous as his heart was big; one of those easy going fellows who always look at the bright side of life and always have a cheerful word for a fellow-being. He had large and deep eyes of azure blue, while his cheeks had just the right amount of rosy red coloring in them. Of course it is needless to mention that the above described class of people always make a tremendous hit with the gentler sex.

Our camp was a short walking distance from town, and upon arriving there we were agreeably surprised at its splendid showing. Long strings of electric lights were placed everywhere, while Chinese lanterns were scattered in a manner most profusely; scores of pretty girls were strolling about in company with their escorts, who had come from a radius of many miles in order to be at hand for the festivities.

The ballroom was a large warehouse which had been gaily decorated for the occasion with flags and bunting of all sorts. As we neared the entrance, the happy laughter and mirth of innocent pleasure drifted out to us through the cool evening air, and we unconsciously hastened our steps.

"Here we are at last," announced Jim, "now for those girls 'Coffee'." But Coughlin had already drawn away from the rest of us and had advanced to where two young ladies were stand-

ing, just within the doorway. He lingered for a moment and then returned.

"Say, fellows," he said, "excuse me for having left you so abruptly, but—well you know why, so come on."

We followed Roy, who brought us before his late capture, where we received a proper introduction from him.

After a few moments of pleasant chatting the orchestra commenced to play so we engaged partners and were soon whirling around on the slippery waxed floor, happy and contented. It must be said of Coughlin, and it is only out of justice to him, that he danced admirably well for the first attempt, gliding smoothly along with the greatest ease, while he gracefully avoided all intricate positions and difficulties.

After the waltz had been finished, we all gathered a second time into our little party and commenced the talk which had been cut short by the music.

"Don't any of you boys sing? You do Mr. Coughlin, don't you?" inquired Miss Connelly, for such was the name of Roy's friend.

"Well," declared that individual, "at school they used to call the crowd of us a quartet, but then you undoubtedly know that college quartets, glee clubs and the like, are very rarely of the least account, so, of course, that leaves us out."

"Why of course that doesn't excuse you," she pouted, then brightened up and continued, "besides, you must have been good, for I am sure that all of you have lovely voices; and now you must sing for us; won't you, please?"

In the rear of the big pavillion a small platform had been erected, and it was towards this that Miss Connelly brought us, regardless of all the protests we made of our inability. When we arrived there, the wise little nymph ascended it and in a short, neat address, informed the assembly that we were going to entertain them for a few moments.

Amid the applause of the people we climbed to the little stage, and after a hurried consultation as to what we would sing, we put our hearts and souls into the affair and rendered several old college melodies, which made quite a hit with the audience, who clapped until we were compelled to give an encore. Then, bowing to all we made a hasty retreat to where the girls were awaiting us.

"That was really fine," commended one of the young women.

"Indeed it was," approved Miss Connelly, "and I can't see how it is that you were all so bashful."

Just then the music started and we again commenced dancing. After circling the floor I gazed around and perceived that Coughlin and his hostess had disappeared from the whirling crowd, and try as I might I could not locate him, even amongst those who were sitting the dance out.

* * * *

We were all at camp, all except 'Coffee', and as we sat gathered about

a bon-fire, we talked over the events of the evening, and then fell to wondering what had become of our missing comrade, for the dancing had stopped two hours earlier, and the rest of us, besides escorting our companions to their homes, had been lounging around our big camp blaze for a full hour. As we discussed all the plausible excuses which might have delayed him, who should break into our midst, but the much spoken of one himself.

"Well, fellows, how are you now?" he said.

Somebody replied, "It's just about time you were getting back. Why didn't you stay a little longer? Here we all were thinking you were killed or something else."

"Calm your wrath, fair ones," remarked our poet. "You see, Miss Connelly didn't feel like dancing, so I walked home with her, where we sat on the veranda and talked over old times."

"Old times!" I exclaimed. "How's that?"

"It's just like this," he returned, "she and I used to live right next door in old San Francisco and we used to be pretty thick together too, then in '06 the earthquake and fire came along and that was the last I saw of her until this afternoon at the grocery store."

"Gee!" continued Coughlin, "isn't she a beaut?" and then more sentimentally, "Golly, but her eyes are as deep and blue as the heavens in summer."

"Drop that poetic stuff," commanded 'Shorty' Reach, "and tell us about her."

"Well, I won't say any more, because you all saw and talked with her, but I will let you into a secret."

"What is it?" we all curiously asked.

"Miss Connelly and I are going to be married," he simply replied.

"Well of all the confunded mutts," was all that Mac Croy could utter.

While Reach came in with: "I don't know which class you belong to, but some people are born crazy and others contract the habit."

I also thought Coughlin was a little foolish to be thinking of marriage, for he was still rather young, having finished college only the previous year, but nevertheless I was more civil to him than the others were.

"Accept my congratulations, Cough," said I, grasping his hand, "and forget the excited words of 'Shorty' and Jim."

"Thanks," he replied. "Of course I forgive 'Shorty' and Jim, because, I would probably have acted the same way towards them, if they had made such an announcement, but what can a fellow do, when he's in love."

Reach and Mac Croy, ashamed of themselves, apologized for their rough words and reeplaced them with well wishes.

"Say, fellows," spoke Coughlin, "my bride to be is going to bake us a big

mocha cake and send it over for dinner."

"Hurrah for the mocha cake," shouted some one, and we all took the cue giving three cheers for Coughlin.

We got up about eight next morning and immediately after breakfast 'Coffee' took his rod and line, declaring that he intended to go fishing, and off he went. After he had disappeared Mac Croy exclaimed:

"Say boys, we can't let Roy run away from us like this to get married, it's a down-right shame."

"It certainly is bad," I admitted, "but what can we do?"

"Well let's—"

"Saved!" cut in 'Shorty' with a yell.

"What is it?" I gleefully asked.

"It's just this," he responded, "we'll buy a mocha cake from the village bakery, and give some kid a quarter to deliver it here, at about noon, when Cough will be back for lunch."

"What good is that going to accomplish?" I impatiently inquired.

"Why that's the easiest part," he informed me. "We'll inclose a note from the young lady to Coughlin saying that she is sorry she trifled with him and that she hopes he didn't take her seriously."

"Gee, that's fine 'Shorty'," I joyfully cried.

"Indeed it is," echoed Mac Croy.

"Well, then, since my plan is approved of let's hie away to the pie stand and get the mocha cake."

First, after much pain and care, we framed a note, writing it carefully on a strip of tinted paper and in as much of a feminine hand as we could master. After agreeing that it was O. K. we walked to the town and purchased the desired kind of pastry. Then, after finding a youngster who promised to deliver it with the note at noon, we returned to camp much elated with ourselves.

When we got back to our tent we packed most of our things and made ready for a hasty departure, because we thought that Coughin on receiving the cake and note would become so aggravated that he would wish to leave at once, and nothing could please us better.

We had dinner almost cooked and were chuckling to ourselves of the surprise which would meet Coughlin in a few minutes, when a buggy hove into view and made straight for our camp. Reaching us, it stopped and we were astonished to see not only 'Coffee', but some one else beside him, then Roy jumped out of the vehicle and we nearly fainted when he said:

"Fellows, meet my wife."

HOSANNA IN EXCELSIS DEO
ET IN TERRA
PAX HOMINIBUS BONAE VOLUNTATIS

ax Hosanna." Oh how gently,
From their lips the sweet words fall;
As the shepherds list enraptured
To the angels distant call,
"Pax. Hosanna"

"Pax, Hosanna," round the hillsides,
Sweet that sacred anthem rung;
While the shepherds still in wonder
Voice the song the angels sung,
"Pax. Hosanna."

"Pax. Hosanna," were the tidings
That the herdsmen long had sought,
For the first signs of Redemption
In those joyous words were brought,
"Pax. Hosanna"

"Pax. Hosanna" is the message
That the church-bells cheerly bring
And we gather round the stable
While the angels seem to sing,
"Pax. Hosanna."

—LOUIS CHOLVIN

REV. EDWARD ALLEN, S. J.

BY DION R. HOLM

AFTER the Requiem Mass on the morning of November 24, some four hundred students of Santa Clara College filed out of the old Mission church to accompany the last earthly remains of Father Allen to their final resting place, with the realization and sincere regret that we had been deprived of a true friend, and conscientious Spiritual Director. This regret was uncontrolable, though it may have been a little selfish, for well we knew that the goal of his sole endeavor had been reached.

Father Edward Allen was born in Dublin, Ireland, August 22nd, 1849. Three years after his birth, his parents moved to England, and it was there in the Jesuit College of Liverpool, that he received his early education.

Later on, attending St. Francis Xavier's College, he gave no little attention to music and through his wonderful talent in this line he soon mastered both the violin and piano.

His musical attainments afterward served him in good stead in the discharge of his priestly duties, for, in arranging choirs and providing music for the High Masses, Father Allen had no equal. The organ seemed to speak the lofty sentiments of the holy priest whenever his fingers ran over the key board.

After graduating from St. Francis Xavier's College he entered a business career, in which capacity his executive ability brought him great success.

In the midst of these commercial successes, Father Allen heard the Voice calling him to a higher life, and abandoned the worldly avocation, and joined the Jesuits in the Novitiate of Rochampton, England, to pursue his chosen work. He was transferred to California after a year at Rochampton and underwent the ordinary Jesuit training. In 1884, his first work as a teacher began at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco. After completing his Theology at Woodstock, Maryland, he was ordained a priest by Cardinal Gibbons in 1888.

His first connection with Santa Clara College began shortly after his ordination, when he was sent here as a teacher.

Father Allen went to Spain in 1891, to serve his Tertianship and on returning one year later, was appointed Minister at St. Ignatius, and in 1893, he was appointed President of that institution.

In 1908, Father Allen returned to his first abode in California—Santa

Clara College—to serve as Spiritual Director of the students, which office he held till his death.

Though he knew his time in this world would not be long, after his first illness, a year ago, he was resigned to the Master's will and in fact welcomed the idea of meeting his Maker.

It is not only the Student Body of the College and his immediate friends and relatives, who mourn Father Allen's death, but also old and young, rich and poor of every creed, who had any connection, however slight, with him, realize that they have lost a true friend and helper.

He was the comforter of the sick, the benefactor of the poor, and many a blessed soul will be waiting to greet him at the Gate of Heaven, as the one to whom perhaps they owe their salvation.

When the last sod had been placed upon the humble grave, and the unostentatious, though impressive ceremonies had been concluded, we left the scene of the last resting place with the thought that the spirit of the holy officer of God had been called to enjoy that eternal bliss merited by his angelic life.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to give proof of College Industry, to recount College Doings and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Rev. John P. Frieden, S. J.

The news of Father Frieden's death brought a pang of sorrow to the hearts of not only those who knew him, but also of his many ardent admirers.

The noble man succumbed to a malady caused indirectly by his wholesouled bodily and mental efforts for the improvement of the California missions, and his strenuous labors in San Francisco after the catastrophe of 1906. It was due entirely to his endeavors and under his personal super-

vision that St. Ignatius Church was rebuilt in Hayes street soon after the disaster.

He went to St. Louis, broken in health, in 1908, and shortly after, was appointed to the rectorship of St. Louis University.

From early youth, Father Freiden was attracted by studies. He taught school for a while in his native town, and then being called to the Holy Office of the Priesthood, sought that order wherein he would be enabled to continue in his studies and also enter into his chosen path, and accordingly joined the Jesuits.

His ability was early recognized and he was successively appointed Provincial of the Missouri province, Superior of the California Missions, President of St. Ignatius College, and President of St. Louis University.

In 1904, when the Golden Jubilee of the Jesuits was held in San Francisco, he was banqueted by nearly 200 of the most prominent educators from all parts of the United States.

The prayers of all are offered that the soul of the departed Priest may find that solace and happiness to which his life's efforts were directed.

Yule-tide

In our leisure moments, when books have been carefully replaced upon the shelf, and we settle comfortably into the easy chair, to indulge in happy "day-dreams", we seem to be transported inevitably into the future.

Slowly, but surely the memories of the recent Thanksgiving festivities have been fading into oblivion, while the more pressing thoughts of Christmas assert themselves.

As we allow our unbridled fancies to take their flight, the visions of the Yule-log blazing in the hearth, the smiling holly and the faces of the dear ones around the festive board, shape themselves almost into realities.

Although we have been awaiting this blessed season for some weeks, it is hard to realize that it is almost here, and we must fittingly meet it.

There is something in the thought of Christmas that renders it different from all other thoughts; a subtle inexplicable something, mingling both sadness and joy, which strikes a symphony in our very beings, and raises us to higher planes, to the contemplation of Him whose advent we celebrate.

We should "rejoice and be merry", and enjoy ourselves on this blessed day, but at the same time remain ever mindful of the true purport of Christmas, which is to glorify Him, who came to free us from the toils of despair.

In a short time we will be with those who are near and dear to us, around the unforgotten fireside of days gone by, and for that short sweet period of vacation, let us forget books and class-rooms, and give ourselves up entirely to the spirit of the season that we may be better able to resume work for a most successful semester on our return.

—Chris. A. Degnan.

Nassau Lit

Within the pages of the Nassau for November, we find several efforts of literature which repay one three-fold and more for the time spent in their reading.

Among the choicest morsels set before the altar of Muse we find "The Moon-Fan", which is as elevating in thought as in title.

"By Force of Example", is a clever portrayal of human nature, a little overdone perhaps, but the exaggeration is so slight and is so readily atoned for by the many other splendid qualities of the story that it becomes a fault easily overlooked.

"The King of the Tyrant Saurians", not only rules the Saurians, but also reigns lord and master over all other contributions to be found in the Nassau. In its perusal we assimilated considerable knowledge of the conditions which governed the world in its infancy and we were delighted to become acquainted with many of the pre-historic monsters that trod the earth and swam the seas when Adam was still only in God's mind. The work itself is a play on words and contains a wealth of good diction, while it is rendered in such a pleasing style that we almost thought, for a moment, that we ourselves were living in the Mesozoic Age and observing (from a point of safety) the terrific combat, to the death, between Toleosaurus, the sovereign of the deep, and Tyrannosaurus, the tyrant of the land.

University of Texas Magazine

"The Drouth" in the University of Texas Magazine, is a pathetic tale striking directly at one's heart and playing havoc with his sympathies. It is a word picture of much force, while the plot individualizes itself from the ordinary kind, and being well developed with all the details worked in carefully and distinctly, we do not hesitate for an instant in declaring that it pleased us immensely.

Williams Literary Monthly

A short poem "To a Wild Rose" is to be found in the Williams Literary Monthly, and after a passing review, followed by a more careful

scrutiny, we have reached the conclusion that it is a very pretty little thing, a dainty tid-bit in which the sentiment is above reproach and the rhyme and rhythm perfect.

Fleur de Lis

"Before Sunrise", in the Fleur de Lis, are verses of which any magazine should well be proud. "His First Case" is a humorous little sketch dressed in convincing language and as a piece of fiction quite interesting. The other stories in this magazine, we are sorry to tell, do not appeal to us at all; they are wild fancies thrown in a labyrinth of words and clumsily extracted. An essay on "The Honor System" is well written and in an appealing manner, our only regret being that we cannot quite agree with the author in some of his views.

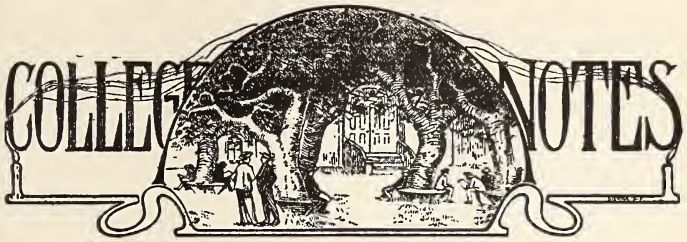
Before Sunrise.

Low hangs the moon in dusky western sky;
One after one the pale stars disappear,
While through the rolling mists the forests rear
Their gaunt yet shimmering, dew-kissed branches high.

The fields, the stream in placid slumber lie;
A single meadow-lark, with music clear,
Wings slowly o'er the lowlands damp and drear
Where clinging vapors veil the dusky sky.

—John J. Finlay in the Fleur de Lis.

—Aloysius I. Diepenbrock.



In accordance with the press agent's copy, the football vaudeville show, given Wednesday evening before the big game, proved highly entertaining. The box office receipts, however, were not sufficient to make the show the financial success hoped for.

"Dutch" Mayerle, Harry McKenzie, August Aguirre and Otto Wallfisch, came down from the metropolis and their acts made the biggest hits of the evening.

A typical social room scene opened the program. With Harry M. Gallagher, Lou Jennings, "Dutch" Mayerle and Ervin Best singing the leads and a bevy of handsome "collegers" raxing on the green, the turn won a big hand. Ralph Scherzer performed at the piano in rare form.

Martin Merle's skit, "A Football Nightmare," written especially for the occasion, brought down the final curtain and incidentally brought out some new theatrical talent.

An assembly that would make Ned Greenway reel with envy, occurred on the eve of the Thanksgiving vacation in the beautiful new "ball" room. It was all in honor of the varsity football team and there is no mistake about it —it was the real social event of the season.

The debutantes of last season were out in full force and the coterie of buds in attendance has never been excelled in the previous initial functions of the winter season.

A classical musical recital in honor of Father President, is scheduled on the eve of the Christmas vacation, which starts December 21. Professor David B. Power has been given the responsibility of director, and he has arranged a high class program.

To those familiar with the old St. Ignatius athletic grounds, the improvements and accommodations, connected with the new football field, are most apparent. With an ideal location, plenty of territory, and good bleachers, there is no reason why the new stad-

ium should not be the scene of many an important contest in the future.

The orchestra, under the leadership of Professor Kauffman, and the band, directed by Professor Andrea, have been making rapid strides the past month. Enforced by considerable new talent, the college musicians are improving with every practice.

The big "Santa Clara" sign which appeared above the rooting section at the big game and which attracted much attention and unusual favorable comment, was the result of the skillful work of our old-time friend, Gregory Kast, S. J. Mr. Kast has charge of the chemical department at St. Ignatius College at present.

At a meeting of the Student Body held Tuesday evening, November 16th, an important matter came up for consideration in the suggestion made by President White that some sort of recognition should be given to athletes playing four consecutive years on varsity teams. Star sweaters were suggested and generally approved, but no definite action was taken, other than to appoint an investigating committee.

Rev. Father President officiated in the annual reception into the two Sodalities on the evening of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Both societies received a number of new members and granted the ribbons and diplomas in the customary highly inspiring ceremony.

According to the gross receipts of the football game, Manager Tramutolo closed his season with a tidy sum of $500 tucked away on the credit side of the ledger. All of the practice games were financially successful and much credit is due to the management for the careful handling of the receipts.

—Paul R. Leake.

ALUMNI

Do the Alumni of Santa Clara forget their Alma Mater soon after they leave her old halls, or even when many years have passed since graduation?

Had anyone entertained such a thought (but of course no one did), it would have been rapidly dismissed, were he to scan the faces of those who passed through the gate to witness the late St. Mary's-Santa Clara Rugby game. Among that crowd could be found sons of Santa Clara, from Thomas I. Bergen, her first graduate, to those who received the coveted "sheep-skin" last year.

They came, not because there was to be a great game, but because Santa Clara was playing, and they caught up the spirit of the day, and "rooted" with the same vim that characterized each, while still an undergraduate.

Many an old acquaintanceship was renewed on the field that day, and were we to list those present, our task would indeed be difficult.

It was a source of gratification to all, to notice that our Alumni support equaled if not outnumbered the present students.

'76 Professor George Davidson, Ph. D., '76, has answered the call of his Maker and has gone to his final reward.

It grieves us greatly to chronicle the death of such a man, but it was so willed and we must be reconciled.

The following account of his life and death is taken from the San Francisco Chronicle:

Professor George Davidson, who for sixty years has been a leading authority in astronomical and geographical subjects and was, perhaps, the most widely known scientist on the Pacific Coast, died at 5 o'clock on Friday evening, at his residence, 2221 Washington street, in this city.

Although he had been confined to his room for scarcely a week before his death, he had not been in robust health for several years. He was in

his eighty-seventh year, and old age had broken down his naturally strong constitution. The immediate cause of his death is given as heart failure.

For some time prior to his eighty-fifth birthday Professor Davidson had been totally blind, but the removal of cataracts from his eyes on May 9, 1909, brought a partial recovery of his vision and up to the time of his last sickness Davidson was able to distinguish objects and persons with whom he conversed..

Professor Davidson was born in Philadelphia in 1825 and received his early education in the Philadelphia schools. He held the position of night observer and computer at the observatory of Girard College in 1842, leaving to become identified with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, in which service he first came to California, and occupied many positions of trust in this branch of the Government's work until 1895.

He received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Santa Clara College in 1876, and was given an honorary degree of doctor of science by the University of Pennsylvania.

His connection with the State University has been an intimate one, and at one time it was confidently expected that he would receive the position of head of the Mount Hamilton Observatory. In 1870 he was elected non-resident professor of astronomy and geodesy, and in 1898 was appointed resident professor of geography, in which position he served until 1905, when he was made professor emeritus. From 1877 to 1884 he was a member of the Board of Regents.

He was one of the foremost geographers in the country, and his independent labors won high recognition.

'87 There is an alumnus whose praises are reaching us continuously and yet we have been loath to make mention of him in these pages, for "Fred" is "fleet of foot and strong of limb". However during these days of rejoicing we know that every one is prone to pardon the faults of his neighbor, so we have summed up courage to say a word or two of one so deserving as Dr. Frederick Gerlach, M. D., A. B. '87.

Dr. Gerlach is known from the length and breadth of California for his ability in medicine and surgery, a physician par excellence and a surgeon non parallel. Even here at college we have been eye witnesses to his capacity.

The unfailing arrow of Cupid has been sent flying among the Alumni again, and this time has struck two of its representative number.

The first was James O'Brien, who has taken for his companion in life the pretty Miss Mercedes Trescony. The bride is the sister of Julius and Albert Trescony, also Alumni of Santa Clara, and is a popular young lady of the southland. Jim was destined to make

good, and he is doing it.

The second to be snatched from the ranks of the Bachelors was Mr. Gaspar Octavio Almanna, who took for his bride Miss Marie Teresa Martinez de Castro. The Redwood extends its hearty congratulations to the young couples and hopes that many long years of happiness may be theirs.

'09 Of course we knew that Maurice Dooling Jr. would do well when he left to study for his chosen life work, but he has surpassed our brightest hopes.

That same application which characterized him while a student here, coupled with his aptitude for work has won for him a rare distinction at Stanford University, in being elected to the Theta Delta Chi honor fraternity.

The following appeared in the Monitor:

High scholarship of a consistent character for four years is necessary in order to become eligible for the society which has distinction of being the oldest Greek letter college fraternity in America. It was founded in 1776.

Maurice Timothy Dooling Jr., of Hollister, member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity and one of the editors of the college funny paper, the "Chaparral", is considered one of the brightest law students, who ever attended Stanford. He is the son of Judge Dooling of Hollister, and is a former Santa Clara student.

Congratulations Maurice.

Just as the magazine was about to go to press, the sad news of the death of Michael O'Reilly '06, reached us. It brought to our hearts a sincere pang of sorrow.

Michael was a most representative student, and a successful business manager of the Redwood. The thought that one so young and with so promising a future should be snatched out of life particularly grieves us.

We of the Redwood, in order to express in some small way the grief we feel for our bereaved friend, have adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, God, in His infinite wisdom and mercy has seen fit to call from our midst our old friend and companion, Michael R. O'Reilly.

And, whereas, he, being especially close and endeared to our hearts, because of his long and faithful service to our magazine,

Therefore, be it resolved, that we express our heartfelt sorrow and profound sense of loss in his demise and that we extend our most sincere sympathy to his bereaved family;

And, be it further resolved, that these resolutions be published in The Redwood, and a copy of same sent to the parents of our deceased companion.

Chris. A. Degnan,
Rodney A. Yoell,
Herbert L. Ganahl,
Executive Committee.

—Joseph F. Demartini.

The Story of Cecilia

Coming to us in an attractive binding and with a prepossessing appearance, "The Story of Cecilia," by Kathrine Tynan Hinkson, looked to be a welcome addition to the shelves of our library. So, turning up the lamp we filled our pipe and snuggled back into our easy chair to enjoy the book.

It is sad to relate however, that the work proved to be somewhat of a disappointment to us, being saved from absolute tiresomeness only by its plot and the interest derived therefrom. Those who read a book for the sake of the plot alone, will no doubt be pleased by the volume, but on the other hand, those who enjoy style, finish and literary excellence, will, we fear, at first be doomed to some slight disappointment.

Not that the book is poorly written, but the technique is inferior to the plot, which, had it been coupled with a more mature style, would have produced an extremely entertaining novel.

The fault seems to us to be, in the somewhat strained descriptions, and unnecessary qualities attributed to different scenes. For example, a doctor has a wife that is somewhat simple-minded. In order to make this the simple-mindedness), more apparent, the authoress describes their home as slovenly and dirty in the extreme. Yet, the doctor, a man from the middle walks of life, is depicted at a formal banquet of having complimented the hostess on the sanitary value of finger bowls, taking them, as he did, for an article used in washing fruit. It seems rather inconsistent to us to assume that a man, and especially a physician, who is personally neat, would allow his wife to keep their residence in a constant state of filth.

Another thing that we might men-

tion in passing, is the fact that one of the important, though not a leading character, is supposed to have died, and this happened in a rather "dime novelish" fashion, namely, being killed and eaten by cannibals. The individual in question, we think could have been disposed of in just as an effectual manner, essential to the plot, though somewhat less amateurishly."

On reading into the second half of the book we note a great change for the better, so much so, in fact, that it seems at times to be the work of a different author from the first portion.

The plot is nothing strikingly original, being the tale of a woman marrying her inferior, believing her former fiancee dead. As might be expected, the latter turns up, but instead of the customary struggle between love, honor, tradition, etc., he becomes the husband of a secondary character, and thus sensibly avoids a "ruction."

Now the daughter of the first married couple, Cecilia, is a beautiful girl, but owing to the fact that her mother married out of her station, she is under somewhat strained relations, with her maternal ancestors' relatives. However, she manages to meet a young lord, Kilbrush by name, and, after a series of interesting events, among which is her close escape from entering a convent, they marry and thus ends the tale.

In passing, it is pleasant for us to note that one of the characters, Sister Margaret, is a fictitious personage, whose disposition is extremely sweet, and whose views are extremely sensible.

The volume is published by Benziger Bros., Cincinnati, New York, Chicago. $1.25.

The Wargrave Trust

Commencing with a train wreck and thence following a long series of interesting events to a successful and happy conclusion, "The Wargrave Trust", by Christian Ried, is indeed a novel that has the power to please.

The plot, while nothing remarkable, is worked out to its full possibilities and the trend of it centers around an old southern judge, and his heirs. Having disinherited his only son, believing him a defaulter, the judge summons the next possible heir, namely the son of the old judge's sister, and an Irish soldier of fortune.

This young man, Laurence Desmond, is unusual in his high sense of duty, which, however, while somewhat unnatural is nevertheless, of extreme interest.

The other main character in the book, a Miss Landon, is very interesting, but has too much determination to be charming. She has masculine traits, assimilated with a feminine nature.

The style and technique of the volume is mature and finished and all together it is a book, not only well worth reading, but a notable contribution to contemporaneous fiction.

Benziger Bros., $1.25.

—Rodney A. Yoell.

Santa Clara 3. St. Mary's 5.

The annual encounter between St. Mary's College and Santa Clara College, proved to be the most interesting game of Rugby, from a spectator's standpoint, that has ever been played on the Pacific Coast.

From the initial whistle until the final pistol-shot, which announced a Red and Blue victory, both teams fought hard and earnestly—St. Mary's to wipe out the defeat suffered last year; Santa Clara to repeat with another win.

An ideal day dawned for the big Rugby match, and shortly after the scheduled start of the game, the Santa Clarans appeared on the scene. A few moments later St. Mary's wariors entered the field and the battle royal commenced.

St. Mary's kicked off and the ball was kept within Santa Clara's 25 yard line for the first few minutes of play. A long boot from the trusty foot of Captain Ybarrondo sent the spheroid into St. Mary's territory, where it remained until ten minutes before the period ended.

The Red and Blue's goal was in imminent danger practically for the whole of this half, but their determined defense, offset the fierce onslaught of the Red and White players.

The oval zig-zagged back and forth from St. Mary's 35 yard line to their 5 yard line, but try as they might, Santa Clara could not cross the coveted goal. It was in this position that the first score was realized.

Incell of St. Mary's received the ball on a bounding kick on his 25 yard line and booted to the center of the grid-iron. Simpson, the crack center 3-quarters, by a fast follow snatched the bounding ball from a Santa Claran's waiting hands and started the prettiest passing rush of the day. Blanco, Diavila and Togni, each figured in this advance, the last named scoring the try.

Diavila converted from an easy angle.

The half ended soon after with the score-board reading—St. Mary's 5; Santa Clara 0.

With victory in their grasp the gladiators from the Oakland College fought furiously to check the fiery play of the Missionites.

The contest in this half settled in mid-field, neither team gaining any decided advantage. With but ten minutes of play betwen success or failure, the Red and White players made one determined effort and on Best's pretty run, scored our only points of the afternoon's contest.

Gallagher grabbed the pigskin and passed to Captain Ybarrondo, who shot it to Patten, the latter passing perfectly into Best's hands.

The play started on St. Mary's 35 yard line and ended behind the chalk lines. Capt. "Tommy" failed to kick the goal from a difficult angle. Full time was called soon after, with St. Mary's on the long end of a 5-3 score.

Capt. Ybarrondo, with his long and accurate touch-finding boots, was easily the feature of the day's play.

George Presley of Stanford, refereed the contest to the entire satisfaction of each team.

The line-ups follow:

Santa Clara	Position	St. Mary's
Ganahl, Quill	Forward	Greeley
Hogan	Forward	Cann
Barry	Forward	Hatt
Hatch	Forward	Bruzzone, Snead
Kohner	Forward	Glavenich, Tognazzinio
Voight	Forward	Walker
Momson, Palmtag, C.	Forward	Roth
.....	Forward	Bell (Capt)
Gallagher	Scrum Half	Diavila
Ybarrondo (Capt)	Outside Half	.....
.....	Center 3-Quarters	Simpson
Patten	Five-Eighths	Incell
Ramage	Five-Eighths	Togni
Best	Wing 3-Quarters	Franchi
Bronson, Curry	Wing 3-Quarters	Blanco
Detels	Full-back	Leonhart

Referee, George Presley; Touch-Judges, Amos Elliot and Taffy Phillips; Timers, King Brady and Chas. Heffernan.

BASKET-BALL.

Santa Clara 23. Stockton All-Stars 59.

A picked team of "basket-ballers" journeyed to the Milling Town and grabbed the loose end of the big score.

The men were chosen at random from those contesting for positions and took the trip with but a single day's practice.

Considering that they were up against the "Three time champs" of the State their work is very creditable, and much is promised for their success.

Momson showed exceedingly good

form, while the rest of the men performed well.

Those making the trip were Voight (Capt.) Center; Forwards—H. Palmtag and Momson; Guards—Melchior, Canepa and Hatch.

—M. Samuel Zarrick.

THE REDWOOD

FEBRUARY, 1912

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The Redwood

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To a Violet

ON THE ALTAR

Lost mid the gorgeous throng,
  Humble, serene,
Thou tiny thurible
  Burning unseen.
Wafting on each breeze
  Sweet incense in air,
In act of adoring
  Thy God present there.

—JAMES MCGRATH.

"HASTE"

LOUIS CHOLVIN

HISTORY tells how in olden times pestilence decimated and even wiped out entire tribes. Europe was not exempt from the visitation; and England herself not unfrequently saw the unwelcomed guest on her shore. The loathsome disease found its way into the hovels of the poor, and the walled palaces of the rich. Fearful it seemed to the weak, and heroes that confronted with undaunted courage the battle's bloody onslaught quailed at the approach of the dreaded scourge.

In modern times, improved sanitary conditions have greatly lessened the dangers of pestilence. Here in America we seem particularly blessed; nor have we in late years had to bewail the ravages and desolation that follow in the wake of the plague. But there is another danger that threatens America today, a disease that the science of medicine cannot reach. I speak of the growing evil that may be termed "Haste".

By haste I do not mean that energizing that is so characteristic of us Americans, whereby we push forward with giant strides to the accomplishment of our designs. I would not have a race of imbeciles, who basking the live-long day in the sun, think they have energized sufficiently when they brush aside an occasional fly that the Good God sent to wake them from their lethargy.

By haste I mean that rushing headlong to accomplish some design heedless of the best means to be adopted. The one criterion of judging of means in the eyes of those that suffer from this malady of "Haste" is the speed with which the end is accomplished. "The quickest means," they allege, "are the best". Of course no one deems it proper to waste three days on a task which only requires one, yet neither on the other hand, is it proper to finish in one day a task that requires three.

This disease of haste, which is so characteristic of those who are content with mediocrity in their achievements, has found its way into every walk of life. It is not my purpose however to take such a broad view of the theme; I shall treat of it merely as it affect the young student.

Many consider that the best school to attend is that from which they can the more quickly receive a diploma. A young man, wishing to become a physician, will choose that course that will the more quickly enable him to sally out of the school with a big diploma neatly tucked under his arm. The success of some lawyer will so dazzle

a young man, that he will search far and wide for some school that will suffix an LL.B. after his name in a fortnight. Nor is this true only of those aspiring after professions. A young man, wishing to take up some business career, thinks he is sufficiently equipped for the task if he be able to write gramatically and add up a column of numbers.

Nor does he stop here. His guiding principle becomes "Hasten and Finish", regardless of the manner. Lessons are learned desultorily; matter, which requires earnest study, is disregarded or passed heedlessly by. The old adage "Haste makes waste" is here given a most perfect and complete demonstration. But why delay longer on examples, since everyone knows the countless applications of this false principal of haste.

What then, is the result? It is patent that unless this desire of finishing everything in a hurry, is not checked particularly in the schools, that America will be overflowed with half-trained men—men of mediocre attainments and low ideals. How many of these do we meet every day of our lives? Yet it is not these to whom America points with pride. It is not such as these that fill the annals of America's history with glory. How, I ask, can a man of low ideals and half-educated raise America to that pre-eminence among the Nations towards which she has been so long aspiring? A race of mediocre men cannot hope to be the first among the Nations! The mediocre men of which she is composed cannot rise so high in their aspirations, since as we have said, they are men who are satisfied with mediocrity. Nor even if it were possible for them to have these high ideals, could they ever hope, with their mediocre attainments, to surpass those who are pre-eminent.

In view of the fact that this idea—that the quickest means are the best—is so prevalent among the students of today, I believe that I may be justified in saying that there is here in America a disease, a pestilence, so to speak, of the mind, that needs careful attention and remedy; a disease which, if not checked, is destined to be most detrimental to the best interests of high-minded, noble and generous Americans.

FOR THE QUEEN OF TORRES DIABLO

RODNEY YOELL

A STREAK of blood-red slashed the eastern sky, gradually fading to pink, to purple; and finally over the gnarled irreguar tops of the mountains, the sun shone forth and brought another day. Beautifully did it tint the drab adobe walls of the houses composing Torres Diablo.

" Oyee yaad"—drawled Sanchez, as stretching yawningly, he arose from his bed of sheepskin. "Otro dia." He pulled on his boots—great black jack boots, up the seams of which ran a line of silver rivets. Then he rolled and lit a cigarette. By this time his wife was up and she quickly prepared a breakfast, while Sanchez hitched up his mule team and prepared the pack-saddles for a lengthy journey of 90 miles to the south, where, also on the edge of the desert, lay San Blas.

Torres Diablo and San Blas were two of an irregular line of towns that stretched feebly from San Antonio, Texas, out into the west and nowhere.

Stopped on one side by mountains, hemmed in on the other by the desert, Torres Diablo was indeed a lonely spot. Great breaths of scorching winds blew off the parching sands, and the mountains cast off heat, equaled only by the desert.

Well did Toby Lathrop, the only gringo in the village, exclaim listlessly, "Thar ain't no hotter place than this outsiden Hell, an' mebe the devil ud move ef he knew about it."

Toby's description did fit the place. But even here, here in Torres Diablo, there were fair damsels.

Tall, lithe, black-eyed maidens they were, with tresses even as the ravens. Graceful as lilies, only lilies never grew within a thousand miles of Torres Diablo. But, if we said, graceful as the rise of a rattler's head, we should not be exaggerating. Over the whole southwest, and particularly about the great desert did their fame extend and many were the men who said that the world over would not furnish their better.

But like any other society and especially that of women, Torres Diablo had also its queen, Mercedes Falera. Eyes scintillating as jewels, black as crows, were hers. Lips red as the ruby, and cheeks rosy as the dying color of the sun over the western desert.

* * *

It was a little past mid-day, when, through a suffocating cloud of alkali, Sanchez drove his team. For many miles he had traveled and now he was getting the real heat of the desert. Little protection did his broad sombrero afford, and his mules, sensible to the heat, barely crawled along.

Suddenly, that is, abruptly, for such a hot climate, the leading mule stop-

ped and nosed curiously at a dust-covered heap, whitened by the alkali, along the side of the trail.

Sanchez rode up leisurely, expecting to find some bundle dropped by his brother, who also was a freighter and followed the same route. As his pony pulled abreast of the object, it rolled over, and with an effort of indescribable agony croaked in a voice painful in its dryness, "Water! for God's sake, water! Cold water, ha! ha! ha!"

How Sanchez ever got him back to the town, he never knew; for sometimes cursing horribly and raving in a delirium, the stranger grew strong, only as a maniac can. At last, however, Torres Diablo was reached; and there, surrounded by a gaping throng, the desert waif, babbled incoherently "Gold! the red mesa! and a woman. Finally, after some half hour of these terrific ravings, the stranger's eyes protruded and grew glassy; then whispering something into the ear of the priest, he died and with him took a secret.

But there was one thing he left behind, and that was contained in a little wallet of snakeskin. It was a small, irregular chunk of metal, about the size of an English walnut; and adhering to it, were tiny fragments of pure white quarts. Never before was such a gold specimen seen. It was yellow and pale in its pureness, while it was as soft almost as the proverbial butter.

Small wonder that the eyes of the group about the dead man grew narrow in a way that denotes more than mere astonishment, but implies intense covetousness.

There was, however, a check to their train of apparent thought, for the last words of the dying man were, that "gold is behind the red mesa, and I have been there."

The red mesa lay many leagues out into the desert. No man had until this ever been there. It had only been seen dimly by a few, and most of these had lost the trail and almost their lives.

Among the most authentic accounts, or, at least, the most creditable, was one of half romance, half fable. It was told by an old half-breed, who had been there, who said that the way was blocked by sheer cliffs painted like the cheeks of an Indian warrior. However there was, according to him, a gap in the face of the precipice through which a fertile plain could be seen beyond. But this gap was guarded by a devil or an evil spirit, and regularly did he spout columns of smoke, fire and scalding water, in such quantities and so frequently, that passage was impossible. Beyond this nothing was known of the region, save that one could travel for seven days and seven nights, and then only could it be dimly seen in the shimmering distance.

This was all they knew of the mesa and here—here upon the floor of Toby's store—the stranger gasped and died, raving horribly to the utter end. They burried him out in the little sun-

bleached cemetery, where at night in the cold pale flood of the moon the coyotes stalk and howl.

Then Torres Diablo settled gradually into its customary quiet and monotonous existence. A stray bandit once relieved the monotony of the time, and a wedding somewhat clandestine, infused spirit into it. But the bandit soon swung from a limb, with his "inards" shot. The married couple settled down to a life of squabbles; he smoking cigarettes and drinking "pulque," she doing washing for Lathrop.

Thus drawled on the life of Torres Diablo, hemmed in by the desert and the mountains. But one day there came a change, a great change. Up the dusty humpty dumpty little street, rode two men, clean, bronzed and virile.

And they were but van of many more. Ten, twenty, forty, they came, and with them they brought the telegraph, and other quick methods of sending messages. Torres Diablo found itself equal to the occasion, and no sooner had the strangers become comfortably established than society reformed, became rejuvenated, or, shall we say, received birth. Often was the little adobe hall prettily decorated, and fiestas, dances and fandangos occupied the time heretofore given to dozing.

And, owing to these fandangos the fame of the local daughters spread far and wide, and assured the reputation that they already held, as being the most beautiful and lovable of all femininity. And here Mercedes Falera shone forth. Like a queen she was and with all the regal grace necessary did she comport herself. Courtiers she had innumerable, and she need not exact an oath of fealty to prove their allegiance.

Charley Burton was probably the most favored, since he was manager of the surveying party of the telegraph, and good looking besides; while Francisco Saladero ran a close second. But the old proverb holds true, "Even a cat may look upon a king"; and so even a slave can love a queen, and sad to relate, one did. Humble by birth, humble by nature, with the silent timidity of a wild thing Carlos Dimensiaria was the slave; while Mercedes was the queen.

More faithful suitor woman never had, for Carlos was the very soul of faith. He was good looking, was Carlos; tall, strong and straight. His jaw was square, his eyes clear and brown—but yet, but yet how shall we say it. He was not a fool, not a simpleton, just a child grown up.

He was gay, then suddenly sad; loved animals and children. The latter, generally brown, dirty little urchins, reciprocated his affection, by constantly tagging at his heels or rolling him over and over in the dirt, to which process he submitted with grave, bored good nature. "El Chistoso Carlandro", "good-natured, funny Carlos", they called him, and by that appellation was he generally known.

And this was he who loved Mercedes imagine it, gentle reader, a great, simple, handsome child in love with the most vivacious, alluring and beautiful woman in all that vast region. At first she laughed at him, then pitied him, but finally ended by a coquettish passivity that only made matters worse.

Once he had plucked up courage and had asked her to marry him. It was at "La Fiesta de Carnaval" she gazed at him sleepy-eyed and heavy-lidden for a moment; then, smiling queenly, replied "Not yet, Chistoso, not yet."

"Not yet, not yet," why, then there was hope. Worlds opened to his vision, Mercedes,—to be his bride. Such were in which down a vista of love he led his visions, such were his dreams as he would lie snugly dozing against a sun-glinted adobe wall. And with these musings and dozings, his love and determination increased.

Thus had things progressed, and as the months went by the number of Carlos's proposals and protestations of love increased, until, if I told truthfully the number, I would not be believed.

At last Mercedes wearied of these avowals. But what could she do? To say "no," would hurt the poor fellow's feelings, and to say "yes"—why, the very thought was ridiculous.

But then one day a thought came to her. Ah, yes, she would yield to the impulse.

"It might do some good. But, then, if he returned, it might turn his head, —so much wealth! Quien sabe. But suppose, suppose it—it—he never—returned. Um'm," she mused, "who knows. Ah, the vespers bell," and she strolled off slowly, deeply thinking.

Every star in the heavens scintillated brightly; the moon looked down on the earth in fullness, and the mountains near Torres Diablo seemed as if made of paper, and set upon a stage. It would have been difficult indeed for anyone to find under that great yellow ball, which shown so brightly on the earth, a happier town than Torres Diablo. Tonight was a gala occasion—the night of the fiesta, the cascarone dance.

But Mercedes, who was to be the queen of the festivities, although she comported herself regally, nevertheless looked worried, or disconcerted; while about her eyes were lines of fierce determination, which could scarcely be noticed owing to the long dark lashes.

The first few dances had passed. The little orchestra squeaked bravely during an interruption; while in the corner sat Mercedes, by her side—Carlos.

"Carlos, Mi, Querido, listen closely to what I have to say. I, Mercedes Falera, am beloved by you madly, devotedly, so you have declared. For the last time you have asked me to become your bride. Wait, do not interrupt me." Carlos lapsed into silence.

"It is almost the hundreth time, is it not?"

"Si."

"Even more so?"

"Si."

"Well, then. You have nothing,—you are poor. If you love me, how can you ask me to become your wife? Look! Would you these hands soiled, distorted by work?" She held them forth. The palm were oval, soft and full; the fingers long, graceful, tapering; and the nails were as pink and glittering as any coral that ever grew.

"No! No! Mercedes, I would not have you do that. I,—I,—" he stammered.

"How then, Senor? Listen! You are strong, brave and intelligent," she accented the last. He raised his head.

"Suppose," she continued, "you were to go away from here—mind you, I do not say to—but suppose, you went out and sought your fortune. Then bring it back here to me; and say 'be my wife.' Tell me!" she threw her head back coquettishly, "could I refuse you?" Her eyes had gazed into his. "There is much money out in the world, even in the worst places; take the red mesa, which, after all, is not so very, very far away. Yes, let us say, the red mesa. You are brave." She arose, looked at him sharply for a second; then bursting into a peal of clear laughter, repeated behind her fan to him, "The red mesa," and glided quickly off to a partner, while Carlos sat alone in a corner, thinking, thinking; as she danced with Charley Burton.

* * *

Things became quiet in the village street, that is quiet even for Torres Diablo. The dogs sought the sunny side of an adobe wall, and lay there, motionless the day long. The children laughed infrequently now, for they had no one to play with.

In their childish way they wondered vaguely what had become of "El Chistoro Carlandro." But they soon forgot, and lapsed into other amusements, for their inquiries were satisfied by the remark, that someone, arising early, had seen Carlos and two other mules, go out on the desert trail, the good God only knowing where.

Yes, out into the desert trail had Carlos gone; but if anyone could have followed, as the eyes of God surely did, they would have seen him with his two "other" mules, wearily plodding along, his once black hair, now whitened by the alkali. And on and on he went, day by day, day by day. The sun came up at his back and flooded his pathway in front with fire, and in the west it sank, covering his pathway with blood.

And then one day, when the sun hung simmering in a sky of blueish heat, away off on the far, far horizon, a reddish bluff appeared.

After many hours it grew larger, and stretched for several miles, its sides as sheer as the walls of a castle, and as striped as the cheeks of an In-

dian warrior. At the end appeared a break and from this natural gateway rolled clouds of smoke. Into them went Carlos followed by his two mules.

But one of the beasts sighted a soft layer of mud and walked in it. Opening a moment for each hoof, the mud steamed and closed on the animal, which sank to its knees in the scalding, sticky substance. Carlos heard the screams; turned for a moment to behold the beast, but only blessed himself and strode on into a vale of green and plenty that might have graced the garden of Eden.

Through the center of this vale ran a little stream to which Carlos went. In the rocks between the pebbles the gold shone forth in soft and yellow luster. He pitched his camp and the next morning started to work. Of mining he knew absolutely nothing, yet so rich and plentiful was the gold, that he but had to stoop and pick it up. Day by day his leather bags grew fattened with the spoil. Weeks elapsed and still he labored. Weeks grew into months and slowly they rolled by, but yet ever and alway he toiled and his wealth grew apace.

And then one night an unforeseen event took place. Under the burning stars, a long drawn howl went up. An answering crescendo echoed from a neighboring ridge. Out in the semi-darkness Carlos heard a struggle, and when the morning came, the sun began to whiten the bones of what was once his mule.

From the valley he started to return, and on his back, in leathern sacks, reposed wealth that might in days gone by have bought an empire. Out into the desert he went, his food and gold upon his back, and hope and triumph in his heart, for he was returning to lay it all at the feet of her who had asked it—Mercedes, the Beautiful.

On the evening of the second day, when the sky burned like an upturned brazen bowl, the mesa quivered out of sight and Carlos faced once more the desert wild, alone.

Slowly but surely he trudged his way on—on—on, but for every mile he went his load became heavier, and his water scarcer. Evening fell on the fourth day, and found him with but a meager quart left. Then, through his simple mind came the thought that he must economize.

The next day he took only two drinks, although his mouth burned and his throat parched. And for several days did he stint himself, wearily struggling onward. But even though he denied himself almost the necessary quantity, a quart of water will not last forever, and that belonging to Carlos was no exception to the rule. Thus he found himself in the midst of a desert waterless, with a heavy load on his weakened and weary back, for he would not discard the gold, since it was for Mercedes.

Oh, how slowly, wearily did he proceed. Oh, how hotly blazed the sun upon his dry and parching body. Things began to move before his

vision. Forms like bushes, waved lazily in a delirium of heat waves; and once, thinking he saw something he rushed forward, only to tear himself upon a cactus. He laughed vacantly for a second; then, saw his blood. It was liquid,—and 'twas good.

Once he stumbled and picked himself up. A little further on, he fell again, but this time he rose less quickly, for his knees were weak and there was such a load upon his lungs. Then an iron band upon his brow commenced to tighten, tighten. Little spots began to dance before his vision, and his feverish pulse throbbed against his burning temples.

His tongue grew large and powdery; his teeth became loose, and his eyes so glazed that he saw not a black moving speck, which, soared slowly in the heat of the heavens. Another speck saw him, and, swooping down, almost brushed him with its large filthy wings; then uttering a hoarse croak, soared upward to follow its mate. A third and fourth joined the two, and now the four seeing him fall so often, no longer kept far aloft, but sailed expectantly scarcely a few rods above his head.

He fell prone, and they darted down. He rolled over wearily and fought them off as best he could. With hollow flappings they rose, but only a few feet above him. He struggled on—on—ever onward. Too weak to rise, he dragged himself with his bruised hands and bleeding knees that he might lay his wealth at the feet of her—his godess.

Slowly did the sun set in the crimsoned blazing west, and a star or two above the blue range shown dimly forth. By a clump of cacti a figure on all fours, was struggling feebly; while four gaunt birds, ranged around it, waited expectantly. It ceased to struggle, and the encircling group closed in and there upon the sun-reddened sand, the vultures began their feast.

* * *

Never had Torres Diablo seen a gayer evening, and never had Mercedes Faleria danced as well. Every move of her body, the very poise of her head, all partook of a regal aspect.

Soft words, she told to her partners in the dance, that left them distracted; but the softest and most endearing she saved for one—Charley Burton.

The evening had well worn on and it was almost the last dance. Alone in a corner they sat and listened to the none too musical strains of the orchestra. She awaited the inevitable question, and ever asked embarrassing little questions that threw his mind into a ferment, and made for her great amusement.

And when that question came, as it was bound to, she smiled a smile of half conquest, half modesty; while the look in her eyes answered for her.

But then her smile was changed, for she remembered a similar evening not many months before, when a brain had been fired by her smile and her words,

"Gold lies even in the worst places in this world,—the red mesa for instance." "Um'm," she mused, "I wonder where he is? Where has he gone?"

Gentle reader, the lonely howl of a starved coyote over a pile of picked, sun-bleached bones, perchance might have answered her. Do you think it could?

THE SONG OF THE LARK

Sweet as the toning of a bell;
Clear as a limpid mountain stream;
Moving with ease like a dying wind;
Soft as a footstep in a dream.

Mating the blueness of the sky,
A flood of harmony brought by wings;
The song of nature in thy throat
Such as only a master sings.

—RODNEY A. YOELL

Mutability

THEY are gone, yet brother weep no more
In this our land of change it must be so;
For there's no resting place for us below,
Where nothing is as once it was before.
The little babe will soon reject its play;
The scholar soon must leave the learned page.
For see, e'en sunshine yields to winter's rage,
The glowing rose and violet decay.

Gay trees that glory in their verdure green
Autumnal winds will strip. So all beside
Is ever changing. What today is seen
By the morrow it has withered — died.
For this must be the lot of all terene
That changes come like never ceasing tide.

The mother's eyes that innocence carressed
How oft, alas, the wayward son lament.
The cherished friends with whom our youth was spent
How oft when old their love no more attest;
And Peace, the lasting portion of the blessed
Fierce Strife will interrupt. Nor Time relent
Till all beneath his leveling hand is spent.
For mortals here there is no lasting rest.

We're saddened, yes, that changes now compel
To say the last Adieu. Not all is o'er
Nor weep we still that those we love so well
We now, alas, in life shall see no more.
In some not distant day we'll all together dwell,
Nor further change with fond regret deplore.

—THOMAS YBARRONDO

A PHASE OF DANTE'S CHARACTER

EDWARD O'CONNOR

IT has often been said with much truth "vainly shall we invoke the muse, if we be not born to be inspired". We possess rhymers in abundance, but they are but dilettanti who ask aid from Parnassus yet are not destined to attain the heights and live forever in their immortal lines. But well could Dante say with Horace,

"Now have I reared a monument
more durable than brass,
And one that doth the regal scale
of pyramids surpass,
Nor shall defeated Aquilo destroy,
nor soaking rain,
Nor yet the countless tide of years,
nor seasons in their train."

Many have accompanied Dante in his dark and deep descent into those terrible regions of expiation; many have stood beside him as he gazed into the flames of the purging fire of Purgatorio; many too ascend and travel with him through the Empyrean. Yet of this great number few perhaps have stopped to consider the character of their guide. It is not the purpose of this paper to give a lengthy and learned discussion on this subject, but I wish briefly to call to mind the character of this great Florentine Poet.

Education and surroundings are potent factors in the moulding of character. In the study therefore of the character of Dante, it will be of interest to note the various circumstances that co-operated to form that great personage we know as Dante Alighieri.

Born at a time when Florence was a battle-field, he was to know all the horrors of war; to taste the joys of victory only in after years to feel the bitterness of defeat. As we turn over the pages of history we see that Dante fought with the Guelphs in the battle of Campaldino, when the Ghibelines were defeated. Later on we see him actively engaged in politics when his own party, the Guelphs, was divided into two factions, the Neri, and the Bianchi.

About the year 1301 Dante was prominent among the Bianchi, the faction that ruled at that time. Soon, however, at the advent of Charles of Valois, the Neri were instated and Dante was the first to fall victim to the new ruling party. He was made to pay a heavy fine and later he was exiled from Florence, never more to return to the city of his love. True, he made some futile attempts to return and when Henry of Luxemburg was elected Emperor with the title of Henry VII, Dante saw in him the savior of Florence, and styled him the "Lamb of God". The Imperial army vainly beseiged Florence in the months of

September and October, 1312, and so Dante's hopes withered, and died e'er they came to bloom.

In 1316 the friends of the poet in Florence tried to extend the amnesty granted in November, to Dante, but he refused to return to the city in the guise of a pardoned criminal and traitor. If he would return, it would be as the laurel-crowned poet of Florence, as he wrote to his friend Giovanni del Virgilio of Bologna. This was never granted him; and he, who loved Florence so well, was fated never again to revisit the city, where, as he said, "he left his heart".

What influence did these events have on Dante? What was his character? This is a difficult question. Had it been our good fortune to converse and deal with Dante, we might not have fallen so short in the performance of the task which we have here undertaken. True we have history, and more than that, the writings of the poet. Yet it is difficult even from these to come to any definite conclusion.

In his "Vita Nuova" Dante has left us a record of his early love for Beatrice. From subsequent works we learn his love of study and in particular of Philosophy. His "Divina Comedia" also sheds light on him, who displeased with the manners of his time, wrote his master-piece that he might rescue a sinful people from the mire of corruption into which their licentiousness was leading them. He had hoped that by the contemplation of the fires of Hell they might be deterred from their sins, and, having been purged in the fires of Purgatorio, they might at last come to enjoy endless bliss in Paradiso.

A glance at the portrait of Dante will suffice to disclose the turbid and melancholic trait that gave to the corners of his mouth the drop of disdain and contempt. His wan and hollow cheeks tell a story of long and bitter experience. Every wrinkle in his forehead seems to re-echo the sad tales of his heart. And yet there is absent from his face any revengeful trait; rather his face seems to have an expression of tender melancholy and almost speaks to us in his own words,

"There is no greater grief than in the time of grief to recall the happiness of the past."

We perceive in his face the disappointment of a man who had traveled half the weary way of life, in a sort of confusion like that which claims us in a wild weird dream—a confusion that became so great as to have awakened him in the mid-day of life only to behold himself an exile and an outcast from the city of his heart. He says:

"As one who from a dream awakened, straight all he had seen forgets; yet still retains impressions of the feeling in his dream;

"E'en such was I, for all the vision dies as 'twere away; and yet the sense of hurt that springs from it still dwells within my heart."

That strong love which Dante had for Beatrice sheds upon the visage of the man a kind of gentle light that

illumines to our eyes a sensitive turn about the lips. The eyes, too, of Dante in their dreaming lustre, betray the proud heart bowed as it may have been by silent endurance.

I believe that Dante was by nature passionate on the side of love. There was no inclination to bitterness in his heart. Had he been more fortunate in life, had not ill success met him at every turn, I fancy we would now paint Dante as Virgil is painted—with kind and gentle face. But for Dante the objects of his love were to be the cause of all his misery.

His first love was for Beatrice as he himself relates in his "Vita Nuova". "Nine times now, since my birth, the heaven of light had turned almost to the same point in its gyration, when the glorious Lady of my mind, who was called Beatrice by many who knew not why she was so called, first appeared before my eyes". And further he tells how strongly this fire of love burned within him: "From that time forward Love lorded it over my soul, which had been so speedily wedded to him; and he began to exercise over me such control and such lordship, through the power which my imagination gave to him, that it behooved me to do all his pleasure".

It may appear to some strange that Dante so greatly laments the death of Beatrice though he says not a word of her love being claimed by another. Perhaps Mr. Gardner is right when writing in the Catholic Encyclopedia he says in part: "Dante's love for her (Beatrice) was purely spiritual and mystical, the amor amicitiae defined by St. Thomas Aquinas; 'That which is loved in love of friendship is loved simply and for its own sake'. Its resemblance to the chivalrous worship that the troubadours offered to married women is merely superficial."

Whoever this Beatrice may have been and whatever may have been the nature of the love that Dante bore her, it is certain that "when the Lord of Justice called this most gentle one to glory" Dante's love still followed her, and he felt that he should voyage alone the dark sea of life.

His second love was for Florence. Out of love for her he first carried the trappings of war; then afterwards engaged in the uncertain game of politics. But misfortune soon overtook him and this object of his love was taken from him. Ostracized, banished forever from her, he ever sought to return to that well beloved but ungrateful city.

Thus was Dante disappointed in the objects of his love. Beatrice was taken from him. Florence rejected him. No wonder then that these misfortunes so afflicted his sensitive heart. How well could we believe the story that Longfellow credits to Frate Ilario.

"Hither he came, passing through the diocese of Luni, moved either by the religion of the place, or by some other feeling. And seeing him as yet unknown to me and to all my brethern, I questioned him of his wishings and his seekings there. He moved not; but stood silently contemplating the

columns and arches of the cloister. And again I asked him what he wished and whom he sought. Then, slowly turning his head, and looking at the friars and at me, he answered 'Peace.'"

Dante learned from sad experience that his love was the cause of his sorrow, and that he could not be at peace, still he had placed his affection in an object that could not be taken from him.

"When the first delight of my soul was lost....I remained pierced with such affliction that no comfort availed me. Nevertheless, after some time, my mind, which was endeavoring to heal itself, undertook, since neither my own nor other's consolation availed, to turn to the mode which other comfortless ones had adopted for their consolation."

He then goes on to tell how he courted the Lady Philosophy and concludes, "And I imagined her as having the features of a gentle lady; and I could not imagine her in any but a compassionate act; wherefore my sense so willingly admired her in truth, that I could hardly turn it from her."

Nor yet did philosophy satisfy him. For well did he know that the human mind cannot rest satisfied with created things. "The supreme desire of all things, and that first given by Nature, is to return to its source; and since God is the source of our souls and the maker of them in his own likeness as it is written 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness', to him above all the soul desires to return."

How well do these words voice the sentiment of Dante, who had traveled so far in search of peace and still found none. Years of sad experience were to teach Dante that in God alone was the peace—"a peace which the world cannot give"; and well did he profit by the lesson.

Dante left as a rich legacy the Divina Commedia to be a beacon light to those who venture out in search of peace. No better way could he have found of bringing back the wayward soul to His Maker than by picturing to him the pains of the Inferno. No better way of encouraging him in his good resolution than by disclosing the bliss of Paradise. For thought Dante loved Beatrice, and loved Florence also; yet greater than his love for these was the affection he bore mankind.

WHEN TRUTH IS HARD TO TELL

JOHN BALE

TWO brothers sat by the open fire place, gazing into the flames. Neither spoke and the tranquil room had an air of suppressed sorrow. The usually cheerful surroundings and the cosy chairs lacked their accustomed attractiveness. The occasional crackling of the burning logs seemed to please the little chap in the arm chair. The larger boy every now and then twitched nervously and frequently turned to the door, as if expecting some one. At last, coming over to his younger brother and sitting on the arm of the chair, he asked affectionately: "I wonder, Phil, what's keeping Dad tonight?" The younger boy shook his golden head and ran his chubby hand across his solemn eyes. "Well, Phil, I guess we had better go down and eat something," Harold went on after a moment's meditation.

He took his little brother in his arms, then, putting out the light, passed out into the broad hall and down the stairs into the dining-room.

No sooner had the pair of handsome lads left, than the large bay window in the front of the room slid up and in came a mere slip of a boy. With the confidence of a veteran burglar he looked around and smiled. Turning, he quietly pulled down the window, and with a smile of satisfaction on his lips he muttered, "Pretty soft; just like taking candy from a kid," and sinking into the large chair that the smaller boy had just quitted he laughed lightly.

"Well, a little tap on the safe will put me on easy street for a while and help to cheer the old lady some," he mused. "Pay off that confounded doctor's bill too."

Then coming back to the work before him, "Lots of time. Just nine to the dot." He was little embarrassed about being an uninvited guest in another man's house. He quietly took his implements out of his bag and carefully arranged them on the floor. Then rising leisurely and taking off his coat he threw open the door that concealed the desk-safe. Stooping over he whirled the combination and remarked to himself, "Just a common Harlan, No. 24." Then, "A three-inch bit and a little soak will do the trick."

He removed one of the electric bulbs from the chandelier and he fastened in the plug for his small motor drill. Snapping on the switch he pressed the little piece of steel to the safe till the low purr that rose from the motor hummed cheerfully.

* * *

Down stairs two gloomy lads ate a late dinner. They were alone save for

the motherly nurse who had Philip, the baby of four, for her charge.

Harold, the older by some twelve years, looked eagerly at the clock and grew more nervous as he waited for his father who was to take them to see their sick mother, who was at one of the numerous health resorts on the Island.

At length he broke out, "Just our luck! Whenever we got a chance to go and see Mama, Dad lets himself get worked up over his stocks or some other business."

"Well, Harold, I guess I better put Phil to bed now," and the nurse rising, took the little chap up stairs to his room.

"Don't cry, little brother, Daddy will take us on the next boat," said Harold comfortingly to Philip, as the small boy bade his affectionate companion good-night.

Getting up from the table the sorrowful youth passed into the front hall, and wrapping himself up in his overcoat and donning his smart cap, went out into the night to meet his father.

Up in his little room the nurse undressed Philip and together they said their prayers. She tucked the little tot in his little crib and she sat by, answering his questions till he dozed off into the land of dreams. Seeing he was asleep, the fond woman stooped over him, tucking him in again, as if afraid he would not be safe; then, turning out the lamp, she retired to her room.

Meanwhile in the library the young, but skillful "slip" grinned triumphantly and drew open the burglar-proof safe.

"Fine work," and he mopped his high forehead with a clean linen handkerchief. Then lighting another cigarette, he rambled on to himself, "Just as good as any one could do."

Soon all the family jewelry was safely stored in his black bag and with a pleasant smile still on his lips he started for the window. But the sudden thought that such a well-lined safe must surely mean a swell furnished house, caused him to hesitate.

"Dis is a great haul and just me luck to get nabbed," he argued with his better judgment.

Nevertheless in spite of all his usual prudence he turned back. Removing his shoes he quietly made him way to the last room on the hall, fully determined to over-haul the house. Nothing in the last room attracted him, but in the next which was Philip's the first thing that caught the young rogue's eye was the child's golden locks. Keeping his light focussed on the crib he moved up and admiringly looked down into the handsome face.

"Looks just like little Charlie," muttered the warm hearted youth, recalling his own dead brother. "Too bad such a nice kid as him had to be taken from a feller," he lamented.

Then reproaching himself for being too sentimental, he remarked, "Too much foolishness—this, boy."

Moving slowly to the dresser and re-

moving the silver toilet set, he prepared to leave the room. First, however, he turned to take one more look at the peaceful slumbering image of his departed brother.

But "What's that?" escaped from the startled adventurer as the window nearest him began to tremble. "Another lad on the job?" thought the youth and swiftly he made for the clothes closet. Motionless as a statue he waited, for the apparently innocent chap had learnt well the art of housebreaking.

Up came the window, then the dark green shade, and in came the man. Clumsily he groped his way over to the electric button.

"Green as green can make 'em," surmised the lad in the closet as the late arrival bumped against chairs. "But wise to the ways of the house. Maybe an old servant that was bounced."

When the lights flashed on, the visitor appeared far different from the ordinary house-breaker. He was a large man, well dressed, and good looking. He looked little the part he was playing, except for his face, which was deadly white and drawn, the same as that of an amateur.

Passing over to the crib he gently shook the boy who looked up at him in surprise at being thus awakened. But in a moment Phil sprung up and clasped his arms around the man's neck joyfully crying, "Daddy, Daddy, are we going now?"

"No, not now, Phil, my boy, Daddy can't go now, but some other time we—," the sorrowful father broke off. "Keep still now son, while I tell you something and don't cry out again."

"Gee," muttered the boy in the stuffy closet. "Beat's the Dutch, a man has to break into his own house."

"Now, son," the man said, "Daddy is going away to see Mama, but can't take you this time. He'll be back and next time—" this ended weakly in a doubtful voice and failed to convince.

"Daddy, I want a horse and cart like Jimmie Hughes," suddenly cut in the boy. "And an air gun too," he added as if just struck by the thought.

"Quiet, little sonny," reminded the man. "Now, listen,—Daddy is going to go as soon as he can pack a grip."

"But, Daddy, the horse and—"

"Yes, yes, I will get them if—," again there was a doubtful note in the voice.

Something was solemnly weighing on the kind father's mind, for, after a few moments of deep meditation he again spoke to his son in a still more affectionate voice.

"Now, Philip, my son, you must promise never to tell a story. Never to Aunt Mary, never to Mama or Daddy, nor Brother Harold. Never to any one," added the father, and going on, he told his son about great men that never told lies.

Finally he made the boy repeat with him the promise, "Never—tell—a story —to Mama—" spoke the two together, "or Daddy, or any—,'. The shrill cry of a police whistle suddenly rent the calm night air. The trample of feet

and the cry of "I thought he'd come to see his kid before he skipped," reached both the burglar in the closet and the man in the room.

"My Lord, Philip, when they come tell 'em, tell 'em—I am not here,—Horse and cart tomorrow if you say I was not here."

"But Daddy you just said—"

"Never mind that, I'll give you the horse and cart tomorrow if you say I was not here."

"Two carts like Jimmie's?" asked Philip, when the hunted father began to bribe.

"Yes, yes, lie down!" warned the terror-stricken broker.

Then, looking around, he hid in the closet. "Just the ticket," he faintly muttered, and tumbled in, falling among the clothes.

"My Lord, who are you?" gasped the man.

"Keep still," hissed Slip, "I'm your only chance to escape;" then he added, "what's up?""

"The police are after—me," answered the wealthy broker.

"My Heavens! I'm wise—you're Burgemen, the fake promoter; I read 'bout yer in the evening paper," whispered Slip. "Well, I can help you out, but you'll have to promise to treat a certain old lady in the County Hospital good. No. 914.—Got me—I'll do it for the kid's sake, had a bro' like him," whispered Slip again.

Just then a great noise was heard, and Slip found himself wondering what the boy would say when questioned. In spite of the danger of jail for one or both, he half wished he'd say "Yes."

"Where did he go, kid?" came in through the door. No answer.

"Any one in that closet, kid?" again the same voice put the query.

Poor Philip was sitting up in his bed, weighing the promise he made his father against the horse and cart. With heroic effort the little fellow at last cried, "Yes," and then began to cry, thinking he had betrayed his father.

When Slip and the father heard that emphatic "Yes," both felt a heavy burden lifted from their shoulders.

"Come out, or I'll drill ye," came through the door and out stepped "Slip", to the surprise of two policemen.

"Well, I'll be hanged," exclaimed the sergeant, "if it ain't old Slip."

"Better than copping grafters or brokers," grinned the second law keeper, "means promotion."

Then clasping the steel bracelets on the lad's wrist, the sergeant said, "No use looking around, for this kid always works alone."

"This time we got ye bad, huh Slip?" smilingly queried the policeman, "got you with the goods!"

So the two policemen led Slip down to the station house; while a badly scared broker kissed his sleeping child and nervously passed out into the night. Next day, in a different garb, Mr. Bergemen made a visit to the

County Hospital, but arrived too late, for No. 914 had passd away an hour before.

Philip grew up and kept ever before him the motto of "Honesty", in spite of the narrow escape his father had experienced when the motto was first practiced. A proud mother lorded over the two boys and repented for the father's sins by doing good acts and leading a good life; until eventually, his debt paid, a certain man in Honduras returned to his family in America.

SANTA CLARA 1777–1899

M. DETELS AND H. McGOWAN

THE activities that are at present being manifested in the building of the new and greater Santa Clara, seem to fortell the day when the buildings we see around us will be razed to the ground. To the new student, these relics of old seem an encumbrance; but to the old students, they recall memories of dear old school days—bright memories, that will ever live to make them draw nearer and nearer to dear old Santa Clara. Oftentimes when an old boy returns to scenes,

"Where once his careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain,"

we learn many interesting particulars about these cherished piles. Some grown old in years will tell how good Father Carreda, gentle as he was, sat stern as a judge and lorded it over the wayward youth who loved the room which was lettered "A". Others tell of Father Young and Father Bayma; and some there are who pierce the vale of fifty years and paint an Accolti and a Nobili on walks that know them no more.

Yet these are but disconnected tales, and hardly satisfy a mind anxious to learn the secrets that these buildings guard so well. Many have wished that they could pass some magic wand over the Hall or Scientific Building, and turning them into some speaking being stay there by their side and listen for hours to their wondrous stories of the days of long ago. But all in vain; mute they stand and vainly should we wait for them to voice the deeds that they witnessed.

True it is that up to three years ago we had no need of the conjurer's art, for the facts of interest were recorded in the annals of the college, but on the night of December 2, 1909, fire destroyed these records, and save for a few odd jottings that were not kept in the Administration building, but little remains to tell of the achievements of those golden days. It was our good fortune to come by an old scrap-book that barely survived the ravages of the flames. It contains clippings from newspapers, from the year 1877 to 1899, but the pages are so badly burnt that it is with difficulty that they can be read. It is from this book that the accounts that follow have been gleaned.

The last article which the person to whom we are indebted for the present book, must have placed in the older scrap book, bore most likely on a transaction of far reaching importance,

that is to the incident that we find recorded in the Souvenir of the Golden Jubilee.

"In 1876 occurred a transaction which, were it not to commemorate the generosity of Mr. Jos. Donohoe of Menlo Park, we would prefer to pass over in silence, for we have no inclination to perpetuate the memory of narrow minds or the bigotry of narrow hearts. As the town had no park the Fathers had presented it with a block of land in front of the church and which had already been made a sort of park by Fr. Villiger. The town accepted the gift, but later the town authorities decided to locate the park more centrally and selected the present site. To this action no reasonable objection could be made if the town wanted the park changed, but fairness would have dictated that the property given by the College be returned to its former owners. In place of this it was determined to sell the property and some bigots wished to buy it and erect thereon a Chinatown and other offensive buildings. The project having reached Fr. Varsi's ears he manifested his needs to Mr. Joseph Donohoe of Menlo Park, who generously donated $6050 to purchase the property."

It is not hard to surmise what would have become of Santa Clara College, in Santa Clara, if those who are here designated as "bigots" had succeeded in their designs. The people of Santa Clara, when they see the buildings that are at present being erected, can with justice gratefully remember him who bought back the gift he had given them, lest they turn it to their own destruction. Were it not for him they here should have had a city of coolies that have been so great a menace to the wage-earners of the State, in place of that institution of learning which has made Santa Clara so famous. The buying of the property seems to have quieted the desires of those that were so zealous for the Chinese, and we find no more mention of them in the burnt book whose pages it is our privilege to peruse.

The first item is from January 15th, 1877; just one century after "the mission cross rose among the laurels that skirted the Guadalupe, about three miles from where it empties into the Bay of San Francisco". It is not for us to tell the labors and successes that were accomplished during this century; to tell the story of these early Padres that labored so long and well for the poor half savage Indians; to tell of the establishing of the Mission school, that, in after years, was to be transformed into the College of Santa Clara.

To a visitor of the College during this year the cicerone would point out the Administration building built in 1862; the Scientific building, commenced about the same time; the California Hotel, a remnant of old mission days which was used for the debating societies and recreation rooms; the Exhibition Hall, built in 1870; the Infirmary and the Dining Hall, and other small buildings of less importance.

Of these, the California Hotel was so badly damaged in the earthquake of 1906, that it was torn down; the Administration building was destroyed in the fire of December, 1909; the rest remain, changed somewhat by additions and improvements.

Among the Faculty we find the names of Father Brunengo, President; Father Carreda, Vice-President; Fathers Barcelo, Veyret, Leonard and Nattini. Fathers J. Walshe, J. Egloffstein and A. Coltelli, then Scholastics, were also on the staff. Father E. Young was Chaplain. Father A. Cichi, who still walks his old familiar paths, was the Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology. Father Varsi was also at the College, having but lately been succeeded in the office of President by Father Brunengo. The First Half Century of Saint Ignatius College fixes the date of the change of President as December 27th, 1876.

The first clipping in our scrap-book tells of the coming of Father Neri to Santa Clara. It reads: "The Faculty of Santa Clara College have secured the services of the distinguished Professor, Father Neri, late of Saint Ignatius College, San Francisco, whose 'Popular Science Lectures' did, for years, attract so much attention in this State."

We have mentioned that Father E. Young was the Chaplain of the College and it is in this capacity that he was best known to the boys. To the outside world, however, he was best known as a capable stage director, for we see mention made of this his talent in the clippings that follow. On the twenty-second of February the Senior Dramatic Society appeared before the public to celebrate the birthday of the Father of our Country. Nor was the celebration of the Birthday of Washington an innovation this year, for we read, "The Senior Dramatic Society of Santa Clara College, after a time-honored custom of that institution, celebrated Washington's Birthday....." The program consisted "of the new Drama entitled Washington, followed by the old renowned and laughable after-piece of 'The Spectral Bridegroom'". Those that frowned at the audience were J. S. Franklin, L. T. Palmer, H. T. Spencer and J. T. Boyd and W. Boyd; while W. S. Davis, V. S. McClatchy and E. McNally made fun for the crowds. The Colege Band, if we credit reports, dispensed such dulced strains as had never before been heard in the College Hall.

The proceeds, which amounted to $500, were sent to the Sister's Orphan Asylum, in San Francisco, and elicited a long letter of gratitude from Sister Frances McEnnis, Superioress of the Reform School Orphan Asylum.

The efforts of the older boys aroused the enthusiasm of the young actors of the Junior Dramatic Society, and they determined to display their ability to the public. They did, in fact, in what they termed "A Grand Musical and Dramatic Soiree". Like their older companions, they first drew tears from their listeners by the production of Se-

decias; then afterwards sent them away laughing, after their production of a farce "Freedom of the Press". Those prominent on this night of April 18th, were A. Muller, Jas. Smith, W. Shanahan, J. Yoell and W. Shanahan. The entertainment was given for the benefit of St. Joseph's Church, San Jose.

It may not be out of place to say a word or two about this Church in San Jose, to help which the Junior Dramatic Society had their entertainment. The following, from a lengthy clipping, may be of interest. "Up to the year 1850, there stood on the corner of Market and San Fernando streets, the first Catholic Church ever built in San Jose. It was fashioned in old adobe, of narrow and very long proportions—a style of architecture at present in disuse, though there are several buildings of the character still occupied by the Catholics in the State. During the year mentioned the adobe structure was remodeled in the exterior at an expense of $16,000. This building remained until 1870, when, under plans which were furnished by T. Lenzen, the architect, an entire new front was added to the San Fernando street side, which gave the structure the appearance of a new building, and which cost in the neighborhood of $25,000, besides the interior furnishings, which cost upward of $10,000, and a fine organ, $4000 more. This was then the finest Church in the city. It stood until the afternoon of Saturday, April 24th, 1875, when it was entirely consumed by fire, nothing being saved except the altar and the pulpit. Without delay, however, they went to work and erected a small temporary structure on the corner of San Pedro and San Fernando streets, where, since its completion, they have been holding their services. The rapidly increasing membership of the Church, however, soon made evident the fact that larger quarters must be secured. To this end every energy of the Society was bent. They met with such success that within twelve months after the fire had rendered them homeless, new foundations on the very site of the old Church, new walls were going up, new hopes were being formed, and Sunday the new edifice of Saint Joseph's Church, the largest and handsomest church of the kind in the State, was consecrated to the worship of the Catholic Faith."

Nor was the architect without work in Santa Clara. On June 2nd work was begun on "a handsome and commodious two-story brick building to be used entirely for commercial training". The building, "which was a perfect model of its kind, contained a merchant exchange, telegraph line, post ofice, bank, board of brokers, etc." The Commercial Building was ready for occupancy by the beginning of the following session, August 7th, 1877.

The Commencement Exercises for this year were held on Monday evening, June 4th. A scientifc entertainment was given by the Class of Natura! Philosophy, on the physical ef-

fects of voltaic electricity and its modern applications. Jas. S. Franklin treated of the Magnetic Effects; Jas. F. Smith of the Thermal Effects and V. McClatchy of the Luminous Effects. The experiments were ably handled by G. A. Young and E. McNally. The lecture was prefaced by an introduction ably delivered by Charles Quilty. John W. Ryland, in few, but touching words gave the Valedictory. Those to receive the Degree of Bachelor of Science were Robert Brenham, William S. Davis, James S. Franklin, Louis J. Harrison, Valentine S. McClatchy, Edward McNally, Orestes J. Orena, Louis T. Palmer, John W. Ryland, James F. Smith, George A. Young.

(To be continued.)

The Redwood

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to give proof of College Industry, to recount College Doings and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Mid-Year "Exes"

With a deep sigh of relief, the last paper of the mid-year "exes" was handed in, then we settled back and mused thus, "half the year has spent itself, and what do we know of the matter covered?" Suspense was not prolonged however, and a good per cent of the papers were returned without having been greatly damaged by the examiners' "blue pencil".

We dread examinations naturally; most every one does. They are bound to show us just how much we know, or

to convince us that there is a good deal in a few subjects that we have yet to learn. It is the realization of the latter that we dread most. But now, that they are over, let us bury the thoughts of them, not, of course, of the subjects and the matter they embraced, but of the "exes" themselves, and start with determination on the new semester's work.

We can be glad they came, in at least this, that they served to brush away a few cobwebs that were liable to find place in the recesses of our minds and in burnishing the rust that is sure to find place in our brain-machinery through a moment of disuse.

We are on the home stretch now, and starting with a clear record, why not set a pace that we can consistently maintain, and be ready to sprint to the tape when the last lap is reached?

With these intentions faithfully carried out, we can unflinchingly meet those dreaded finals, and add another successful year to our calendar.

Virginian This magazine, so well known to our Exchanges, affords us a continual source of delight and admiration. Wonderment confronts us and difficulties beset us when we wander within the realms of unsolved problems seeking to discover the secret of its unvaried good standard. Its stories are for the most part excellent; its editorials far above the ordinary; its poems are not mere bits of verse, and its essays are well written and instructive.

The January issue is a mine of good, solid reading matter. "Mayhaps", is a pleasing romantic tale that takes us back to the Elizabethan Age. A gypsy, reading the palms of Shakespeare, Burbage and Marlow, predicts the destinies of each. The prophecies and their subsequent fulfillment form the plot of the story. It is rendered in a pleasing style. "Fidelity" is a well named poem, that brings out in few and touching words, a noble example of this great virtue. The "Tale a Hobo Told", and "The Last Ray of the Setting Sun", are also deserving of praise.

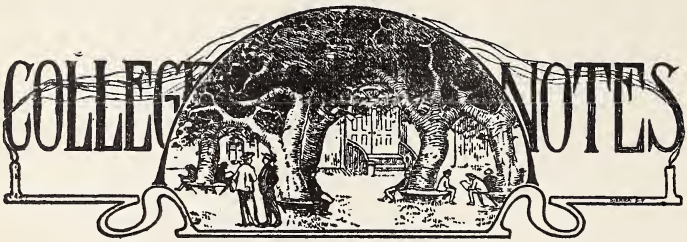
Georgian "Two Fair Swindlers" interested us very much. It overflows with excellent language; while the construction and the dialogues are especially pleasing. Running along with rapid motion and at the same time smoothly and without friction, the story whiles away many pleasant moments. Within the neatly designed cover of the Georgian there are poems for those who wish to soar on wings of Fancy; there are stories for the curious; there are essays for the thoughtful. And everyone of these show careful study and reflect much credit on the students of University of Georgia.

Carolinian The Christmas number of the Carolinian was presented in very attractive form, while the Christmas carol, gracing its cover, delighted us beyond ordinary measure. It inspired elevating thoughts and its cheery Yuletide greeting made our hearts thump with the joy of the season. "At the End of the Rainbow" commands our deep respect for the

cleverness of the author. It is a story which aroused our passions to keenly sympathize with the hero in the dark hour of sorrow. The plot, though simple, is worked to its fullest degree without having been overdone. It is written in excellent style, while the author, in choosing his characters, displays the art and taste of a master.

Fordham The December issue of The Fordham Monthly presents a very learned treatise on the Arbitration Treaty, rendered in a pleasing form and full of useful information. "Suburban Joys" is an amusing tale, which describes the troubles of one who lives in the country. It is full of life and amusingly sketched.

—A. I. Diepenbrock.



Return Coming back to the familiar routine after Christmas holidays, brought with it the customary first week's recollections of home and fireside. To make matters more interesting, we arrived face to face with mid-term examinations. But all is sunshine once again and now we have come to the realization that the June graduating exercises are not many days from yesterday.

Debate March the 12th has been selected as the new date for the annual Ryland Debate. By custom, it has always been held in the last week of college term, but the change in time this semester, has been thought advisable for many reasons, principally because the College debating clubs have decided to accept challenges from St. Ignatius and Stanford teams. It is thought that the Ryland Debate will serve to bring out the strongest material to represent the College in the encounters with St. Ignatius and Stanford. With that idea in view, a team of the three best men from the Senate and the House will take the rostrum versus the two challengers. University of Southern California, which has held the championship for several years will also be included in the schedule, but the arrangements are at present only tentative.

Rev. Fr. Rockliff Once more we have been honored with a visit from the Jesuit Provincial, Father Rockliff, S. J. Accompanying the Provincial this year, is Father Henry Whittle, S. J. Father Whittle is a former Santa Clara student and he has lately been honored with the appointment as Secretary to Father Rockliff. It is hoped that the new Administration building will be completed before their departure.

Journalism Edwin Coolidge, a prominent San Jose attorney, has been made a member of the faculty. With the organizing of the new department in Journalism, the college has been partic-

ularly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Coolidge, who will have complete charge of the course. The new Professor has had considerable experience in the literary field and he is a man of unusual ability.

House An important meeting of the House of Philhistorians was successful in bringing about the selection of the members of the Debating team to argue in the Ryland. Rodney Yoell, Ed. O'Connor and Harry McGowan were chosen as the best qualified to represent the House. All three men have had numerous tryouts, and on many different occasions, have shown their ability on the rostrum.

Social The social set gathered on the evening of February 1st in the initial ball of the new semester. Martin Detels and his "alexanders" furnished the "rathskeller", while the old-timers saw to it that the debutantes behaved as regulars.

Sweaters Varsity sweaters were awarded the football men February 4th at the annual mid-term rally. Speeches, as usual, with the customary raxing, well handled by the yell leaders, made up the evening's program. Those to receive their letters and varsities were: Momson, Hatch, Kohner, Curry, Bronson, Quill and Palmtag.

Administrative Bldg. According to the outlook at present, the New Administration building will be completed the first week in March. Plain in appearance and simple in architectural design, the structure gives a most satisfactory impression from every standpoint. When the remaining buildings are completed, it is safe to say that none of the Western colleges will be able to give better accommodations to their students and faculty. The building of the Senior Hall is already under way and by the opening of the next semester in September the students will have their own rooms along with other accommodations not often found in even the most modern colleges.

Athletics Congratulations are coming in from various sources of late, for the commendable stand taken in athletics this year. At the beginning of the term it was determined on, that the College teams would endeavor to raise the athletic standard this season in proportion to the high educational mark set by the faculty for the future. As a result, the best athletes this term have proven the best students and the records set in class work and on the athletic field have never been equaled.

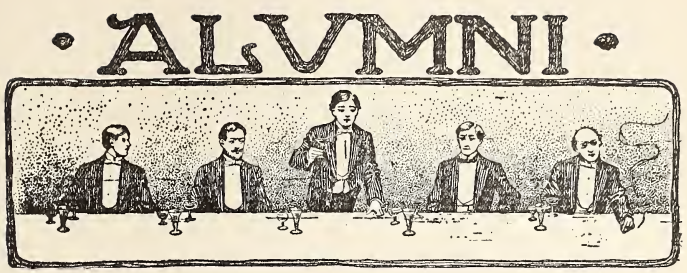
That the managers have been successful in raising the standard to such a meritorious degree, is due to a great extent to the decision made in eliminating contests with preparatory schools

and in encouraging games with the University and with teams of the best clubs only. We have more than held our own in every branch. The prestige gained in meeting such competitors is having the desired effect.

Retreat.

With the closing of February will come the annual retreat for three days. Many of the students of later years have written for particulars and have signified their intentions to be present. It will begin on February 29 and end the morning of March 3.

—Paul Leake.



The following account of one of our much esteemed alumni will be read with interest. Since it gives the history of such a distinguished family, many members of which were students here at Santa Clara. We give it in full as it appeared in the Monitor under date of Jan. 6th:

'60 The death of Bernard D. Murphy, which was briefly noted in last week's Monitor, removed from the scene of active life a man who for many years has stood out in bold relief as an honor to his adopted country, and an example for all men to follow.

Bernard D. Murphy was born in Quebec, 70 years ago. He spent his young days in Missouri and started across the plains for California with his father and other members of the family at the age of four. He was of the famous Murphy-Miller party that entered California two years before the ill-fated Donners.

The Murphy family settled on the Cosumnes, 18 miles from Sacramento, where they and the other pioneers of their band traded with the early miners until the eventful days of '49, when they moved to San Jose. "Barney," as Murphy was later called by thousands of his friends in California, entered Santa Clara College when it boasted only six students. After graduating he became a law partner of Delphin M. Delmas, the noted criminal lawyer.

He abandoned the law after a few years' practice for banking and politics, and was in late years a bank commissioner. When he was first elected mayor of San Jose he instituted many reforms, driving women from employment in saloons and introducing an ordinance closing the grog-shops at midnight.

In those days he also owned the San Jose Herald, a Democratic paper, which he published at a financial loss for several years. When the paper finally was established on a paying basis he sold it, declaring that he did not wish to run a newspaper for

profit. The Lick Observatory owes its existence in a great measure to the efforts of Murphy while mayor of San Jose. He was trustee of the James Lick estate and brought about the construction of the road up Mount Hamilton.

"Barney" Murphy was also one of the promoters of the establishment of the beautiful Alum Rock Park at San Jose. For twelve years he was chairman of the Alum Rock Park Association, and the fact that the park is considered one of the beauty spots of the State is due largely to his interest in it.

In his early life Murphy was one of the largest land holders in California. His father, Martin Murphy, left him vast estates in the counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and Santa Clara. For more than 50 miles one could ride in a direct line on the Santa Marguerita and Atascadero ranches, which formed a part of Murphy's 40,000 acres. "Barney" Murphy sold all his great inheritance to avert the panic that came in President Cleveland's administration, when Murphy was president of the Commercial Savings Bank of San Jose and heavily interested in the Shasta Lumber Company.

Little of Murphy's fortune remained at his death. He lived the greater part of his life at San Jose, moving to this city four years ago. Farming and stock-rasing were also a part of his many activities. Murphy was married in 1869. His wife died ten years ago. Ill fortune had no effect on "Barney's" generous qualities. It has been said of him that there was not a sweeter tempered, more kindly man in the State and it is certain that he gave away for the relief of his fellowmen dollars by the many thousands.

At the grave the services were conducted by the Rev. Father James Morrissey, S. J., President of Santa Clara College.

Among the prominent men who came from San Francisco to attend the services were: Judge Charles L. Weller, Joseph Dimond, Thomas H. O'Connor, Justus Waddell, Edward F. O'Day, Judge John M. Burnett, Dr. J. P. Whitney, Dr. A. P. O'Brien, Joseph Kirk and Charles W. Fay.

The honorary pall-bearers were: Frank Hittell, T. I. Bergin, L. Godchaux, Sam Rucker and William Glenn of San Francisco; E. McLaughlin, Ralph Lowe, S. F. Lieb, J. W. Findlay and James Enright.

The active pall-bearers were: John Trimble, Joseph Columbet, Barney Keil, Clem Columbet, P. Carroll and J. T. McGeoghegan.

The deceased is survived by five daughters and one son—Mrs. H. Ward Wright of Spokane, Miss Evelyn Murphy of San Francisco, Mrs. Howard T. Derby of San Jose, Miss Gertrude Murphy of Lindsay, Miss Helene Murphy and Martin Murphy of San Jose. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. R. T. Carroll of Sunnyvale and Mrs. N. G. Arques of San Jose.

'10 The roll of dead whom Alma Mater had of late to mourn closes with the name of one of her youngest sons, William I. Barry, '10. The untimely death of Mr. Barry, whose high intellectual and moral qualities gave promise of a brilliant future, is a source of deep regret to all, especially to the younger members of the Alumni. During the five years he was at Santa Clara, his genial personality was a factor in everything that made for college life and college activities. As a not infrequent contributor to the college magazine, "The Redwood,"—as a member and officer both of the Sanctuary Society and the Sodality, as an active participant in the doings of the Senate, the House, and the J. D. S., to say nothing of his affiliation with the Senior Dramatic Society and the Students' Choir, and finally, as a member of the Varsity Football Squad for 1909, "Will" had made for himself a host of friends, and to all these the news of his death, while not entirely unexpected, came as a great blow.

After his graduation "Will" accepted a position with the S. P. Co., and held it until last summer, when his health began to decline. Hoping that a change of climate might restore his lost energy he tried a stay, first in his home town, Arcata, and later at Santa Clara. Neither, however, affording very great relief, he at length decided to undergo treatment at the Oaks Sanitarium, Los Gatos. During the seven weeks he spent there, continually confined to his bed, he gave the greatest edification to all who came in contact with him by the cheerfulness of his disposition, by the patience and resignation manifested in his sufferings, and above all, by his strong faith and the confidence he placed in the consolations of his religion.

Well fortified by all the rites of Holy Mother Church, the end came peacefully and without a struggle on Jan. 23. The funeral took place from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Los Gatos, and the interment was in Holy Cross Cemetery, San Mateo. The Requiem Mass was sung by a choir made up chiefly of his former schoolmates at Santa Clara, while two of his old classmates served the Mass and others acted as pall-bearers. After Mass the Rev. J. Purcell, S. J., who attended him during his last illness, spoke briefly, but touchingly of Will's virtuous young life and especially of his charming death.

—Jos. Demartini.

Through the Desert.

Just as we were about to go to press we received "Through the Desert", by Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis". It will be read with interest and will be reviewed for our next number. The publishers are Benziger Bros., New York.

Common Cause.

That Socialism is now growing in an alarming degree there can be no doubt. The rapid gains which the "Party" has been making in the political arena, prove absolutely that it is a question which needs a square meeting, and one which can no longer be ridiculed into oblivion by obscure, invidious notices. The Socialist propaganda has rapidly increased and hundreds of cheap books and pamphlets have been issued yearly for the purpose of furthering this cause. The cheap pamphlets have been mostly answered by their kind, and probably since the age of Milton, or the "Tractarian" movement, a more wordier battle has never been fought. But apart from their cheaper papers, the Socialists have established several magazines, which, aside from being publications of fairly large size, are well conducted and edited. To the thinking man these journals exert a great force, and probably no other cause of "converts" is as efficatious as these.

Until now there has been no magazine of similar importance published against them, and with the exception of a few cursory articles on the subject, the field has been left for their grazing alone.

But now there has come forth a publication of body, strength and merit, and in the "Common Cause", the Socialists will find an opponent who will be hard to surpass. Devoted entirely to social questions, this magazine is unique in itself, but by reading it one can become familiar with the great

question of our times. Every department between its covers is edited by a specialist, and none but writers of the highest worth, can be found in the "contents".

So thorough is the magazine's treatment of the subject that it will answer admirably all questions of students, business man and any one interested in Socialogy.

Perhaps a glance at the contents would not be out of place, and we find, out of many articles of worth, these of especial merit:

"The Basic Principles of Socialism," Jefferson Lee.

"Would Socialism Destroy the Family?" Thomas Lonergan.

"The Open Mouthed Philosophy of Ignorance," T. A. Edison.

Also interviews by W. J. Bryan, T. Roosevelt and Goldum Smith.

Surely a more representative and capable contributing body to any magagine, can not be found.

The departments are interesting, and "From the Editors Window", a line of arguments, strong enough in themselves to attract notice, can be drawn.

Both in mission, and make up, the magazine is excellent, and should be on the table of every library, and in every home. And, although we have gone out of our sphere in reviewing a magazine, and particularly a professional publication, nevertheless, we hope we shall be pardoned, inasmuch as we have provided our readers with some information regarding the supply of a long felt want.

The magazine is published by the Social Reform Press Co., 154 East 23rd St., New York City. Price 20 cents, at new stands. $2.00 per year.

Tempest of the Heart.

A very pretty tale, wiht a good plot and some well done deliniation of character is "The Tempest of The Heart", by Mary Agatha Gray. This work is done by the authoress of "The Turn of the Tied", and is up to her usual standard for simple, pleasing, and interesting style. Lack of time and space forbids a more accurate and adequate review of this volume. Suffice it to say that anyone who enjoys good reading will not be disappointed in the story of Brother Anselm, his sister Dorthy Black, and the Chamleighs. It is nicely bound in blue and gold. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Price $1.25 net.

—Rodney A. Yoell.

Santa Clara 5. Barney Frankels 0.

Baseball was opened auspiciously when the Varsity trimmed the speedy Barney Frankels Club in a 3-0 game on January 14th. Barry heaved for Santa Clara, "Wild Bill" Hatch receiving; while the Barney Frankels' battery was composed of Chevalier and Perkins.

"Rancher" pitched a cool, steady game, allowing but three hits at most opportune moments.

Zarick scored in the opener on a series of misplays, and was again chased over the pan in the third on Tramutola's two-base hit. The fifth inning rang up two more scores for the College. A walk, Barry's hard three-base wallop and a sacrifice-fly, putting the game on ice. For good measure Ybarrondo made Jacobs tag every bag on his two-base clout, bringing the total to five.

A few notables graced the visitors line-up, among them being Harry Krause, and Giannini of Big League fame; Driscoll and Warren of the Coast League; and Orr Perkins and McCann of the Union Association. The summary:

	R	H	E
Barney Frankels	0	3	4
Santa Clara	5	6	2

Santa Clara 5. E. M. F. 8.

A ragged exhibition was pulled off on the Campus by the Varsity and the E. M. F. team of Leaguers from San Jose, the latter winning after ten innings, 8-5. Harry Wolters and Kohner alternated in the box for the E. M. F.'s, Arrelanes doing backstop duty. Sullivan and Palmtag worked for the Varsity, with Davis on the receiving end.

It was Wolter's first appearance before local fandom this year and he was greeted heartily. The former heaver of the Varsity allowed but three hits in the five innings he worked, in addition sapping out a corking three-base drive and a stinging two-sacker.

The game was a weird contest, elev-

en errors being chalked up for the afternoon, Santa Clara being guilty of six miscues, and the E. M. F.'s of five.

Four other familiar faces were seen in the visiting team—Friene, Feeney, Peters and Fitzgerald—each of whom have at various times played on the Santa Clara team.

In the tenth Arrelanes reached first on an error, was sacrificed to second, and advanced to third on Fitzgerald's out. Feeney reached first on an error, Arrelanes scoring. Wolters then stung one for a triple, scoring Feeney and scored himself on Smith's safe poke.

Santa Clara could do nothing in their half, the score reading at the end 8-5

Summary:	R	H	E
Santa Clara	5	5	6
E. M. F.	8	8	5

Santa Clara 4. Ireland's Independents 6

Though outhit, ten to eight, the "Big Boys" that Ireland brought down on Sunday, Jan. 28th, defeated the Varsity by the score of 6-4.

Barry twirled for Santa Clara, Davis catching. Schimpff and Byrnes worked for Ireland's Independents.

Santa Clara started the scoring in the second frame, Davis driving Palmtag over for the first run on a three-base hit. The visitors tied it up in the third on a walk and "Duffy" Lewis' three-base drive. They practically cinched the game in the fourth, ringing the bell four times on three hits, a couple of walks and two errors. The Varsity tried hard to overtake them, but it wasn't in them that day.

The visitors had the strongest line-up that has been seen on the Campus this year, their team including Eagan, Sheehan, Swain, Lewis, Moskiman and Byrnes.

Summary:

	R	H	E
Santa Clara	4	10	4
Ireland's Independents...	6	8	3

Santa Clara 4. Stanford 2.

The Varsity defeated Stanford on the latter's ground by a 4-2 score, though we should have scored a shut-out. An unfortunate error in the ninth inning paved the way for a little batting rally which cost two runs. Sullivan heaved for the College and pitched grand ball, holding his opponents to five hits. Hatch received him in faultless style. Howe twirled for Stanford, Dent catching. Santa Clara scored twice in the second, Palmtag chasing Ramage around on his homer. Three hits, one a three-bagger by Best, scored the third run in the seventh. In the ninth Hatch walked, was sacrificed to second and scored on Perciado's safe clout. Best and Palmtag were the hitting demons of the day, the former getting hold of three, while the latter tucked two under his belt.

Summary:

	R	H	E
Santa Clara	4	9	3
Stanford	2	5	2

Santa Clara 10. Hoffman's All Stars 3.

The Varsity simply biffed, banged and generally rough-housed poor Mr. Knight, twirler of the Hoffman All-Stars. It took but one inning to find out that he had nothing but a glove. When the second inning had closed the bell rang seven times for Santa Clara and the fans were grateful the affair lasted but for six innings, as it seemed the slaughter would never stop.

Barry twirled for the Varsity and held the opposition to four hits,—Hatch caught.

Summary:

	R	H	E
Santa Clara	10	10	2
Hoffman's All-Stars.....	3	4	5

Santa Clara 9. Olympic Club 1.

This game also proved a walk-over for Santa Clara, for the second time in two days making seven runs in the second inning. Troy was treated unmercifully in that frame, five solid drives being gleaned off his offering, interspersed with a walk and a sacrifice. Girot mounted the mound in the third frame and held the team safe thereafter.

The work of Best in center-field is especially deserving of great praise. Five chances, all of the sure-hit variety, were taken in handsomely by him

The Olympics scored their lone run in the ninth on an error and McMillan's safe hit.

Palmtag pitched beautiful ball for Santa Clara, allowed but four widely scattered hits, with Hatch scooping 'em up in faultless style.

Summary:

	R	H	E
Santa Clara	9	10	4
Olympic Club	1	4	5

Santa Clara 2. Stanford 0.

For the second time this season Santa Clara defeated Stanford with Sullivan on the rubber. "Sully" pitched a splendid game, granting his opponents but three hits. Howe, for Stanford, also pitched fine ball, but was not accorded the support given Sullivan.

The only runs of the day were scored in the seventh inning on a bad throw by Obear, on which Jacobs and Ybarrando scored, the former getting on an error and advancing to third on the latter's scorching single. Obear after scooping in Ramage's liner, tossed away a pretty double play, and the game, by pegging wild to Gilfillan. Ybarrando and Jacobs easily scored on the play.

Summary:

	R	H	E
Santa Clara	2	4	1
Stanford	0	3	4

Basket Ball.

Santa Clara 23; Stockton All-Stars 59.
Santa Clara 46; San Jose Normal 18.
Santa Clara 43; San Jose High 20.
Santa Clara 56; San Jose Alerts 18.
Santa Clara 48; S. J. Y. M. C. A. 13.

Santa Clara 55; San Jose Normal 27.
Santa Clara 41; San Jose High 16.
Santa Clara 51; San Jose Armory 15.
Santa Clara 52; Palo Alto High 30.
Santa Clara 27; Oakland Y. M. C. A. 24
Santa Clara 23; Co. B, L. C. 27.
Santa Clara 46; San Jose Normal 24.
Santa Clara 30; Livermore Y. M. I. 8.
Santa Clara 94; San Jose Normal 8.
Santa Clara 49; College of Pacific 21.
Santa Clara 23; Oakland Y. M. C. A. 28
Santa Clara 53; Palo Alto High 10.
Santa Clara 62; Livermore Y. M. I. 2.
Santa Clara 37; College of Pacific 21.
Santa Clara 24; Wat. Y. M. C. A. 27.
Santa Clara 45; St. Mary's 26.

A glance at the above is sufficient commendation in itself to the crack Basketball five that flaunts the colors of the Red and White.

But four defeats in twenty-one games! A record any team could well be proud of!

Lack of space will not permit of an account of each game—but one thought expresses the success of the "Dutch Quintette", composed of Voight, center and captain, Momson and H. Palmtag, forwards, Melchior and C. Palmtag, guards,—and that is their excellent team-work. This has characterized their play in every contest and to this can be traced the praise well-deserved by them. For the first time in many years has the Varsity trimmed the "Mighty Tigers" in a series. It was taken as ordinary procedure to humble ourselves in this division of sport to the lads up the Alameda, but lo! the scene changes the "Flying Dutchman", and his cohorts at last bring the coveted wreath unto our own.

The first game played on our court resulted in an easy victory for the Varsity, the final count being, Santa Clara 49, College of Pacific 21.

The second contest was more hotly contested on the "Tigers" home court, the Varsity being compelled to extend themselves to land on the long end of a 37-21 score, and the championship.

Another victory of especial interest was the team's defeating of the Red and Blue on our court.

The boys played a safe game in the first half, scoring twelve points and holding their opponents to five. They loosened up in the second period and soon left the Red and Blue Basketballers trailing behind. Both teams were nervous at the start, missing many chances, but the Red and White speed-boys soon began to show their class, Captain Voight and Momson, starring. Each member of the quintette performed in winning style and once they had limbered up, it was a question of how bad the visitors would be beaten. Voight at center was the star of the day, throwing seven field goals and five fouls; Momson running him a close second with six goals, and he in turn was spurred on by H. Palmtag, who counted five. Carpenter of California, and Prof. Leland of San Jose High, officiated to the entire satisfaction of all.

The line-ups

Santa Clara—Momson, forward; Palmtag, H., forward; Voight (capt.), center; Melchior, guard; Palmtag, C., guard.

St. Mary's—Russell, French, forward; Diller, forwards; Wheaton, Chiles, center; Mallen, Sweeney, guard; Gouchuico, guard.

With all of last year's stars back for another crack at the Red and Blue and the horde of new material on hand, leads us to forecast the most successful season that Santa Clara's track enthusiasts will have seen.

Having but a few days in which to condition themselves, a three-man team was sent up to the Olympic Club meet recently held in San Francisco. Their performance on that occasion surpassed our most earnest expectations, Captain Ervin Best capturing the 75-yd. dash in 8 flat, which tied the Coast indoor record, his team-mate, Bert Hardy, pressing him close for honors. Gerhardt, the Olympic Club's crack sprinter, followed in Hardy's wake. Harry Bennison, running as pretty and heady a race as has ever been seen on the Coast, breasted the tape the winner in the 900-yd. event.

Inspired with this success, a six-man team was entered in the Y. M. C. A. meet, where Santa Clara's representatives again showed to good advantage, beng nosed out for team honors by the Olympic Club. The sensation of the evening was Cap. Best's performance. Not content with first place in the 75-yd. dash, the speed-marvel also took the honors in the 220-yd. event from a field of fast men. A surprise was sprung when "Blondy" Haskamp, Santa Clara's hope in the high-jump—outjumped his opponents, taking the event with ease.

Bennison, our crack miler, starting at scratch against 150 yds. handicap, did not place in his event. Combine this handicap with a track literally covered with aspirants, and one can imagine the gameness of Bennison at even starting.

All considered, the work of these men was excellent, and the track team that defeats this year's Red and White team will have to show a great amount of class.

An Inter-Class meet has been arranged by Captain Best to take place in the near future, the object of which will be mainly to select representatives for the big Indoor Meet to be held the latter part of February under the auspices of the San Francisco "Examiner".

Who knows but what there may be a dark horse among you, so get into the spirit fellows, and show what's in you!

—Marco S. Zarick Jr.

THE REDWOOD

APRIL, 1912

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Santa Clara University

"At a meeting of the President and Board of Santa Clara College held at Santa Clara on April 29th, a resolution was passed according to which the title of Santa Clara College is changed to SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY."

Part of formal announcement by

REV. JAMES P. MORRISSEY. S. J.,
President Santa Clara University

FOR THE CLOSED SHOP

E. ROY A. BRONSON

Rev. Fathers, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The average wage earner has made up his mind that he must remain a wage earner. He has given up the hope of a kingdom to come, where he himself will be capitalist; he therefore asks that the reward for his work be given him as a working man. Singly, he has been too weak to enforce his just demands and he has sought strength in union, and has associated himself into labor organizations. For the life of this organization he has adopted the principle of the closed shop as vital and it is against this that employers are loudly protesting. It shall be my purpose to show that this closed shop principle is of the greatest benefit to the welfare of society, while on the other hand the practice of the open shop is opposed to those interests.

I want to establish at the outset, the utter absurdity of the favorite argument of the opponents of the closed shop, and at the same time show that it is in reality the strongest point in our favor. I refer to this so-called "liberty", "the right of every man to dispose of his labor as he sees fit," the "right of every employer to employ whomsoever he will", and at his own terms. They stigmatize the closed shop as "Un-American", "a violation of human rights", and with a multitude of other high sounding phrases and unctious rhetoric, seek to dupe the populace into the belief that the closed shop movement is unconstitutional. A mere glance, however, will suffice to show the folly of their position. We are considering this question upon the merits of the respective systems and the question is not one of preconceived abstract rights, but one of expediency. We therefore take into consideration the welfare of all society as opposed to the individual. Modern thinkers lay but little stress on the inherent natural rights of the individual. Society makes right that which will accomplish the greatest good for its members as a whole, save when it contravenes the norm of morality. No man then has a right to a particular job, if by taking that job he is going to sacrifice a much larger body of men.

Now in order to ascertain the real worth of a movement it is often well to inquire into the characters of those urging it and the nature of the motives actuating them. Who is it then that is making this protest for the open shop? Is it the workingman who wants to labor for less wages? We must answer that that remarkable being has not yet put himself in evidence. If there be such a person he ought to be

made the subject of a sanity expert rather than the subject of discussion in debate. The employer alone then is solicitous of this "freedom" and "inherent rights" and for motives that are easily divined. He would get every advantage out of those big words. He proposes on the one hand to preserve to the non-union man his freedom to sell his labor as he pleases, and in the next breath proclaims that he, the employer, has the sole right to dictate what that laborer shall get for his time, skill and endurance. Or if he does not dictate, the sellers of labor must bid in open competition and upon the hardest terms. Hence those who will work the cheapest, those who are willing to accept a lower standard of living and to remain in squalor and filth, are the ones whose labor is bought; while those who are striving to win recognition, who are trying to raise their homes to the plane of decency and to uplift the conditions of the whole laboring class, those must stoop to the level of these disorganizers and sell their labor on the same scale. Liberty? The word is the shallowest pretense! Liberty perhaps for the employer to brow-beat his employees; liberty to dictate and dominate; liberty to reduce workers to a condition of abject slavery, for that is what it logically means in the end!

Now on the other hand it is perfectly clear that the closed shop is the real salvation of the entire laboring class. It is through the efforts of union labor and the closed shop that the worker finds his real true freedom and independence. It is through the closed shop that he comes to the open world. Hence we shall see that the very argument our opponents urge against us is the strongest reason why society should oppose them.

Employers, especially in the garment working, clothing, glove making, structural iron and mining industries, through a system of contractors and employment agencies, are bringing into this country, the ignorant poverty-stricken and squalor-ridden immigrants of Europe and the Orient. They are throwing them together, twenty oftentimes in a single room, turning homes into pest-houses, where they eat, sleep and work. From this attempt of employers to bring in cheap foreign competition, throughout the nation we find American families ekeing out a miserable existence 'midst filthy surroundings, starvation often staring them in the face. Child labor follows as the logical effect of these sweat-shop conditions; four or five are necessary to support a single family, and when one or two are taken ill and the income thus diminished, homes are broken up and all its sickening results quickly follow. Against these conditions the strong and consistent efforts of organized labor and the closed shop have waged a great battle and thank God, they are to great extent gone. Yet every step of the way has been stubbornly contested by organized employers who violently contended, not only their fortunes but the welfare and pros-

perity of the nation depended upon the unpaid labor of these weary and helpless slaves. When the open shop movement is backed by such criminal greed as this, can we expect to find the true ring of sincerity in it? Do their pleas for "inalienable rights" seem to contain heart-felt conviction?

That the closed shop has been effectual in bringing about this betterment is evident from the few following facts: The members of the National Print Cutters' Association of America, under the open shop policy were making $12 for a week of eighty-four hours. Since the adoption of the closed shop they are receiving $20 for a fifty-seven hour week. In the Piano, Organ and Musical Instruments International Association, under the closed shop conditions have improved, according to the secretary of that union, from ten to fifty per cent., and in the Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' Alliance, from 50 to 100 per cent. In the case of the Bituminous Coal Workers, according to the United States Industrial Commission, they obtained an increase of from 30 to 40 per cent. In the printing establishments of Iowa, the open shop demands 60 hours a week, at a wage of $12, while in the same State the closed shop asks for but 48 hours at a wage of $18. Almost without exception where the closed shop has superseded the open shop, conditions have improved from 1 to 500 per cent. In the words of Mr. Frank O'Connor before the Economic Association of America: "The closed shop makes a better article, produces better and cleaner conditions and preserves to public health more, than does the open shop."

This, after all, is what the closed shop means. It brings the real true freedom and independence that is born of a respectable condition, a better wage and a better home. And in turn this is of the greatest benefit to society; for a good government is dependent on a good working population making a fair wage. The great body of our nation is destined to be employed and we cannot afford to see them the tools in the hands of overpowering interests. The decree "Take our conditions or make way for others who will", is not the way to make responsible men upon whom society and government are dependent. The great cause of labor has the moral uplift of humanity at heart and we should give our unrestricted support to that which tends to the welfare and betterment of our nation and our state.

Let us now turn to the consideration of the employer and the business interests. By economic law the exclusion or suppression of a large class in any community is bound to react upon the restricting party.

Thus, if the employers, by means of the open shop restrict or suppress the laboring classes they are doing that which in its very nature is detrimental to themselves. By so limiting the purchasing power of the masses, they destroy the very market upon which their own prosperity depends. And again the closed shop with its minimum

wage scale guarantees to the employer that his often unscrupulous competitor is paying the same wage-rate as he is; and thus in their greatest expense account they are put upon an equal basis. This insures industrial stability and goods are not subject to that repeated rising and falling of price which renders a market totally unreliable and fosters the traffic of gambling brokers.

What of the union on the other hand? Will it not be driven to one strike after another to enforce recognition? The history of strikes in this country assures us that that is the inevitable result. Wages under the open shop ground down by fierce competition become so poor that strikes, lockouts and boycotts are absolutely necessary to the existence of the laborer, whereas under the closed shop a minimum wage is agreed to and all difficulties are settled by arbitration.

In the New York building trades in the last six years over 2000 disputes have been amicably settled without one single strike or lockout.

These then, are the blessings heaped upon society by this so-called "un-American" institution. Strikes and lockouts which are such an aggravation to society are practically nil under its application. Employers find advantages outweighing those of the open shop. Society in general is benefited by a clean, moral and intelligent working element. Industry is put upon a firm basis. Markets become reliable. The tremendous power of greedy capital is held in check. Trade agreements are made and kept and the great benefits of collective bargaining become effective.

Society, therefore, cannot ignore the just demands of the laborer. All that the race has gained, improvement of existence, the securing of comfort, happiness and civilization, has been the result of an unremittant, never-ending toil on the part of millions. Yet the reward of labor has not always been to the laborer. From the beginning some have worked, others played, some have tilled the soil, others eaten of the fruits. The closed shop is an attempt to better these conditions, it would render unto the worker the things that belong to that worker. The closed shop stands today for liberty, equality, fraternity of that vast, silent, unnumbered multitude of toilers; it stands for the liberty of the workingman to have a voice in the arrangement of his own life, it stands for equality, not of wealth, but of opportunity, it stands for brotherhood complete and absolute.

REV. JOSEPH M. NERI, S. J.

FIFTY YEARS A PRIEST OF GOD

The years, dear Father, have sped on
Since on that blessed day
Thy hands were touched with holy oils
And thou wert bid to lay
Before the throne of God most high
Our gift, our love, our all,
Our Jesus Lord and loving King
Repairer of our fall.
As farmers when the harvest's past
Look o'er the year that's run
Recall their care, recall their toil
Rejoice that all is done,
And look upon their wheat-crammed barns
With joy and just content;
So too mayst thou go o'er these years
In God's own harvest spent.
How many an infant soul hast thou
In spotless robes attired;
How many a sinful spotted heart
For God's own heart acquired.
Thy hands have countless times been raised
To free from sin a soul
Locked in the chains that held it fast
In Satan's fell control.
Thy lips have spoken words of cheer
To hearts weighed down with woe;
Thy words have fired the hearts of men
To bravely fight the foe.
Those burning words have acted oft
As beacons clear and bright
To lead those back who wandered far
For want of guide and light.
How many a blessed host hast thou
In loving hearts enthroned;
How oft while humble heads were bowed
And blessed hymns intoned,
Hast held on high our loving Lord
To bless those prayerful souls
Mid silence deep, save tinkling bells
And the organ's solemn rolls.
How many a man with aching heart
Hopeless, laden with sin
Has sought thy side with anxious soul
Far from the world's great din;
Has drunken deep thy words of cheer,
A father's words of love,
Arose forgiven, joyful glad
With praise to God above.
These are the fruits of thy blest toil,
This is the precious hoard
That thou hast gathered all these years
To offer to thy Lord.
Oh sweeter far than honey combs
Snatched from hyblaen bees
And more delicious than the scent
That steals from blossomed trees
And far more beauteous than the flower
Called Lily of the field
Is to the Sacred Heart of Christ
Dear Father, thine own yield,
And when angelic trump will bid
The earth give up its dead,
And when the books of Life are oped
And thine own name is read,
These works will be so many gems
Priceless, eternal, bright
Lustrous like new-created suns
In God's uncreated light.

"PSYCHICALLY CONSIDERED"

A GHOST STORY WITH SOME FOUNDATION

RODNEY A. YOELL

I.

It was by a fortuitous circumstance that I met Snard, not that there was anything peculiar or remarkable about him (save perhaps a predilection for long words, such as is frequently found in a college man who had been forced to close his course in the middle of a semester, and had never been able to resume it). Anyhow, whatever it was, I found myself interested in the fellow and his conversation.

"Psychically looked at," he was saying, "matter exists, not in the objective reality, but merely in the subjective radiations of the cerebral hemispheres. And accepting this hypothesis as correct, there is not a scintilla of doubt, that metempsychosis is not only tenable, but a fact that is rather obdurate in its own presentation."

"Nevertheless," I replied, pouring more wine, and helping him to another slice of spiced mutton, "you have never seen a ghost; have no true concept of what one is like, and in last analysis you cannot prove their existence. Can you?"

"True," he answered, "but one does not have to be a hippopotamus to know what such a beast is; furthermore, because one has not seen Caesar, one can not say he never existed."

"But, people have seen Caesar."

"Aye, and people have seen ghosts."

"Not you though."

"But I can introduce to you people of our society for psychical research who have. I'll tell what I'll do. Come up to my apartments Thursday evening, and I'll have there a real live man, living and existing, who not only has seen a ghost, but has felt one."

The conversation changed to other channels on the entrance of my sister. After supper and several hours of small talk, he took his departure, and left me to dream of ghosts, goblins and psychic phenomena.

II.

Snard's apartments were the cosiest and at the same time most dignifiedly comfortable, that I have ever been in. He had a large plaque of arms (not artificial) over the large fireplace, and in the latter, a coal fire burned brightly. The other end of the room was filled with books and a glance at their covers told me that Snard was a litterateur of no mean quality.

Hanging over the book case was a trinket, at least that's what Snard styled it, which was as weird and ghostly an object as one could wish to see. In short, it was nothing less than

a human head, mumified and hung in a basket of human hair.

"Quite a memento isn't it?" he queried, and then anticipating my question he replied naively that he had purchased it from a Lascar Boatswain in Singapore.

"Came from the strait settlements—the head of a woman, I believe. Reminds me of 'The Man Who Would Be King', doesn't it?"

I answered shudderingly, and was about to gaze at a few other "knic-knacks" when his servant brought in a card, and was soon followed by a tall straight personage (I mention straight, as it was particularly noticeable, in fact almost if not quite military) whose visage at once struck me as being eminently remarkable.

The forehead was high and splendidly shaped, the cheek bones were prominent and the skin sallow, such as that of a blond man who has lived years in the tropics. The lips were thin, cruel, and as an authoress would say "sardonic", while the chin was square almost to the point of deformity.

"Boiton," said Snard, "this is Mr. Herrick. I judge you have both heard sufficiently of each other not to need any further remarks."

"Herrick you already are familiar with the work of Boiton, especially with his experiments on the two newer Halogens. It would seem that such is his familiarity with matter he would fain deny ought but itself a position of existence. I have told him of ghosts, but he denies their being; having never seen one. He also challenged my ken of them, but when I told him that I knew of an individual who had not only seen but felt a ghost, he became frankly incredulous."

I noticed a queer flickering smile pass over Herrick's face at this, but he only replied that I was indeed lucky, and then we all proceeded to supper.

The meal passed along nicely enough, and its conclusion found us discussing the Weedgy-Board. The cigars were of excellent quality and the hours passed rapidly.

But I must now mention a peculiarity of Herrick's, or rather two, which I had overlooked, and which subsequently proved to be of vital importance, that is, as far as this story is concerned.

The first peculiarity was a long scarlet scar very much like a birthmark, yet sufficiently distinct from one. It ran from his ear to the inner edge of the eyebrow, and as it neared the bridge of the nose its color changed to purple. The second object of note was a patch of silver-white hair about the size of a hen's egg, over his ear.

It was on seeing my covert glance at these marks that he made the remark for which I had been eagerly waiting the entire evening.

"Speaking of ghosts," he remarked pleasantly, "these (he pointed to them; indexing his finger) are certain souvenirs that I always carry with me as a

reminder of my little adventure when I first met one, two, or maybe a million, as far as I am able to conceive."

The interest written on my countenance rendered any remark unnecessary, so, smiling slightly and showing a set of fine teeth, he commenced this tale, for the truth, falsehood or probability of which, I can but refer you to him.

"In the first place," he began, "you must know something of my character before I commence my tale or you will not understand how I came to be mixed up with the affair which ended so mysteriously. I was twenty-four; strong, bold, madly in love with a girl, who had eyes of deep, deep blue, and hair, long, silky and golden. I have learned to distrust that type since, but no matter—anyhow we broke, I believe that the proper term now in use, and the result was that my heart, which was so full of love, or what I thought was love, became empty, void and aching.

"Possessing some means I did not have any set occupation to engage my mind, so I indulged in what I then called a hobby—spiritualism. But an old Dutch piano tuner one evening moved a heavy mahogany sideboard by only laying his hands upon it, so the "hobby" was replaced by a burning irritant desire to know if there really was a ghost.

"About this time a relative of mine died in the East, and as a matter of respect I attended his funeral. The city, or rather large town, was a place of some historic interest, so I decided to remain in the vicinity and brouse over a few battlefields that lay in the adjacent country.

"But one day my attention was attracted by an article in one of the morning papers, there being three. The town boasted a population of some hundred thousand. It seemed that in a house situated in the better residence portion of the city, a husband had suddenly become violently insane. This was in the neighborhood of eleven o'clock at night, and had cut the throat of his wife from ear to ear.

"The peculiar thing of the entire horrible episode was that it was the **third** atrocity that the house had harbored. Although a very beautiful residence it was reputed to be haunted, and consequently rented for a mere song, or pittance, of what it was really worth. Naturally, after the last affair the place was vacated, and I frankly confess it was with a feeling of positive pleasure that the idea of staying there over night, took possession of me.

"The next day I accordingly sought out the agent, and he not only gave me the keys to the building and every room in it, but told me that he would present me with a thousand dollars if I could solve the mystery. I, on my part, asked for nothing, save that I should not be held responsible for any damage done therein. To this he readily assented, and it was just as the declining sun reddened the roofs of the city in the west, that I turned down Fairfax street and entered No. 898.

"The doors were of heavy French decorated plate, and after entering these I lit my lantern—it was in the days just prior to the perfection of the electric light—and gazed about me, at a hall, roomy, spacious and elegant. I ascended the winding stairs, with my hand on the railing, to the third floor, and then walked to the front of the house, and into the room on my right.

"It was in this apartment that the murder had been commited and it was with a queer, dull little pain in my stomach that I noticed dimly the great quantity of blood on the white plaster. I set the lantern in the middle of the floor, took my revolver, and suddenly flung open the closet door—it was empty. I next tried the lock on the hall door. It worked perfectly and I permitted it to remain closed. I next looked to a cot which had been placed in the corner of the room that afternoon at my request, and after trying all the windows and again looking into the closet, I slipped off my shoes, lay down on my couch, and awaited developments.

"I remember perfectly feeling drowsy and looking at my watch, it was 9:30 exactly. I began to grow extremely sleepy and had in fact almost dozed off, when I was suddenly plunged into the most extreme state of consciousness. Yes, unquestionably there was something, or at least a creaking, squeeking sound in the hall. I seized my revolver, placed my lantern again in the center of the floor, and rushed to the door, unlocked it, and flung it wide. There was nothing, but suddenly my lantern went out behind. I groped blindly for it, found the thing and relit it. Nothing was amiss whatsoever, therefore I concluded that by my flinging the door wide open I had caused a draught which had extinguished the flame.

"Again I lay on my couch, after, however, pretending to lock the door, having rattled the key loudly. Perhaps half an hour passed in futile waiting, and suddenly, as before, the creaking, squeaking, resonant sound, came from out the hallway. This time I left the lantern near the head of my couch, and tip-toed as lightly as possible over to the door—the noise all this time continuing—and opened it swiftly, but steadily. Immediately the sound ceased, and—then—out went the light behind me. I was positive I had not created a draught, so now thoroughly alarmed, I felt blindly in the dark for the lamp, and only succeeded in finding it by stumbling on the thing and kicking out the glass chimney. which made a nasty rattle as it shivered into a thousand bits.

"I succeeded in striking a light, but the flame jumped, flickered and smoked badly, having no chimney. This time I placed it almost in the doorway which I left open, and where it would cast a light—poor though it was—some half way down the hall.

"Again I sat on the bed and awaited developments, this time fully expecting the light to be extinguished. But though the hours passed and it was

now well after midnight, as I was informed by the tolling of what seemed a thousand mournful bells, nothing as yet happened, save perchance that to my staring vision, the flame seemed to burn brighter. How long I sat this way I have no exact knowledge, but instantaneously I was given a horrible shock and thrills sent shivering up and down my spine, by a terrified, agonizing shriek and moan that came almost from within the radius of the light cast half down the hall.

"I darted up, tore to the door and vainly endeavored to open it, for it had shut with a crash, but, although I exerted all my entire strength, I could do no more than budge the thing, when it would be torn rudely back, to its sash. Then behind me I heard a moan, but on whirling I could see nothing. The closet door flew open and I thought I heard a voice cry out in agony. My hair rose in terror at this, and my agony of fear increased as the hall door, slowly, slowly, very gently opened, and now I felt, but could not see a presence at the end of the hall.

" 'Hold,' I cried in a loud voice and then hearing a battering, smashing rumble approach me, I fired blindly three times and fled back wildly banging and locking the door after me.

"To say that I was terrified would be incorrect, but if one said that I was alive with horror, that would perhaps express it, nearly correct. I reloaded my revolver and had just finished when, with a flare, my light went out, and through the darkness I heard the door quiver, crack, crash and give. A window pane behind me splintered and fell clattering to the street below. My cot pounded violently against the wall. The fumes and smell of the banging revolver which I fired repeatedly filled the room And then, creepingly, crawling, a something indefinably clammy and cold, touched my cheek and temple. I was thrown to the floor. I staggered, fell and rose again, and tore blindly, madly through the door into the hall and started down the stairs.

"I fired my revolver wildly again, then tripped chaotically on the stairs—fell—a light burst in my brains—a thousand stars blared forth;—I knew no more.

"The neighbors picked me up on the street below, unconscious, bleeding from the ears, nose and mouth. They had been awakened by the crash of glass, the French plate doors being splintered, and by the sight of flames.

"I was removed at once to the hospital, and was told on gaining consciousness that the building I had left was burning furiously. It was totally consumed, but in its walls I met a something—an experience for which I would not go through again for a million dollars.

"It may not have been a spirit, it may not have been a ghost, it might have been possible to explain the phenomena by purely material laws; but until this is done, and since it never has been done, I prefer to consider that laws or no laws, it was a ghost."

* * * * *

There was silence in the room for a few moments, the fire in the grate, flickering unsteadily and lighting up intermittently his handsome face. At length I broke the silence.

"Quite a remarkable experience truly, and indeed I have no explanation to offer for the episode. I confess frankly that I am thoroughly nonplussed, and all I can add that is from your standpoint, psychically considered there are ghosts."

FOR THE OPEN SHOP

HARRY McGOWAN

Mr. Chairman, Honorable Judges, Reverend Fathers, Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It will be conceded by all here this evening that whatever retards progress in a community is not beneficial to the people and should therefore be frowned-down-upon, or to express it conversely, that that which naturally increases development is for their betterment and should be encouraged. While no doubt the principle is admitted even by our worthy adversaries, there is in its practical application not unfrequently room for differences of opinion. Such is the state of affairs with regard to the question at issue, the gentlemen on the affirmative maintaining that the closed shop is to the best interests of the people, while we of the negative assert the contrary. My honorable colleagues, the first and second negatives, have already explained to you our stand and have also, I am sure, notwithstanding the well-worded and ably delivered addresses of the Senators who have already spoken, clearly proven by a recital of cold facts rather than by any eloquent appeal, that the closed shop is not to the best interests of two very important parts of the people, the individual worker and the employer.

My efforts then will be directed to proving that as applied to the great mass of purchasers, the closed shop is not as beneficial. With this end in view I have divided my debate into three parts, suggested by the various ways in which the closed shop affects the public: (1) by the high prices on articles and the advance in the cost of living caused by them; (2) by the restriction of output; and (3) by the inferior product coming therefrom.

First then, ladies and gentlemen, I maintain that the closed shop creates an increase in prices and consequently in the cost of living, and in turn I will prove the converse of the proposition with respect to the open shop.

Both reason and our own sad experience exhibit this. In the first place an increase in prices is the obvious result of the closed-shop methods. An employer, by force or voluntarily, makes his establishment a closed shop, that is, he employs only union men with strictly union wages. Now it is a fact too generally known and admitted to need demonstration that the pay-roll of a closed shop will be larger than that of an open shop empoying an equal number of workmen; and accordingly the pay-roll of our friend, after he has made the change, will be much higher than the scale obtaining before. Immediately then, to prevent a deep loss, he must increase the price and value of all articles

turned out or sold in his place of business so that now the vast horde of purchasers is compelled to pay the difference and in the last analysis the cost of living is increased.

Suppose a man rents a house for $25 a month, costing under open shop conditions $3000, if the same house, under closed shop conditions cost $6000 to construct, he certainly would not rent it at $25. Now I do not wish to be understood as asserting by this hypothetical case that a closed shop doubles the price of all articles turned out by it; I merely wish to argue that common sense dictates that if there is an increase in the cost price of any article there will be a corresponding increase in its selling price and this being so and it being self evident, as I said before, that a closed shop pay-roll will be larger than an open shop pay-roll, other things being equal, it once more follows that as a result of the closed shop the cost of living is increased.

Again, if the cost of labor to the farmer is arbitrarily advanced by a labor trust, say even ten per cent, cabbages and potatoes would quickly cost the buyer more. Then if when the farmer comes to town to trade he must pay closed shop prices for what he buys, he finds that his dollar doesn't go as far as it did under the open shop system of production, and he certainly must therefore get higher values for his own products than the mere difference in the cost to him of raising and harvesting them. He certainly must, I say, and the public pays the bill.

We, of course, find a partial offset to this in the fact that high wages are paid to the few men having the monopoly, thus increasing their purchasing power and creating to some extent a market for goods at the higher prices. But this is no gain at all for the simple reason that the number of men receiving the better wages is so small in comparison with the great buying public that their salaries can have very little appreciable influence in generating a common market. The final result then, ladies and gentlemen, is that the general public pays abnormal and uneconomic prices for many products with no corresponding element of benefit. Where is the good obtained?

What reason dictates to be the more advantageous system, experience daily proves. The high cost of living is today the rampant American cry. Everywhere in all our large union-ridden cities, in the great rendezvous of the closed shop adherents, existence is becoming well-nigh impossible. The moderately rich can hardly live up to the conditions and the poor are being forced out. Take but one example and that from our very doors.

San Francisco, our own fair metropolis, is recognized the world over as a dead-locked-closed-shop victim, as one of the union-terrorized cities—and everyone knows what a physical impracticability it is becoming to live there. The pride of California can no longer boast of the opportunities she

once offered the poor for their betterment. Closed shop methods have done away with such opportunities; the cost of living has gone far beyond the reach of the ordinary artisan, nay even beyond that of the vast majority,—beyond that of all the purchasers except the few granted the wage increase. Aye, here's the enigma! This is all very well for the 10 per cent of organized labor, but what of the 90 per cent of unorganized labor and the rest of the general public, the people, the purchasers! Is this beneficial to them? Where do they come off? The eminent economist, William Gerstle declares:

"The reason I have given my time, efforts and thoughts to the open shop is because I am convinced that it is just and fair and necessary for the prosperity and best interests of the city. I feel that until the open shop is established San Francisco will not advance and occupy the position to which its natural and geographical advantages entitles it."

But while the closed-shop methods are proving disastrous to the great city of St. Francis, what is happening where the open-shop system prevails? Ladies and gentlemen, just the contrary. To see the triumph of this principle over the closed shop we need but go a few hundred miles south and what do we find? Los Angeles, the battle-ground of the open shop,—a battle-ground too, as all the world knows, which has seen an overwhelming victory for it,—is booming wondrously and flourishing in its low cost of living and its freedom from high prices. She is fast forging ahead of San Francisco, gripped as it is in the embrace of the prosperity-killing closed shop. Ladies and gentlemen, does not the wonderful activity prevalent in the southern city undeniably proclaim the success of the open shop? Hither,—to this haven of the open shop, the population of the East is flocking. Recently five enormous factories established themselves in the southern metropolis, while but six months ago certain purchasers in San Francisco gave all their orders to an open shop iron works in Los Angeles, merely because of the lower prices. While progress near the Golden Gate is at a standstill, thousands are settling in the rapidly rising city of the Angels. The victory in Los Angeles was dearly won, but for the lesson she gives she claims the undying gratitude of every American citizen, and what Los Angeles has done will yet be done in all American cities for the emancipation of the individual laboring man, the employer and the mass of the public, the purchasers. Onward they will march to that better civilization toward which Los Angeles is proudly pointing the way!

The closed shop,—where is its low values? Where is it not detrimental to the purchaser? Where is it of good to him? Where is its advantage? Where is it as beneficial to the people as the open shop? These two concrete cases of open shop progress and closed shop declivity,—of low cost of living

and an impossible scale of high prices, more than amply demonstrate my point that on account of the high prices on articles and the advance in the cost of living caused by the closed shop it is not to the best interests of the great mass of purchasers.

To pass on now to the second part of my debate I contend, ladies and gentlemen, that the closed shop is disadvantageous and therefore not to the best interests of the purchaser, because it restricts output, interrupts industry and thereby retards commercial progress. To demonstrate this it will suffice to recall to your minds but a few well-known facts.

Everyone remembers, how the printers union during their strike in 1905 asked in their closed shop petition for a decrease in the output of the papers. The audacity, the criminality of this demand is patent. It is a demand which calls for a direct partial cessation of a vital—most publicly vital—industry, and which, on its very face, is so serious an obstacle to modern advancement that any reflecting American can perceive the absolute public suicide of this measure which is but one of countless similar proofs of my point!

In a certain factory of the Middle West the closed shop employees therein insisted upon the management of the corporation abandoning the use of all machinery—insisted namely that all work should be done by hand. Why, Mr. Chairman, the granting of such a request tending to stifle all industrial produce would be like compelling a shoemaker to manufacture his thousands of formerly machine-made shoes by hand and is nothing short of commercial murder!

Restriction of output certainly follows from the closed shop platform! Bricklayers in a closed shop lay from 800 to 1000 brick per day, while in an open shop, without overwork and with good pay, they lay 3000 and more brick; —think of it, two-thirds more! The carpenter before he had his closed shop monopoly would hang ten doors in a day, now he hangs four!

The closed shop man, dictated to by the unions, must be kept down in his output less he set too fast a pace for his less skilled fellow who, were the comparison too much to his discredit, might lose his place. Why, ladies and gentlemen, held down by such a system where are we going to get conscientious labor, and where are we going to get that output which every employer has a right to expect from his employee, namely—the best he can give?

Add to this, Mr. Chairman, that to a certain extent the very number of men to be employed has limitations, according to union laws. And who will deny that hereby we have restriction of product? Under the union system boys, apprentices, ambitious and promising, may not freely be employed—as the maximum of labor in the closed shop must be one apprentice to every ten journeymen! I say nothing here of the rank injustice done these unfortunate boys who are thus forced to re-

main out of work; what concerns my point is; that however efficient, skillful or honest they may be, they are pushed out and this enormous means of supply and output to the waiting purchasing world is thus irretrievably impaired and restricted—al this, that the tyranny of the unions may be increased to a monopoly!

Ponder the significance of this insanely criminal policy of increasing wages at one end and limiting and restricting output at the other, to serve the interests of a trades union minority. The proposition is fundamentally wrong from an economic standpoint because it throttles initiative and destroys ambition to surpass in skill and productivity, thereby barricading the road to progress and development. I submit my proofs—the closed shop is to the best interests of the unionist, but to the injury of all other classes of society—to the injury, ergo, of the purchasers!

Ladies and gentlemen, my third contention now follows logically. An inferiority of articles produced, as is easily seen, emanates from the use of the methods just related! A high-class article, Mr. Chairman, cannot be turned out in a closed shop when the men who make it are selected not for efficiency, skill or honesty from the numbers of the vast hard workingmen, but for their unionism, be they masters or novices, from the closed shop few.

Gentlemen, in Union there is strength, but in this case of what kind? Is there efficiency? Is there skill? No!—There is proof of my contention—damage to purchasers!

In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, allow me to summarize:

We of the negative submit that we have clearly demonstrated that the closed shop is not as beneficial as the open shop to the people. In the first place we have shown you that it is to the worst interests of the individual worker, that practically and scientifically his personality is swamped by the closed shop system. With the open shop he can work, profit, exist; with the closed shop he cannot earn, he cannot fight, he cannot live! On the one hand you have a freedom of occupation, of mind, of body; on the other, slavery in efficiency, in thought and in act. The theory advocated by the affirmative, if followed out, is beneficial to the interests of hardly two million workmen, if indeed it can be said to benefit even these, but what of the worker in unorganized labor, and there are twenty millions of them, what becomes of him?

My second colleague has proven that by the closed shop the employer is held beneath an oppressing yoke which deprives him of that indispensable industrial freedom and profit, which is the basis of the natural laws of supply and demand, of "the cheaper the cost, the greater the consumption" —laws which are criminally disregarded when the open shop opponents have their way, and

Thirdly I have endeavored to convince you that the purchaser is unde-

niably wronged by the closed shop and benefited by the open. The closed shop! High prices, restricted products, inferior articles are its condemning epithets, shouted aloud by the purchaser.

These three classes, the worker, the employer and the purchaser, all the people, are striving to pluck out this thorn in the side of modern civilization, while a tyrannical few are fighting to retain it.

The open and the closed!

Let our country, we say, show that she realizes that our institution is the good of the many, as opposed to the gain of the few! Let our Americans arise and proclaim, as only they can, that "the wages of tyranny is death!"

THE MIRACLE OF THE CRUCIFIX

The sunset red had glorified the hills,
And flooded all the sky; and Radiance
Both tremulous and deep, sat brooding still,
As bird doth brood within the well-filled nest,
Ere yet she cooes the drowsy ones to sleep.
So sweet the hour and glowing fair without,
It seemed the dimmer far to enter then
Beneath the chapel's arch. But brighter yet
Than life itself—and fairer far to one
Did seem that heaven within those low-arched walls
Than all the bright and radiant earth without.

A sad-faced priest—so deeply sad, it seemed,
All mirth had passed forever from that face,
And left no trace if ever it had touched
A simple line thereon—straightway slow moves,
Nor pauses he until before a shrine
He stands; then slowly falls and bows his head,
Until his very lips have touched the ground.
Dost ask, what shrine? Ah! could thou see but once
That sacred shrine, thou wouldst not wonder then
That weary souls, aweary of the world,
Should lowly bend them there in humble prayer
Before the awful image of their Savior dead.

A Cross—Christ's form thereon, but oh! so real,
So life-like in its pain,—that death alone
Could take away the thought of all the woe—
The agony depicted in that form.
Life-sized the Savior hangs, suspended there,
From bloody, wounded hands, and nailed thereto,
With bloody, streaming feet; the side all red
With the gory tide. The body, bare and spent,
All wasted.—But the knees—ah! cruel stones
Of Calvary's distant road! to pierce and bruise
Those tender limbs unto the bone—and leave
Empurpled—black, and dyed in royal woe.—
But oh! the Face! the Face of the Divine Christ!
Ah! come and look and clasp thy hands and weep—
That men so cruel were, so wicked are!
Then pity from thy soul, that Mother fair,

Who bore that Form, and loved that face so well.—
The thorns so deep have pierced the tender brows;
The glazed eyes are dim, half closed in pain,
While on that cheek, so pale and drawn —one bruise—
One livid mark, so deep, seems worse than all.
Is it the cruel mark of that rude blow
Which some doomed soul did strike, which thus fore'er
Presents the vast insult? Ah! well might Peter weep,
Who knew for whom the blow was struck, and well
Might we, who oft have wounded Him full sore.

Still down upon his knees, and moaning low,
With sweet uplifted face, and streaming eyes,
The sad-faced priest looks on that well-loved Face,
All bruised for us in agony and woe,—
And moans and sighs the night away in prayer,
In sweet communion with his Jesus there.
Each night had he in sweetest pity come
To look on his sad, patient Savior there,
Each night did find it yet more hard to leave;
Until tonight, it seemed he could not go,
And leave his Jesus thus, in pain and woe.

And so, in tears and prayers, he spent the night,
Looking on that bruised face, and tortured Form
Until his soul did seem to faint with grief,
And he could bear no more. Exhausted, spent,
Upward he gazed, and naught could do but gaze.
When from that Head, bowed low, came forth a sound.
The lips all drawn before with pain—had ope'd—
And from their sadness, soft and soothing fell,
The garnered sweetness on the faltering heart,
As manna on the famished lips.—Entranced,
He listened till his being seemed to fade,—
And only his sad, chastened spirit stayed to hear.
They came for him, when morning's Light had bared
The secrets of the night unto the Day,
And found him there at his own trysting place!
But when they would advance—perforce they stood—
For lo! a soft, low sound like far off bells,
And sweeter far than sweetest lute did fill
The air with joy, their souls with ecstasy!
They knelt in awe, nor scarcely dared to breathe
Until the notes had ceased, and earth again was woe.

Then in the hush that followed—solemn, deep—
When earth did seem all tremulous as yet,
Vibrating to the core with touch of heaven,—
They slowly forward came. But when they stood,
Beneath the Cross, and looked upon the Christ,
Each noted then the parted lips—before
So tightly drawn, as if to still despair,
But now soft set, as if to deal out hope.
But when they would have raised that prostrate form
Beneath the Cross, and ask how this had been,
The priest did sweetly smile, and upward look
Upon that Face above,—which seemed to beam
On him—then sweetly, softly sighing, died.

CHRONICLE OF THE MISSIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND CALIFORNIA AND THE PROVINCE OF CALIFORNIA

I.—PRELIMINARY EXPEDITIONS

The apostolic labors of the Society of Jesus among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains began with the first expedition of Father Peter John De Smet, from St. Louis, Missouri, in 1840. It was undertaken in answer to repeated calls for Catholic missionaries by embassies, mainly from the Flathead tribe, whose camp was in the Bitter Root Valley in the present State of Montana. In his erudite work, "Indian and White in the Northwest," Father Lawrence B. Palladino, whose long residence of nearly half a century among the Indians of the Rockies, combined with his deep historical researches among them, give great weight to his views, records four such embassies: The first in 1831, the second in 1835, the third in 1837, and the fourth and last in 1839.

Father De Smet's first expdition was in answer to that of 1839. Of these four embassies that of 1837 never reached its destination but perished on the way at the hands of hostile Sioux; moreover, it may not have been an entirely authorized tribal embassy but a private undertaking of some braves on their own initiation and responsibility, since the Flathead chief, "Big Face," did not allude to it in his address to Father De Smet, quoted by this father in a letter to his friend Father Barbelin (Palladino, "Ind. & Wh. in the Northwest," Ch. V., p. 25). Still, Big Face may have omitted to mention it merely because the expedition came to naught.

The main facts connected with those different embassies are embodied in two historic letters of Bishop Joseph Rosati, of St. Louis, to whom the last and successful embassy addressed itself. Both letters are cited by Father Palladino (Ch. II, p. 11, and Ch. IV, p. 21.). They are addressed, respectively, to the Editor of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith in France, and to the Father General of the Society of Jesus at Rome.

The statement in the second letter, that "Old Ignace" met his death at the hands of the infidel Sioux on his journey homeward from St. Louis after the second embassy, that of 1835, must be modified, according to Father Palladino, by the more reliable tradition, that his death and that of his whole party occurred on the way to St. Louis during the third embassy, that of 1837, which never reached its destination. (Ind. and Wh. Ch. IV, p. 20.).

In the former letter dated December 31, 1831, Bishop Rosati writes as

follows: "Some three months ago four Indians, who live across the Rocky Mountains near the Columbia River (Clarke's Fork of the Columbia), arrived at St. Louis. After visiting General Clarke, who in his celebrated travels visited their nation and was well treated by them, they came to see our church and appeared to be exceedingly well pleased with it. Unfortunately, there was no one who understood their language. Some time afterwards two of them fell dangerously ill. I was then absent from St. Louis. Two of our priests visited them and the poor Indians seemed delighted with the visit. They made signs of the cross and other signs which appeared to have some relation to baptism. The sacrament was administered to them; they gave expression of satisfaction. A little cross was presented to them. They took it with eagerness, kissed it repeatedly and it could be taken from them only after death.

"It was truly distressing that they could not be spoken to. Their remains were carried to the church and their funeral was conducted with all the Catholic ceremonies. The other two (the survivors of the party of four) attended and acted very becomingly. We have since learned from a Canadian, who has crossed the country which they inhabit, that they belong to the nation of the Flatheads, who, as also another called the Blackfeet, had received some notions of the Catholic religion from two Indians who had been to Canada and related what they had seen, giving a striking description of the beautiful ceremonies of the Catholic worship and telling them that it was also the religion of the whites.

"They have retained what they could of it, and they have learned to make the sign of the cross and to pray. These nations have not yet been corrupted by intercourse with others. Their manners and customs are simple and they are very numerous. Mr. Condamine has offered himself to go to them next spring with another. In the meantime, we shall obtain some further information of what we have been told and of the means of travel"—. In reproducing the above letter, Father Palladino informs his readers that the clergyman mentioned therein was Rev. Matthew Condamine, one of Bishop Rosati's resident priests at the cathedral.

"In 1833," says Father O'Hara (Ch. VII, p. 62 and seq.)' "the second Provincial Council petitioned that the Indian Missions of the United States be confided to the care of the Society of Jesus. In July of the following year, 1834, the Holy See acceeded to the request. Hence, when the deputation of Indians visited St. Louis in 1839, and obtained from Bishop Rosati the promise of missionaries, it was to the Jesuit Fathers that the Bishop turned for volunteers."

Father Palladino also alludes to the above action of the Provincial Council in these words: "In 1835 (1833-4), the Bishops of the United States being assembled in the first (second) Plen-

ary Council of Baltimore, had confided the Indians to the Society of Jesus, and Father De Smet, one year after his return to America (1837-8), had been sent to open a mission among the Pottawotomies in Kansas. He was preparing to extend his missionary work farther west when our two Iroquois arrived in St. Louis to plead anew and to press the claim of their brethren of the mountains." (Ind. and Wh., Ch. V, p. 24).

On their way to St. Louis in 1839 the Iroquois deputation paused at Council Bluffs, in the present State of Iowa, and paid a visit of courtesy to Father De Smet, then among the Pottawotomies, at St. Joseph's Mission. He speaks of them in the following laudatory terms: "I have never seen any savages so fervent in religion. By their instruction and example they have given all that nation (the Flatheads) a great desire to have themselves baptized. All that tribe (of the Flatheads) strictly observe Sunday and assemble several times a week to pray and sing canticles. The sole object of these good Iroquois was to obtain a priest to come and finish what they had happily begun. We gave them letters of recommendation for our Reverend Father Superior at St. Louis." (Father O'Hara, Ibid.).

The Father Superior at St. Louis was Father Peter Verhaegen. He was General Superior of the Mission of Missouri (1839-40), and became Vice-Provincial in 1841, when the Mission was made a Vice-Province of the Society of Jesus. In the preliminary historical notes to the "Third Plenary Council of Baltimore," the words of Father O'Hara and Father Palladino are thus substantially confirmed: "Among the notable decree (of the second Provincial Council of Baltimore) passed and approved at Rome are two, placing the Indian and Negro Missions under the special charge of the Society of Jesus..... The second Provincial Council adjourned October 27, 1833."

The following letter of Bishop Rosati to Father General Roothaan was the expression of this decree of the second Provincial Council:

"Reverend Father: Eight or nine years ago (1831), some of the Flathead nation came to St. Louis. The object of their journey was to ascertain if the religion spoken of with so much praise by the Iroquois warriors was, in reality, such as represented; and, above all, if the nations that have white skin had adopted and practised it.

"Soon after their arrival in St. Louis they fell sick (two of them), called for a priest and earnestly asked to be baptized. Their request was promptly granted and they received the holy baptism with great devotion. Then, holding the crucifix, they covered it with affectionate kisses and expired.

"Some years after (1835) the Flathead nation sent again one of the Iroquois nation to St. Louis ("Old Ignace"). Thither he came with two of his children, who were instructed and baptized by the fathers of the college

(the present University of St. Louis, of the Jesuit Fathers). He asked missionaries for his countrymen and started with the hope that one day the desire of the nation would be accomplished, but on his journey he was killed by the infidel Indians of the Sioux nation.

"At last a third expedition arrived at St. Louis, after a journey of three months. It was composed of two Christian Iroquois. (Father Palladino inserts the traditional names of these two envoys, Pierre Gaucher, or Left-Handed Peter, and Young, or Little Ignace.) These Indians, who talk French, have edified us by their truly exemplary conduct and interested us by their discourses. The fathers of the college have heard their confessions and today they approached the Holy Table at High Mass in the cathedral church. Afterwards I administered to them the Sacrament of Confirmation, and, in an address delivered after the ceremony, I rejoiced with them at their happiness and gave them the hope soon to have a priest.

"They will depart tomorrow. One of them will carry the good news promptly to the Flatheads, the other will spend the winter at the mouth of Bear River, and, in the spring, will continue his journey with the missionary whom we will send them. Of the twenty-four Iroquois who formerly emigrated from Canada, only four are still living. Not only have they planted the faith in those wild countries, but they have besides defended it against the encroachments of the Protestant ministers. When these pretended missionaries presented themselves among them, our good Catholics refused to accept them. 'These are not the priests about whom we have spoken to you,' they would say to the Flatheads; 'these are not the long black-robed priests who have no wives, who say Mass, who carry the crucifix with them!' For the love of God, my Very Reverend Father, do not abandon those souls."

In the first letter the Indians who spread the knowledge of the Catholic religion among the Rocky Mountains are spoken of as "two who had been to Canada and who had related what they had seen of the beauty of the Catholic worship;" while, according to the letter to Father Roothan, those who "planted the faith in those wild countries" were "the twenty-four Iroquois who formerly emigrated from Canada." This seems to be the concurrent testimony—not necessarily as to the precise number, twenty-four, but as to the fact that these "Apostles" were of the Iroquois nation. The best authorities agree on that point. They are Fathers Blanchet and De Smet, the two standard, as well as earliest Catholic chroniclers, Fathers Palladino and O'Hara, Bonneville, Irving, and Wyeth's "Journal," accredited by its publication on the part of the Oregon Historical Society. (Pioneer Cath. Hist. of Oregon.—Note to Par.

2 of Ch. VII, p. 69. See also the sequel of the "Note:" "Father Palladino says," etc.)

The authority of Father Blanchet in particular is very precise. In Sketch XIX, Historical Sketches of the Catholic Church in Oregon, he says: "Father Peter John De Smet was selected as the apostle to carry the cross to the Flathead nation .....

"The causes which led to the presence of Jesuit missionaries among the such historical interest that we give them: A large number of Canadian and Iroquois were employed by the companies trading among the Indians of the Pacific Coast, as well as by the various expeditions by sea and by land. That of Captain Hunt, which started in 1811, had great hardships to endure and loss of men to suffer by desertion in 1812."

Twenty-four Iroquois of that expedition joined the Flathead nation. They soon married and had families. And, as the Canadians were the first apostles among the Indians of the Pacific Coast, so also were the twenty-four Iroquois among the Flatheads, "speaking to them of their religion, churches, priests and festivals."

Not a whit the less precise than Father Blanchet's is the authority of the Pioneer himself. Father De Smet, in fact, is thus quoted by Father O'Hara (Ch. VII, p. 62.): "On the 18th of last September (1839) two Catholic Iroquois came to visit us," (at St. Joseph's Mission, Mo., in the vicinity of Council Bluffs.) "They have been for twenty-three years among the nations called the Flatheads and the Pierced Noses (Nez Perces) about a thousand Flemish leagues from where we are." Father De Smet was then in Missouri.

It is not a mere chronological coincidence that both factors in the planting of the faith among the tribes of the North Pacific seaboard and the interior Rockies were of Canadian origin; it is rather a natural sequence in the history of the church. "When the renowned Jesuit missionary and subsequet martyr to the faith, Father Isaac Joques," says Father Blanchet, "first planted the seeds of faith among the Iroquois Indians on the banks of the Mohawk in 1642, he little thought the grain of mustard seed there sown would eventually grow up into a great tree whose branches would reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific." (Hist. Sketches, Sketch I, "The First Catholics of Oregon.)

What the planting of that "grain of mustard seed" was may be gathered from the following extract (Catholic Encyclopaedia, Vol. III, "Canada"): "On the arrival of the Recollects (1615), Father d'Olbeau began his labors among the Montagnais (Mountaineer tribes) of the River Laguenay, and Father LeCason, ascending the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, carried the faith into the heart of the Huron country, while two of their companions remained at Quebec to look after the colonists and the neighboring Indians. For ten years they made re-

peated journeys, opened schools for the young Indians, summoned recruits from France, among them Friar Viel, who was hurled into the Ottawa by an apostate Indian and drowned, and Friar Sagard, the first to publish a history of Canada. Feeling themselves unable to carry on unaided a work of such importance, the Recollects sought the assistance of the Jesuits, whereupon Fathers Brebeuf, Charles Lallemant, and several others went to Canada (1625)."

Indians of the Rocky Mountains are of

In the same article the Catholic Encyclopedia mentions the chief Canadian missionaries of the Society of Jesus, Fathers Daniel, Brebeuf, Lallement, (G. and C.) Garnier, Chabonet, Isaac Joques, etc. It also alludes to a matter of historic interest,—that the tribes of Canada were divided into two distinct stocks, the Algonquins and the Huron-Iroquois. This statement fully reconciles Father Mengarini's opinion with the view of the above-mentioned authorities. In his "Memoirs," the authority of which is not to be underrated on account of the author's residence of a decade and more, 1841-1855, in the Oregon territory, most of that time among the Flatheads, whose language he learned to perfection, and with whose history and traditions he became familiar, Father Mengarini says:

"Peter, the Grand Chief of the Flatheads (1840), had heard of our religion from some Hurons, improperly called Iroquois in histories relating to the Rocky Mountains."..... And again, "The Huron, or Iroquois as we shall call them, conforming ourselves to received custom, had come from Canada."

Two more records may be added to exhaust the general topic of the Flathead embassies and their pivotal character in Rocky Mountain mission history. "Although," says Father Palladino (Ind. and Wh., Ch. III, p. 13 and seq.) "their first expedition to St. Louis (1831) had failed of success in its immediate object, it was by no means an entire failure for it brought the cause of the Flatheads to the notice of the Christian world and aroused much interest and sympathy in their behalf.....

"In fact, scarcely two years after the departure of the two survivors of the expedition, both the Methodists and the Presbyterians strove to profit by the movement that had now set up in favor of the Flatheads; and, giving a Protestant turn and meaning, made several attempts to establish missions of their own among these Indians. But their endeavors only brought forth and proved in a striking manner the true spirit of the Flatheads, who, while they were determined to have missionaries at any cost, showed themselves equally determined to have no others but Catholic priests.

"This was made clear in 1834, when Rev. Jason Lee, of Stanstead, Canada, and his nephew, Rev. Daniel Lee, with three laymen, were sent to found a mission among the Flatheads under the auspices of the American Methodist

Episcopal Church. These gentlemen reached their destination, but, instead of remaining among the Flatheads, proceeded to Oregon, and went to establish their mission in the midst of the Canadian colony of the Willamette. Whence this departure from the original plan and explicit purpose of their missionary expedition?

"One of the reasons given by the historians of that mission is of interest and worth recording. 'It was shown,' say they, 'that the supposed claim of the Flatheads on the first missionary efforts made in the country were unfounded.'"

"This statement," continues Father Palladino, "translated into plain English, indicates clearly enough that the Rev. J. Lee and companions, on reaching the Flathead country, found out their services were not desired and that it was Catholic priests the Indians wanted and had sent for, not Protestant preachers. And this was exactly the plain truth."

With this fairly complete and detailed statement of the Flathead embassies, the narrative may pursue its course, as follows:

Father De Smet set out from St. Louis in the spring of 1840, the exact date, April 5. At Westport, near Kansas City, Mo., he joined the annual expedition of the American Fur Company, and, with a party of about thirty, started for Green River in the present State of Wyoming, at that time the common redezvous of westward travel. On June 30, eighty-six days out from St. Louis, Father De Smet and party reached Green River, where, says Father Palladino, "to his great surprise and delight, the missionary met the Flathead warriors, who had arrived some time before and were awaiting him. Here, on the following Sunday, July 5, Father De Smet celebrated mass before a motley, yet most respectful, crowd of Indians, whites, fur-traders, hunters and trappers. The altar was erected on a little elevation on the prairie and decorated with boughs and garlands of wild flowers. The temple was the most magnificent, of God's own making, having for its vault the azure sky and for space and floor the vast, boundless expanse of the wilderness. The spot was afterwards known and pointed out by the Indians as "the Prairie of the Mass."

After bidding farewell to his traveling companions of the plains, Father De Smet started northward the next day, July 6, towards the headwaters of the Snake River under the guidance of his Indian escort. Eight days' journey through mountain defiles brought the party to the main body of the Flathead Indians, who had come eight hundred miles to meet and welcome the "Black Robe" and were encamped in Pierre Hole valley. Even before starting from their main camp these Flatheads had been joined by other neighboring and friendly Indians, and detached bands of these same tribes.

Nez-Perces, Pend d'Oreilles and Kalispels met them on the way, so that the camp at Pierre Hole Valley num-

bered some sixteen hundred souls. Father De Smet's entrance into the camp was a day of great rejoicing, in which men, women and children took part. (Pallad. Cr. V, p. 25 and seq.) His missionary labors began at once and during his brief sojourn he baptized two hundred children and expected to receive one hundred and fifty adults into the Church. (Pallad. Ib. p. 27, letter of Fr. De Smet to V. G. Blanchet.)

After two months' constant missionary work, Father De Smet took leave of the Flatheads for the time being, with the promise to return in the next spring with other "Black Robes". From Gallatin Valley, where he parted from the main body of the tribe, August 27, 1840, he crossed over to the Yellowstone country, escorted for a considerable distance by a convoy of Flathead braves. His course lay through the lands of the Crows, the Black Feet, the Gros-Ventres, the Assiniboines and the Sioux, tribes hostile to the Flatheads and their friends. (Pallad. Ch. I.)

He reached St. Louis, December 21, 1840, after eight months and twenty-five days absence. Great was the joy of his brethren and of Bishop Rosati on hearing of the good disposition of the Flathead and other tribes, and many members of the Society longed to offer themselves as companions to Father De Smet on his return in the spring to his dangerous and fatiguing apostolic work.

That first missionary visit of Father De Smet enabled him to furnish his superior with definite information on the Rocky Mountain region and its missionary possibilities. The success of the undertaking brought much encouragement to all concerned. Preparations were, therefore, made during the remaining months of the winter, 1840-41, and the next spring saw Father De Smet on his second missionary excursion to the Rockies (Pallad. Ch. VI.) accompanied by two fathers and three brothers of the Society; Father Gregory Mengarini, of the Roman Province, Father Nicholas Point, of the Province of France (Mission of Canada), with Brother Joseph Specht, of the Vice-Province of Missouri, and Brothers Charles Huet and William Claessens, of the Belgian Province. All these were young men, full of the same missionary zeal and ardor as the "Pioneer" himself, men who were to accomplish much for God and the salvation of souls in their day. With their heroic leader, they have long since passed away to the true home they were to make known to the mountain tribes, and where they now pray for the missions and their self-sacrificing brethren, who gladly devote their lives to this noble and arduous apostolate.

With his little band of missionaries, the Pioneer set out from St. Louis early in May, 1841, and, after joining a caravan of emigrants to California, at Westport, Mo., on the 10th day of the same month, moved in the direction of the Platte River and followed its banks

for two months through the present States of Nebraska and Wyoming towards the Wind River Mountains, in the latter State. The Flatheads had agreed to meet him on the eastern slope of the mountains on July 1, 1841. However, Father De Smet could not reach the Wind River country before the middle of that month, whilst the Indians, who had kept word, were forced by want of provisions to leave the neighborhood for their hunting grounds. The missionaries immediately sent one of their men, named John Gray, to make their arrival known to the hunters, whose excursion into the mountains in quest of game had been communicated to them at Fort Bridger; but, as the fathers' provisions were likewise nearly exhausted and their horses jaded, necessity forced them to proceed to Fort Hall to replenish their supply and obtain a new relay of horses. Consequently, Father De Smet pushed onward with Francis Saxa, the second son of Old Ignace, the Iroquois apostle of the Flatheads, who had led the second embassy to St. Louis, in 1835, and perished in the third, 1837. He reached Fort Hall August 15, the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. The rest of the party joined them within twenty-four hours.

A few days later Gabriel Prudhomme, a half-breed adopted by the Flathead tribe,—the same man who had served as interpreter during the preceding year—accompanied a deputation of Flatheads from the main camp with horses for the missionaries. (Pallad. Ch. VI, p. 31.) On August 19 Father De Smet and companions took leave of the Westport California emigrants, whose route lay in a different direction, and struck out from Fort Hall for the upper waters of the Beaverhead, where the main body of the tribe was encamped for the annual buffalo hunt. Through their scouts the Indians heard of the fathers' approach and detached bands came to meet them and to serve as an escort. On August 30 they reached the camp.

After a few days rest the party started for the Bitter Root Valley, where the first mission was to be located. That valley was the fall rendezvous and the winter quarters of the Flathead tribe and a general gathering was to take place there in the fall of that year (1841). After climbing the slope of the mountains and recrossing the main divide, the missionaries emerged from Deer Lodge Pass into the valley, which they followed to the mouth of the Little Blackfoot, where the town of Garrison stands today.

Clinging to the course of the waters, they passed the site of Missoula and ascended the Bitter Root Valley some twenty-eight miles, until finally they reached a spot between the present city of Stevensville and old Fort Owen. This was to be the end of their journey, says Father Palladino, and the location of the first Catholic mission in Montana (Ibid. p. 32), the site of the first church in the vast region of the Rockies, properly so called. At Fort Vancouver and at St. Paul, Willamette

Valley Missions, it is true, had been previously founded (1838-9) by the zealous pioneers: Fathers F. N. Blanchet and M. Demers. But both these missions were much nearer to the waters of the broad Pacific Ocean, and on the westerly decline and slope of the Rocky Mountains, rather than within the mountain region itself.

THE REV. JOSEPH M. NERI, S. J.

ALBERT J. NEWLIN

St. Joseph's day, March the nineteenth, coincident with the sixty-first anniversary commemorating the founding of Santa Clara College, beheld the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the ordination of one whose efforts and accomplishments are so intimately entwined with the early history of our State, that it is appropriate that mention should be made in the pages of the Redwood of some of the more interesting incidents relative to the eminent life of Rev. Joseph M. Neri, of the Society of Jesus.

He was born in Italy in 1836, of that noble family, the Neri, whose illustrious name may be traced back to the leaders of the famous historical party which figured so gallantly during the turbulent days of the Florentine Republic. Ever since the Bianchi-Neri controversy, the Neri have always been and are today the friends of the temporal power of Rome and the Vatican.

From earliest childhood to his present mature old age—and he is now near an octogenarian—he has been noted for the remarkable plastic qualities of his mind, and despite the lamentable failing of his sight—brought on and accellerated by protracted labors with the spectroscope—the tenacious mind still retains a clear grasp of its extensive researches.

In his youth he was an ecclesiastical student and had completed five of the great six years course of Theological studies when he left his native land amid great difficulties to join the Society of Jesus, which had been expelled from Italy. He was, however, recalled by the famous Cavour, Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Piedmont, for military conscription, but through an incident, hardly short of miraculous, he was permitted to return to the novitiate amid the rejoicing of his fellow novices and the community.

In the following year, accompanied by a litle band of novices, including the late Father Prebato, Father Neri arrived in the United States, and after spending some time at Fredrickstown Novitiate, in Maryland, he came to California in 1860, where he has since resided, excepting a few short trips to the Northwest missions. Strange to relate of that little band, of which he was the most delicate, always in frail health, he is the only surviving member.

His ordination was solemnized in old St. Mary's Cathedral on California street and was performed by Archbishop Loza of the City of Mexico, who was exiled from his country during a revolution and until the hostilities subsided, was sojourning in San Francisco as the guest of the lovable Archbishop Alemany. It was the desire of Archbishop Alemany to concede the

honor of ordaining the first Jesuit priest in California to his guest, and Archbishop Loza was accordingly deputed to perform the solemn ceremony which took place December 22, 1861. On the third day following, which was Christmas, Father Neri sang his first solemn mass in St. Ignatius Church, San Francisco. Hon. Frank Sullivan and Judge Jeremiah Sullivan, who were then Father Neri's young sanctuary boys, were acolytes and served his first mass.

Fr. Neri's occupation since entering the Society have been as varied as they are remarkable. Both as priest and scientist he labored indefatigably for the welfare of souls and for the instruction of youth, while the results of his activities reveal the remarkable success which crowned his efforts.

For years Father Neri was Master of Ceremonies in St. Ignatius Church, and he instituted many of the beautiful functions that have characterised its services. He established the St. John Berchmann's Sanctuary Society and organized the vested choir of well trained youthful voices so appreciated during Vespers. The first of the Forty Hours Devotion, with all proper ceremony held in San Francisco, was observed in St. Ignatius Church under Father Neri's direction and he was also instrumental in establishing that beautiful ceremony of Good Friday, the Three Hours Agony, which many times he preached himself to congregations numbering many thousands.

Father Neri is also an accomplished musician. He played brass instruments in Father Careda's band and was organist of St. Ignatius Church. Before the colossal fifty thousand dollar organ was installed in the San Francisco edifice, he organized a choir of 150 voices and as many as 40 professional musicians which rendered Mercadante and similar classical pieces, all personally conducted by him.

His innate ability for organization is manifest in that permanent memorial, the Gentlemen's Sodality of St. Ignatius Church, which, when the church was on Van Ness avenue, before the conflagration of 1906, numbered upward of 5000 members, and so solidly was the organization accomplished, that during the trying times immediately after the disaster, not once was a weekly meeting of the officers omitted.

The higher Debating Society and other institutions both of St. Ignatius and Santa Clara Colleges profited by having their constitution and by-laws drawn up and perfected by Father Neri.

As a scientist his accomplishments have been no less remarkable and a history of his activities along these lines reveals him as being one of the first in California to make practical use of new energies and suggestions.

To quote from a recent issue of the San Francisco Monitor:

"There are still many who remember the Loyola Scientific Academy, which flourished in the early seventies. It was instituted by Father Neri with

the object of fostering the cultivation and promotion of the study of the natural sciences principally in the various branches of general physics, chemistry, geology and mineralogy. Young gentlemen of good standing, graduates of St. Ignatius or other institutions, who had devoted some time to any of these branches, were eligible to membership.

"Essays on scientific subjects were read, scientific problems discussed, questions proposed and answered to the great benefit of the members, "whose scientific horizon," says Father J. W. Riordan, S. J., in his excellent work, 'The First Half Century,' was thus broadened, and whose zeal for study was quickened into vigorous life by the presentation in their meetings of what was newest in the work of scientific research.'

"Again we find Father Neri's name in the 'Report on Exhibits' from the Eleventh Industrial Exhibition, held in the old Mechanic Pavilion, on Aug. 8, 1876. The following appears:

" 'One of the most prominent and attractive features of the exhibition was, by universal consent, this display of a large portion of the scientific apparatus of St. Ignatius College, and the exhibition of the electric light and other physical experiments by the Rev. J. M. Neri, S. J., Professor of Natural Philosophy of that institution of learning.'

"Indeed, Father Neri was one of the earliest scientists who handled electricity for lighting purposes, and when, on the occasion of the Centennial celebration in San Francisco, he lighted Market street, from Van Ness avenue to the Ferry, with arc lamps of his own invention, the feat appeared but short of miraculous to the uninitiated, who, in those days, constituted the masses."

In the Sacramento Bee under date January 20, 1912, we find the following:

Father Neri's Great Service.

"The earlier developments of scientific study in California center about the experimental work of the Rev. Joseph M. Neri, S. J. To him the State owed the honorable place it occupied in the rating of the Smithsonian Commission, which, in 1885 complimented it on the possession of scientific apparatus so complete and extensive that it was surpassed by only four other collections in the land.

"The orders sent from San Francisco by the Jesuit colleges in California during the process of assembling astonished Europe, which was surprised that a city so young and untamed should be so far advanced in scientific research. Rhumkorff, the great manufacturer of instruments, was asked to supply a galvanometer of extremest delicacy. Ritchie was directed to wind an inductorium more powerful than any coil in the United States, while Duboscq, a constructor of optical instruments, furnished a superb assortment of the finest lenses, mirrors, prisms and mountings.

"These instruments were never ordered, of course, without a purpose.

Some good use was made of all of them. Years before the Weather Bureau Service, for instance, erected a station in San Francisco, meteorological observations were made daily at St. Ignatius College.

"Although electrical illumination was a novelty in the seventies, and even more a marvel in the sixties, yet Professor Neri was one of the earliest demonstrators of the coming light before audiences. His success alone saved the Mechanics' Fair from financial ruin one year. Responding to an appeal for help he installed his lighting system in the pavilion and explained the new wonder in lectures that drew crowds and prevented a deficit.

"Another wonder at the Fair was the first electrically propelled train operated West of the Mississippi. Power was supplied to the motors through the rails.

"These popular uses of electricity had proved of great value educationally to San Franciscans and so when electric illumination became a commercial possibility later on, their city installed a system that was then the largest in the world. For a long time previous lights had burned in front of St. Ignatius College, then on Market street, where the Emporium now stands, and so intimately was Father Neri's name connected with the whole enterprise that many of the uneducated thought he had simply transferred the lamps from the building to the street.

"Another service Father Neri performed was to make assays for simple prospectors who had to depend on unscrupulous assayers for direction in their investments. Prospectors flocked to him when they found they had at last found a man they could absolutely depend on and he turned out as many as 600 analyses a year. In consequence, numberless claims were developed in the face of difficulties and hundreds of fortunate miners were prevented from selling their property for little or nothing."

Well known as Fr. Neri is in virtue of his achievements along scientific lines, he is much better known and much more gratefully remembered on account of his priestly qualities. It is said of our good Savior, that when He sojourned in this Valley of Tears, He passed along the way doing good at every turn. Well has Fr. Neri learned this lesson of kindness from His exemplar. Full of kindness and charity he has ever sought to be a consolation and a help for those that struggle ever onward to reach the heavenly Jerusalem.

THE HEROES OF THE TITANIC

They rest. Yet o'er their grave no glorious stone
Tells of their deed. Across the waste of waves
The laden ships speed on, nor reverence they
The noble hearts that now lie stilled
Upon the deep uncanny ocean's floor
Hast heard their deed?
From England's shore the Queen of Waves
Was journeying towards the setting sun.
Now for the third time had they seen
The golden orb sink down below
The reddening ripples in the West;
Still on they speed toward home and friends,
The loved ones on this favored shore.
Bright were their hopes and live their hearts
With fondest joy . . . When lo!
A deafening noise
Doth terrify their gladdening dreams.
The ship itself from stern to bow
Seems animate with trembling fear.
Again the ship is plunged against
The icy death; and waters rush
Like mountain torrents, gurgling in amain.
Ye Angels that guard the ships
Across the inhospitable waters
Say where were you then!
Stood ye close by and saw unmoved
The weeping women run for help
To loving husband's arms; the while
Small children cried with streaming eyes
For aid? . . .
O no! Methinks 'twas ye did rouse

To godlike deed those noble men.
Methinks 'twas ye did give them all
Such courage and such noble rage
That they should bid the weaker part
To seek sweet life within the boats;
The while they faced, on broken deck,
Sad Death in icy depths below.

. . . . .

Across the silent waste of waves
The icy mountains ride majestic,
Like victors proud of latest spoil.
For proud Titanic now shall rule the waves
No more. But down ten thousand fathoms deep
She lies—the icebergs' victim.
And o'er her wreck they stand and mock
Her vaunted strength.
Nor sole their part
To glory o'er the wrecked Titanic's grave.
But towering toward the sky they rear
Their pure white forms from out the heroes' grave,
Like great white mosoleums of the dead.
And so as oft as human eyes
Shall gaze upon the icebergs lofty heights,
Shall Fancy's hand in golden letters write,
Upon those unwrit tombs, the names
Of proud Titanics noble sons.

The Redwood

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to give proof of College Industry, to recount College Doings and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past

Address all communications to THE REDWOOD, Santa Clara College, California

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Eastertide

The joyful chimes Easter Sunday morn and the hallelujahs on marked the passing of the Lenten Season for 1912. The daily papers come forth with glaring headlines and minute descriptions of "societies" post-Lenten functions and the streets are thronged with the parades of bonnets that are the consummation of the milliner's art.

Our program, however, has suffered no change, for, to us it was study before Lent, study during Lent, and study harder after Lent. The short, but pleasant Easter recess has come

and gone, been lived over again in the recounting of the happy hours of vacation spent in every corner of the State and has passed into oblivion.

With the realization that the close of the year, and with it the dreaded finals, are but two short months distant, everyone has made the firm resolve to "dig" and make each available moment bear its latent fruits. On the fly-leaf of every book, we seem to read the warning "tempus fugit," and it is expedient that we heed it and redouble our efforts, for before we realize what has happened the "exes" will be upon us, and woe to him who enters the arena unarmed with a goodly store of knowledge.

Redwood

The next issue of the Redwood will be the Alumni Number. It has been the custom here since the founding of the magazine to devote the pages of the last issue of the college year to the "old boys". All, from the first graduate to the class of 1911, are invited to contribute to this issue. A poem, short story, essay or reminiscence from any source will be highly appreciated.

Many of the former students of Santa Clara are exceedingly dextrous in wielding the quill, and we are convinced that that dexterity did not leave them, on graduation. Some have chosen the path of literary pursuits, while others have taken up business careers, but a line from anyone, in any walk in life, will be acceptable and we trust thoroughly interesting to the present as well as the boys of the past and to our various subscribers.

Athletics

Besides the primary duty of attaining the end for which we go to college, there is another secondary pursuit which we take up incidentally, it is that of giving our loyal support to each college activity with which we are connected, and we are connected with all, in so much as we are attending the college.

Athletics are, and always will be, essentially necessary in realizing the best results in study, for it is the rare exception that an infirm or frail body can support a healthy mind. When we become dull or nervous nothing can serve better to shake away the cobwebs, than to take part in some sort of physical exercise. Unless we enter athletics with the purpose of "making good", or getting all we can out of them, what's the use of starting at all?

Nowadays there are forecasters who can tell us just what the weather will be for a definite time and place, and weather is conceeded to be a very fickle and uncertain thing, but we have yet to hear of the prophet who can say with any degree of certainty how an athletic contest will terminate. True, we have our "dopesters" who endeavor to figure the possibilities, but there are a good many possibles that don't happen.

Our gridiron warriors of last season were "doped" to win in the great contest of last semester. "A shade of advantage", was the opinion, but our adversaries had something to do regarding the result of the game, and they did it. Besides the relative merits of the contending teams, there is an element of luck that characterizes an athletic encounter and with teams that are evenly matched, the outcome generally hangs on the balance of that luck.

The track season is now on, and the chance for success of the "cinder burners" is exceedingly bright. Besides many veterans of last year's victorious team, there is an array of "new bloods" out for varsity honors, who, through their showing in practice give us reason to expect much in the coming meet.

It is the duty of every student to support the team in every possible way and it is the duty of each member of the team to conform strictly to training rules and give the best that is in him.

If, after conscientious training and doing our best in every way to bring home the victory from the annual meet, we should lose out, then we can say, as in baseball and football, we did our duty, but were bested by a stronger team. There is no disgrace to be overcome by a rival team if we are able to feel that all we could have done was done.

Mills College Magazine

Our bright hopes had almost turned to deep despair, for many long months had passed without the presence of this cheery magazine to bolster up our spirits, but now we welcome the lost sheep, or rather lamb, and a demure little one at that, back into our fold and all is well again.

"To the Victor Belongs the Spoils." It is so indeed, and might is right, at least it is in the present instance, and lawfully so too. The story centers about a troublesome old auntie who tyrannized over the household of her brother, and it was only natural that this should be distasteful to two healthy young people and that they should rebel and commence a revolution, the upstart of which, we are quite pleased to say, resulted in her being made to relinquish rights which never really belonged to her, but which she had usurped.

The remaining articles of this charming periodical are worthy of consideration and of praise, but alas, cruel space forbids. We have a bone to pick, however, and that is, that we were very much disappointed in finding but one short poem amongst the contents. That one short poem though was dedicated to our dear California, and so we are contented to forgive and forget.

Williams' Monthly

The Williams Literary Monthly never fails to strike a pleasing chord within our throbbing breast and the March number is no exception. In its perusal we ran across an unusually good story entitled "A Human Life," the plot of which is intense, dramatic and so full of emotion that it cannot fail to grip the reader and hold him in rapt attention, however, the diction in places was slightly below par and hardly befitted the dignity and language we expect to find in rising young physicians, while we thought a salutation or some other little word of welcome would have been not entirely out of place by "Harold and I", when a fellow medico, the hero of the story, entered upon the scene. It is on the whole a very clever portrayal of a difficulty which may and perhaps occasionally does beset doc-

tors and our only regret is that the moral drawn from the story is entirely in the wrong, for the end can never justify the means, no matter how noble and beneficial that end may be.

St. Ignatius College

A real, interesting tale, just a little differferent from the rest, is "Tricked". We must confess that we also were tricked when, half finished with its reading, we unconsciously prophesied a certain conclusion with the result that when we had finished the article we found ourselves in the throes of an egregious error. The author's construction is excellent and he has chosen his words with care and precision for which he is to be congratulated, because we find nowadays that there are many college writers, who, in their eagerness to use large words, very often neglect the sense and harmony of those same words with the consequence that they present a jumbled mass of idle, meaningless terms.

Holy Cross Purple

The Holy Cross Purple never fails to offer its readers several bright, instructive essays which of course, are very fine in themselves and show that the contributors are all men of studious habits and possessed of learned intellects, but on the other hand, we think that this magazine would do well to number more stories among its contents, for it is our conviction that a continual run of essays and other writings of such nature, no matter how interesting they may be, must at length bore the average reader. So, with a little more fiction to relieve the monotony, which is bound to press one at times, we firmly believe that one would never grow tired of this otherwise splendid book.

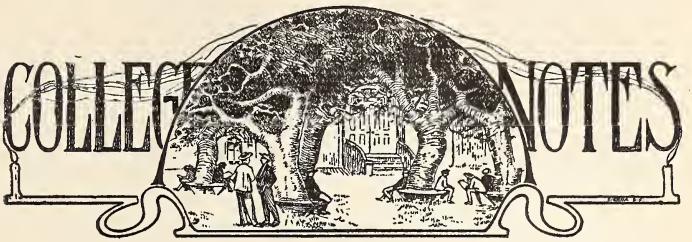
TWILIGHT.

From out unbarred, celestial gates of gold,
Across the sky a wondrous glory shines;
While glimmers faint, serene and silver-cold,
A star above the pines.

Softly the zephyrs from yon valley hushed and dim
Carry the echo of the far-off sea;
While o'er the tranquil world's engoldened rim
Steals twilight noiselessly.

Edward Maher in the Saint Ignatius Collegian.

Aloysius I. Diepenbrock.



SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY

The pen almost leaps from my hands for joy at being able to write Santa Clara University. When we were already in print we received the formal notice that we print it on the first page. The change is no sudden one but has been in preparation for the past few years. Though not unforeseen its realization is the source of sincere gratification to the present and past students alike.

The University will embrace the following departments:

A. THE COLLEGE OF PHILOSOPHY AND LETTERS.

A four years College course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

B. THE COLLEGE OF GENERAL SCIENCE.

A four years' College course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

C. THE INSTITUTE OF LAW.

A standard three years' course of Law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and pre-supposing for entrance the completion of two years of study beyond the High School.

D. THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING.

(a) Civil Engineering—A four years' course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering.

(b) Mechanical Engineering—A four years' course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering.

(c) Electrical Engineering—A four years' course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering.

E. THE COLLEGE OF ARCHITECTURE.

A four years' course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Architecture.

F. THE PRE-MEDICAL COURSE.

A two years' course of studies in Chemistry, Bacteriology, Biology and Anatomy, which is recommended to students contemplating entrance into medical schools. Only students who have completed two years of study beyond the High School are eligible for this course.

O, how could we grow eloquent in the praise of him who has made possible, nay more, actually brought to realization the fond hopes and wakening dreams of the Catholic People of California. There is now west of the Rockies a Catholic University, and the first University west of the Rockies is Santa Clara. May the Good God spare our beloved President many a year and may he live to see Santa Clara not only the first, in time, of Catholic Universities in the west, but the first of all Universities in the excellence of its equipment, as it is now in the excellence of its training.

Buildings

Much favorable comment has been made during the last three months on Santa Clara and its new buildings.

The Administration building is finished and occupied. Senior Hall, which is located to the right of the Administration building, as one faces the structures, is under construction and will be ready in a few weeks for occupancy. In construction these buildings are of the most modern, as to material and architecture and all fittings throughout, known to the best skilled artisans in building, of this day. Everything throughout is plain but substantial. The buildings present an appearance of solidity. They look clean, clear cut and comfortable as well as commodious. There is no attempt at granite decoration which would only gather dust or be ruined by the elements. The plans of the other buildings, that are to form the completed university housing of the future, are laid along similar lines and when completed the entire plan will be deeply impressive of the solidity and perpetuity of this institution which for over half a century has been doing a work on lines educational which certainly no institution of the world may boast better of in thoroughness or in the ability, in actual after-life, exemplified by the men whose names have been enrolled in its various courses and who have gone out from its doors with a strength of manhood developed, not in one thing alone, but in all things that enter into

the normal and successful making of men who are able to stand alone and to make the good fight and who, though failures may come, are able to build again on the wreck of that which has fallen, greater successes. The support of every citizen in Santa Clara County may be most worthily bestowed on Santa Clara College for it is one of this valley's most valuable assets and the mission town of Santa Clara is to be complimented on the liberality its officials have shown, backed by its citizenship, in dealing with the authorities in charge of this institution in so providing for its growth and the area of its plan that it might remain an ever magnificent monument of what earnest determination and faith in Almighty God may do for mankind out of the little which those pioneers who founded it had to work with.

Lecture The Senior Class of Chemistry gave, under the direction of their Professor, Fr. James Conlon, S. J., an interesting lecture on High Explosives. Prior to the lecture some connoisseurs on matters architectural, were of the opinion that the hall should be braced for the occasion and that the audience be protected from flying missives by plates of steel. The lecture is over,—the hall still stands and no one sustained any injury.

Dion R. Holm treated of Explosives as Disruptives, illustrating his lecture by many apt slides and not a few "real" experiments. His lecture was very learned and interesting, especially to some who saw in High Explosives a possible means of doing away with the old college fence.

Roy A. Bronson spoke on High Explosives as Propellants. He discussed in a truly scientific way the power of the different powders now in use, giving many illustrations on the screen, to say nothing of the actual booming of cannon on the stage.

Rear-Admiral Herbert Ganahl, U. S. N., Colonels Loring D. Powell and Louis Canepa, U. S. A., covered themselves with glory on this eventful evening by their judicious manipulation of experiments.

Debate The Annual Ryland Debate was had on March 18th. The question was "Resolved, That the Closed Shop Is as Beneficial to the Interests of the People of California as the Open Shop." The question was ably treated and all the arguments were set to best advantage on both sides.

Those participating:

Affirmative: Harry McGowan, Rodney Yoell and Percy O'Connor, of the House of Philhistorians.

Negative: Herbert Ganahl, Chris Degnan and Roy Bronson, of the Senate.

Athletics The gratifying report is given out by Athletic Director Father Ryan, that the financial accounts of the Student Body have undergone an

interesting change for the better. According to the ledger we will finish the semester with money in the bank. The baseball receipts brought about welcome returns.

Both St. Mary's and Santa Clara have realized the faulty agreements under which they have played for the last four years and it is consoling to note that Brother Vantasian of St. Mary's is corresponding with Father Ryan with the idea in view of drawing up a new and reliable set of regulations. Many changes are to be presented by both sides.

At the Student Body meeting on April 15th, Roy Bronson was elected Manager of the Track Team, Harry McGowan, the former Manager having resigned. Great things are expected of Roy, especially when we remember his success as Business Manager of the Redwood.

At this same meeting grateful acknowledgement was voted to J. U. Winninger of San Jose, for his kind gift of fifteen suits for the second team.

C. Hellings

On our return from Easter recess we were saddened to hear that one of our companions was no longer with us. On the day we left for our short vacation there was a rumor current that Cyril was sick with pneumonia and had been taken to the Sanitarium. This was indeed a surprise to us who had seen him the day before as well as any of us. But his death—who can paint the sad faces of the groups that gathered here and there to hear someone recount the details of his death.

If there is a sad moment in the course of a college student's career, it is certainly when one sees a companion snatched ruthlessly from his side by the cruel hand of death, and lately many hearts were full of grief when death came and took from our midst Cyril A. Hellings. Yet there was such peace and joy at his dying bed that we could not but remark how aptly Rev. Fr. Morrissey applied to Cyril the words "He was taken in his youth, lest the finger of sinful corruption mar the innocence of his soul".

An hour before he died, Cyril asked that the lasting strength of those that journey across the brink that separates Time from Eternity, be given him and for the last time he received Holy Viaticum.

Shortly after, those gathered at his bedside saw that the end was fast approaching and Fr. Greenwood, S. J., Chaplain at the Sanitarium, began the prayers for the dying. Scarcely had he finished "Depart, O Christian Soul," when Cyril extending his hands toward heaven said, in a clear voice, "Come Mother," then slowly his hands descended and Cyril was no more. It was then 7:30 Tuesday morning.

On Thursday, April 11, solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. James P. Morrissey, S. J., assisted by Father Rossetti, S. J., as Deacon, and Rev. R. Butler, S. J., as Subdeacon. Father President delivered the eulogy.

The whole college attended the mass, then preceded by the band and some eighty altar boys in cassock and surplice, they accompanied the last remains to the depot. Interment was at Holy Cross.

Need we add how we sympathize with his parents, brother and sisters. During his short stay here at college he had endeared himself to all of us, and at his death we feel an irreparable loss.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS

It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call home to Himself, our much esteemed and loved companion and schoolmate CYRIL A. HELLINGS

And whereas

His going home to our Common Father has caused in us such a feeling of sorrow and loss;

BE IT RESOLVED

That we, his companions and fellow students at Santa Clara College give voice to our sympathy in written resolutions;

And furthermore be it resolved

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved parents and brothers and sisters,

And also

That a copy be sent to the Redwood for publication.

T. H. DAVIS,
T. KEARNS,
THOMAS O'CONNOR.

At Santa Clara College,
April 14, 1912.

Attention Alumni

The fact that there is to be here at Santa Clara, a great celebration on June 16th, has certainly come to your notice, but perhaps you have not aroused yourselves as yet to take any active part. Don't wait till the last minute. You can certainly be of assistance.

For the benefit of those whose occupations have not enabled them to keep in touch with what is going on we print the following from the Monitor of April 13, and ask those who can be of assistance to kindly make known their intentions to those in charge of that portion of the program to which they wish to be of service.

The dedication of the two new buildings at Santa Clara College, which will take place on Sunday, June 16, promises to be a historical event of no small magnitude.

It is well known by this time that the college of Santa Clara is about to be chartered as a university, and, being already the oldest college on this side of the Rockies, extant, and one of the leading Catholic colleges in the country, this fact reflects credit upon California and should be appreciated more especially by the native element, whether Catholic or non-Catholic.

But apart from this the college will on June 16 celebrate the dedication of the two new buildings, erected after the late fire at a cost of $250,000, when equipped, and Father Morrissey, S. J., the President, his staff, his students and the alumni of the old college do not propose to let this event go by without proper notice being taken of it.

Hence, as already noticed in these columns, they have all come together. A general committee was formed for the purpose of formulating the details and now the separate committees have been organized as given below and everything is in working order with a view to giving the event all the publicity it deserves and calling upon everybody who is proud of California and her achievements through intellect imparted by one of her foremost insti-

tutions for the distribution of intellectual cult, to lend his or her aid to make the day a memorable one.

Naturally the college, more especially appeals to its alumni. It is interesting to note that among these there are some of the foremost men in the State, and in the country for that matter, but a perusal of the list of committes will reveal the names of men held in particular honor in the State of California.

It would be in place here to note that Santa Clara College, taking as precedent colleges and universities of equal or even higher standing, does not mean by alumni, men who have graduated from the college, or, as some appear to think, men who have gained special honors with letters attached to their name. The matter has been before the Alumni committee of late, and it will be adopted in a near future, to admit as alumni not only graduates, but students who have spent a certain time at the college. The time limit has not as yet been decided upon, but one year is spoken of as being the likely period for qualification. Hence all former students of the dear old college in the beautiful Californian valley are urged to do their best to make this particular occasion a grand success.

On Monday evening there was a general meeting of those interested in the affair at the St. Francis Hotel. Mr. T. I. Bergin presided, Wm. F. Humphrey is acting chairman and Rev. John Laherty, S. J., is the secretary of the general committee.

The matter of the coming festival was gone over in detail. Father J. P. McQuaide, as chairman of the publicity committee, gave an interesting sketch of how it was proposed to spend the day, including the Mass as opening the proceedings, the dedication services in the afternoon and these two solemn events interlock with games, exercises, an automobile speed test, luncheons served by the ladies of San Jose and Santa Clara, fireworks, etc., etc., making it well worth the time and expense for all throughout the State, who take an interest in the college to be present.

On Wednesday evening Father Morrissey, the indefatigable president, had called a meeting at San Jose and there again the matter was discussed, and last night, Friday, the men of Watsonville and surroundings also met, and the enthusiasm ran high, so that there can be no doubt as to the ultimate result.

The transportation committee is now negotiating with the railroad people and special rates will undoubtedly be furnished by them so as to facilitate access to the festivities and it behooves every Catholic who has at heart the cause to let it be known in time that he or she intends to be present so as to help along.

The Santa Clara faculty is anxious to have a complete list of all former students, whether graduates or not, and

the President, Rev. James Morrissey, S. J., will be pleased to receive communications from any such former students, stating age, year or years when attended, etc.

Following is a list of the committees appointed:

Officers of the General Committee—Hon. T. I. Bergin, chairman; Wm. F. Humphrey, vice-chairman; J. J. Laherty, S. J., secretary.

Executive Committee—Rev. J. P. Morrissey, S. J., Rev. J. P. McQuaide, Hon. W. G. Lorigan, Hon. B. V. Sargent, Marius Kast, J. J. Barrett, John J. O'Toole, L. F. Byington, J. E. Green, Dr. A. P. O'Brien.

Reception Committee—Hon. W. G. Lorigan, chairman; Curtis H. Lindley, Dr. O. D. Hamlin, Dr. W. S. Thorne, C. M. Greene, Rev. B. J. McKinnon, C. K. McClatchy, Rev. R. F. Sesnon, Rev. J. F. Byrne, Walter Martin, Rev. D. J. McKinnon, H. C. Callaghan, F. J. Sullivan, J. M. Burnett, W. H. Menton, J. G. Hooper, Rev. F. Long.

Alumni Committee—E. Westlake, chairman; Hon. J. J. Trabucco, C. M. Cassin, C. D. South, O. D. Stoesser, J. Hudner, Hon. J. J. Covert, F. J. Sargent, Elmer Westlake, Frank Heffernan, Hon. E. B. Martinelli, C. M. Lorigan, Rev. J. F. Byrne, J. W. Byrnes, J. A. Bacigalupi.

Transportation Committee—J. E. Green, chairman; Ed. Cosgriff, T. Spillane, J. Bride.

Invitation Committee — John J. O'Toole, chairman; Rev. T. J. O'Connell, Chas. Moraghan, M. E. Griffith, A. V. Conlin, R. Oullahan, C. P. Rendon, Sam Haskins, Geo. Stanley.

Auto Committee—Marius J. Kast, chairman; C. S. Laumeister Jr., Dr. A. S. Keenan, Baldo Ivancovich, Dr. H. Sartori, H. H. Shields, Dr. F. R. Orella, J. O. Bradley, Dr. C. E. Jones, A. C. Posey.

Publicity Committee—Rev. J. P. McQuaide, chairman; J. C. Nash, Geo. Woolrich, J. P. Donohue, F. J. Churchill.

Committee on Badges and Decorations—Dr. A. P. O'Brien, chairman; John O'Gara, J. V. Philippini, Rev. J. Galvin, Dr. H. V. Hoffman.

Luncheon Committee—Mrs. W. P. Dougherty, assisted by ladies and gentlemen of San Jose and Santa Clara.

Games Committee—J. J. Barrett, chairman; Chas. Sullivan, Hon. J. J. Sullivan, Dr. J. Toner, Fred Farmer, August Aguirre, H. McKenzie, J. E. Cosgrove.

Program Committee—Hon. B. V. Sargent, chairman; J. F. Campbell, W. E. Johnson, D. J. Tadich, Wm. O'Shaughnessy.

Exercises Committee—L. F. Byington, chairman; Henry Farmer, R. O. Bliss, M. V. Merle, Jos. Farry.

Parade—John W. Ryland, Grand Marshal; W. J. Fosgate, aid.

Finance Committee—P. J. Dunne, chairman; Ed. M. Leonard, Wm. Kieferdorf, J. O. McElroy.

'02 Maurice Dooling, a former Editor of the Redwood, and one whose poems and sketches often adorned pages of our magazine, received last December the Degree of Bachelor of Arts from Stanford University. Earnest, bright and unassuming Maurice is destined not only to reap more honors in the University, but also to be prominent in the profession to which he is about to devote himself. We are not prophets, yet we venture to say that, when in the May of 1913, Maurice receives his Degree of Jurum Doctor, he will immediately start to decorate the sphere he is about to move in.

'82 The S. F. Call, April 19, 1912, has the following on a well remembered student. Dr. O. D. Hamlin, a prominent physician and surgeon of Oakland, was elected President of the State Medical Society of California at its annual session in Monterey. The honor conferred upon Doctor Hamlin by the Society was by unanimous vote.

Doctor Hamlin ranks as a leader in his profession. He has important positions in Oakland, being chief of the Southern Pacific Company's medical and surgical division in Alameda County. He is surgeon in chief of the Alameda County Receiving Hospital, and is a past president of the Alameda County Medical Association.

During the last few years Doctor Hamlin has been a delegate from California to the annual sessions of the American Medical Society, and has been honored with important places on the programs of that body."

We beg to add our sincere congratulations to those sent him from his many friends.

'90 The untimely and tragic death of Jesse Bryan, an old and much loved student of Santa Clara, brought great sorrow to his professors, fellow students and the faculty who have known him as student in '90. He did not finish his course, but some time after leaving Santa Clara he entered Hastings Law College and finished with a fine record. His first efforts as a lawyer were in Monterey County and from the start his success at his chosen profession was assured.

His work in the San Francisco Courts won for him the admiration and esteem of the best. He was regarded as a rising young lawyer of exceptional ability and of absolute purity of morals and integrity of character, as was evidenced by the eulogiums made on motion to adjourn out of respect to the memory of Jesse Bryan, made in the two United States Courts, and the 12 Departments of the Superior Courts, and in the four Police Courts on January 8, 1912, by many of the attorneys and especially by the District Attorney, Charles Fickert, Judge William Van Fleet, Judge Thomas Graham, Judge Geo. A. Sturtevant, Judge Frank A. Murasky and Judge Geo. A. Cabaniss.

Out of these many expressions of great esteem for the honest, bright, young attorney, who was the sole of good fellowship and honesty, and whose chief desire in life was to honor his beloved mother who still lives to mourn his loss, we select the following:

In Department Ten, Supreme Court Judge Graham presiding, William F. Humphrey said:

"May it please your Honor: Late last Thursday afternoon, Jesse William Bryan, an officer of this court—an attorney at law—was struck by an automobile and killed. Without warning he was summoned before the Divine Master. The suddenness of the call intensified the suffering and sorrow of his relatives and friends.

"At the time of his death, he had passed his thirty-seventh year, fourteen years of which were devoted to the practice of his chosen profession, the law. Although comparatively young in years, and young in the practice of his profession, he had earned a position of distinction before the Bar of California. Well known by the younger men of the profession, he was admired and respected for his integrity and his ability. But to those of us who knew him more intimately, he was endeared by qualities higher, grander and nobler than those of mere talent.

"In the truest sense of the word, he was a gentleman. He injured no one. Unmarried, he lived with an aged invalid and widowed mother. His veneration and attention to his dear mother won for him the admiration of all his friends and acquaintances. Their neighbors commended this devoted son, as they watched him almost daily take his mother to and from church, as often as she frequented the services. No duty to him was higher or nobler than this attention to the desires of his mother. It did not matter whether the call was in the morning, before he went to his office, or in the evening, after his labors had been finished, or at odd hours of the day, he always responded cheerfully to this most pleasant duty of them all.

"This devotion, you may say, is most natural, but unfortunately, it is too unusual, and in my humble opinion, in summing up the virtues of a man, it should be mentioned first. It is the virtue that should commend all men to the world. It is the virtue that we should all try to practice; and I believe it is the virtue that will win for our dear departed friend eternal happiness in his everlasting home.

"On occasions of this kind, it is customary to sorrow, but when a friend has become the Guest of the Almighty God, sorrowing then becomes most selfish, for is he dead whose glorious mind lives behind? To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die.

"In consonance with these sentiments and in order that it may be recorded that Jesse William Bryan still lives in the hearts of those he left behind, I most respectfully petition this court that it be recorded in the min-

utes that when an adjournment be had today, the adjournment be taken out of respect to the memory of our dead departed friend and brother, Jesse William Bryan."

John J. Barrett, who seconded the motion, said:

"If your Honor please, I respectfully second the motion. The touching tribute by Mr. Humphrey leaves nothing to be said. Like Mr. Humphrey, I knew Mr. Bryan as a boy at Santa Clara College; I knew him as a classmate at the Hastings College of Law, and I knew him as a fellow member of the California Bar. In all those relations, stretching over a period of twenty-five years, I know that there was no unmanly trait ever exhibited in his character. I know that among all the innumerable friends of his, and the friends of mine, through all those years, I never found one to criticise aught in his character.

"I believe that young as he was at the San Francisco Bar—new as he was as a practitioner here, he still had achieved a place at that Bar with distinction, and I looked upon him, as I am sure, your Honor, who had better opportunity than any one, with your brother Judges on the Bench, looked upon him as one of those young men who bore in his character and in his deportment and in his talent the marks of inevitable success. Death saw fit to intervene. What he would have been has been cancelled. But he deserves now to be, by virtue of the traits that Mr. Humphrey so beautifully illustrated, there can be no doubt, and I think it but fitting that upon these minutes be spread the record of our grief, of our confidence in him, of our love for him."

Judge Graham in adjourning Court, stated:

"Jesse W. Bryan's death has removed from our Bar a very useful, a very prominent and a very public spirited member, and from the City of San Francisco a well beloved son.

"The warmth of feeling with which he was regarded by his fellow citizens, was an index of his attitude towards them during his entire life; and the sincere grief manifested at his death by the members of the bench and bar of this city, indicates in some measure the feeling which he inspired in the hearts of his colleagues. In every period of his career, both as a lawyer and a private citizen, Mr. Bryan exhibited that earnestness, unselfishness, and devotion to what he believed to be his highest duty, which wins the admiration and respect of all earnest and thoughtful people.

"As a lawyer he achieved a very high rank; he was cordial, genial and always full of hope, looking to the future with confidence, as if it ever presented to his view the rainbow of promise.

"The bench and bar of California have sustained a great loss in the untimely death of Mr. Bryan and when this court adjourns, let it be spread upon the minutes of this department that it adjourns out of respect to the memory of Jesse W. Bryan."

CONDOLENCE

On March 23, we were saddened to receive the following telegram:

Santa Clara College,

Santa Clara, Cal.

My mother died this morning at eleven forty-four. Would you kindly ask the students to pray for the mother of an old graduate, as you alone know, Father, the ties between us was very great, and you can, therefore, appreciate the depth of my grief.

CYRIL J. SMITH.

Besides being the mother of one of Santa Clara's old students, the deceased is also the wife of one of our best and respected Alumni, Hon. James Smith.

Though late the Redwood extends to both its sincere sympathy.

C. TRAMUTOLO, MANAGER

T. YBARANDO, CAPT.

H. RENWICK, COACH

FOOTBALL OFFICERS 1911-12

UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA
SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA

BASEBALL.

Since the last issue of the Redwood, the following baseball games have been played by the Varsity:

Santa Clara 18;	University of Cal. 4
Santa Clara 5;	Barney Frankels 2
Santa Clara 4;	Nealon's All Stars 1
Santa Clara 3;	Pensacola 1
Santa Clara 2;	Stanford 4
Santa Clara 7;	Ireland's Independents 5
Santa Clara 11;	San Mateo 3
Santa Clara 2;	San Mateo 6
Santa Clara 15;	Pensacola 1
Santa Clara 4;	Olympic Club 2
Santa Clara 0;	Vernon Coast League 7
Santa Clara 0;	Los Angeles Coast League 4
Santa Clara 1;	St. Mary's 3
Santa Clara 4; (10 innings)	Oakland Coast League 5
Santa Clara 2;	St. Mary's 7

There were also a few other victories of minor importance and a tie game with Victoria's Northwestern League team.

On March 8th the Varsity journeyed to Los Angeles to play three games with the Vernon and Los Angeles Coast League teams. Rain prevented the playing of all three games, but two were played on a very sloppy field, which, in great measure, accounted for the Leaguer's wins.

Between the first and second St. Mary's game the team traveled to Livermore to play the Oaklanders. Santa Clara threw an awful scare into the Commuters for, at the beginning of the eighth, the Collegians were on the long end of a 4 to 2 score. A two-bagger by Hoffman with the bases populated, tied the game and the tenth saw the finish, when Leard singled, scoring Malarkey.

On March 17th Barry and Cann opposed each other in one of the greatest games played on the Campus, the final count reading St. Mary's 3, Santa Clara 1. The score shows the closeness of the contest and not until the last man was put out in the ninth was either team sure of victory.

The history of the second game of the series is more or less pitiful as,

after St. Mary's had scored five runs in the first inning, with the aid of two hits and some poor baseball on Santa Clara's part, the game lost all its interest, and once more a two straight series was chalked up for the Red and Blue.

The following earned their sweater awards on this year's baseball team: Sullivan, Palmtag, Fitzpatrick and Davies.

TRACK.

Preparations are under way for the most successful track season Santa Clara hopes to attain. Enthusiasm has developed in this branch a great deal lately due to the earnest efforts of the newly-elected Track Manager, Royal Andrew Bronson.

In the few practices the Varsity has engaged in, good times have been recorded in all the track events and we are also strong in the field department. It certainly looks good this years fellows, so get out and root for a win over the Red and Blue.

—Marco S. Zarick.

THE REDWOOD

DEDICATION
NUMBER

To Fathers & Mothers

TRUE CHRISTIAN TRAINING is the best possible guaranty that your boys will not become drunkards. It is the only training that can give them the supernatural strength to rise above and subdue human weaknesses.

IT IS A GREAT MISTAKE, of many kind and loving parents, to allow their child's every whim to be gratified—to permit the child to grow up with the idea that its own will is the only law it has to obey. Such training—or, more correctly, lack of training—only leads to a life of self-indulgence, vice, misery, and perhaps drunkenness.

FROM THE TIME your darling boy first lisps the name of "papa" and "mama," gently but firmly let him feel that there is a power beyond himself to which he owes everything he is or has. The feeling of responsibility will grow up with him and be part of his manhood and character—and by far the best part, for it makes him a law-abiding citizen, a model son, husband or father.

HE WILL, in short, be what there is now such an outcry and demand for everywhere—a man.

BOYS SO TRAINED will never be drunkards nor require the iron grasp of arbitrary law to save them from lives of dissipation.

IT IS NOT the number nor proximity of saloons that makes the drunkard; it is the lack of training from his youth up in habits of sobriety and self control.

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE

St. Ignatius College, an educational institution with literary, scientific and philosophical courses of study, was founded in 1855. It was incorporated by the State of California, April 30, 1859, under the style and title of "St. Ignatius College," and empowered to confer academical degrees, with "such literary honors as are granted by any University in the United States."

Course of Studies

The course of studies prescribed for all embraces the Doctrine and Philosophy of the Catholic Religion, Logic, Metaphysics. Ethics, Mathematics and the Natural Science; a complete course of Latin, Greek and English Classics; Elocution, History, Geography, Drawing, Modern Languages, and the other ordinary branches of a liberal education.

To fit the graduates of the College to take up with greater profit the work of professional schools, special courses for the lasr two undergraduate years have been added to the general course. These include graphics and field work for prospective students of engineering; biology for prospective students of medicine; and jurisprudence and constitutional and legal history for prospective students of law.

There is a course of elementary science extending over four years in the High school classes. It embraces the elements of physical geography, astronomy, physiology, botany and zoology.

The courses of modern languages and free-hand and mechanical drawing are a feature of the High school.

There is a complete commercial course, including bookkeeping and stenography.

A course of physical culture forms part of the regular instruction in all departments.

For further information apply to

REV. J. TRAVELLI, S. J.

PRESIDENT

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REV. ROBERT E. KENNA, S. J.

The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Cal., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

VOL. XI SANTA CLARA, CAL., JUNE, 1912 NO. 6

To the Soldier of Christ

In Memoriam Father Kenna, S. J., May 29, 1912

HAIL glorious victor in the bloodless strife.
Hail blessed champion in the noble fight,
Where all hell's powers are leagued 'gainst
God and right.
Thee, nor the martial notes of stirring fife;
Nor maddening Glory's vain deceitful call
Stirred on to victory. It was the sweet
And loving words that all mankind entreat,
To follow Christ for Him deserting all.

Bright priestly soldier of Ignatius' Band
Victor now art thou resting from the fray.
And when before your chosen King you stand
Turn thoughtful eyes towards us in strife and pray
That we on earth obeying His command
May by Him stand upon that dreaded day.

THE STATE REDWOOD PARK

REV. ROBERT E. KENNA, S. J. '68

(This is part of a communication sent by the Reverend Father to the Sempervirens Club of San Jose. It was written when the good father was confined to his bed.—Note by Ed.)

Gentlemen: Your kind invitation to your Second Annual Banquet finds me unable to accept it and be present. The memory of our pleasant gathering last year assures me that this will be likewise a very enjoyable one, and in many ways a meeting productive of much good; and I therefore regret that I cannot be with you in person.

I should like to be present to return to the Club my sincere thanks for its constant work for the protection and benefit of the State Redwood Park of which the Club may justly be called "the Guardian that never sleeps".

I would wish to be present also to solicit your powerful co-operation in the great work we have in view during the coming fall and winter in securing a large and just appropriation from the next Legislature for the building of a grand boulevard through the Park.

The Park has always to my mind three great ends to which there are many minor ones subservient. First: The saving of the Giant Redwoods and other great trees from destruction. This end has been practically secured through the co-operation of the Club. Second: The opening up of the Park, not to a few, but to the whole people; and this I consider the first and pressing duty of those charged with the management of the Park. The people have owned this primeval forest for over ten years and they have a right to have it so opened that they can enter, enjoy it, and pass through it; and also to have such a Grand Boulevard built through it by 1915 that they may proudly escort through it with ease and safety the millions who shall then clamor to see it. This is the pressing need of our Great State Redwood Park. The people must have the Park opened for themselves and their children and also to display it to the World in 1915. The third end of the Park, one most important, and which is, in a sense, of world-wide interest, is its scientific conservation for study, forestration, botanical research and then many other important, indeed, but minor relations connected with the preservation and the study of the new flora and the care of the fauna.

But the present urgent work for which all else must be put aside is the opening up of the Park to the people and to the millions who shall delight in resting under those primeval giants whose boughs soughed to the West-winds when the Israelites passed

through the Red Sea. And I ask the Club to co-operate this fall with us in getting a large and sufficient appropriation from the Legislature to complete the work.

I am now having made by an expert Civil Engineer, a topographical map of the Park, which will enable him to calculate the exact cost of the Boulevard and show to the Legislature the exact work to be done. And this I have had done as a private citizen and not in my capacity of Commissioner, for were I to act as a Commissioner I see plainly we should not be able to secure our Boulevard in time. And whilst I have accepted the office of Commissioner, I have not given up the rights of a citizen nor the privilege of a member of this great Club.

It is as a citizen and as a charter active member of this Club since May, 1901, that I beg the Club to bear in mind that the great and pressing need of the State Redwood Park is: First, that it be opened up to and for the people, and second, that it be opened in time for the millions who shall come to our shores in 1915.

In conclusion I must congratulate the Club on its efforts to secure good and safe roads into the Park.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE—NEAREST OUR HEARTS

JUDGE ERROL J. L. TABER, EX. '98

That golden haze of student days
Is round about us yet.
Those days of yore
Will come no more,
But through our manly years,
The thoughts of you,
So good, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears.

Fourteen years ago the writer was finishing his second (and last) year at Santa Clara College. Twenty years of my life have been spent in schools; and of the seven institutions attended Santa Clara College has the largest place in my heart. And this not only because of the success in studies and athletics which attended my efforts during those two years, but also, and chiefly because of the wholesome influence upon my character of the loveable and self-sacrificing men who conducted this solid institution. To this day the photograph of my saintly confessor, Fr. Shallo, occupies a conspicuous place in my home.

It would be useless to attempt to describe my feelings when I think of those good fathers—Kenna, Gleeson, Riordan, Ricard, Cunningham, Caredda, McKey, Collins, Chiappa, Thornton, and all the others. The feeling I have for these devoted men is not only of high admiration and profound respect, but what is more, of deep and lasting affection. Here are men in whom we can place implicit trust; and the beautiful thing about it is that all the time we know they are not actuated by mercenary considerations. The work they do is their life work; their hearts are in their work; it is a portion of the sacrifice they make for the good of others.

And in this work they are not concerned with our mental development alone. By taking a whole-souled interest in the boys entrusted to their care, they strive to make true men of them; and in so doing they recognize that a man has a soul and body, as well as a mind. The result is a healthy combination of spiritual, mental and physical development. At certain ages a boy is particularly in need of wholesome environment. This is exactly what Santa Clara University affords. The chapel, the study room and the athletic field are better for a boy than the cheap shows, the suggestive pictures and all the other seductive influences of the every day world.

I can look back now and see how much the environment of the College meant for me at a critical time in my life. This consideration alone has determined me to send my two sons to this institution when they arrive at the

proper age. I have seen so many brilliant men go to hopeless ruin because of liquor, gambling, and other evils that I would be blind indeed not to see the absolute need of character building in the young.

A thousand memories crowd in upon the mind when I look back to those two beautiful years of my life. There was dear old Fr. Caredda, he would fix your watch (or anything else, for that matter), and when you would ask what the charges were, it would usually be, "Say ten Hail Mary's for me." Once I was surprised to see my deportment mark a few points below the 100. I couldn't think what had happened, and went to ask the President. What was my astonishment to find that Fr. Caredda had marked me down in deportment because he had seen my bare calves while I was exercising in the yard. I was playing hand ball at the time and was wearing a regulation track suit—a costume not well known at the college in those days.

One piece of mischief that almost (but not quite) smites my conscience, consisted in distracting good Fr. Chiappa's attention from Latin to some holy subject. Whenever one of us would say, "Now, Father, before you start in this morning I want to ask you something about the Blessed Virgin," we could usually depend upon holding off the Latin for a little while at least. But none of us thought less of the good Father—how could we?

And whenever I think of that excellent teacher, Fr. Cunningham, I think of the morning when Tom Kelly, first pitcher for that immortal baseball team, gave us the benefit of some of his learning along the line of rhetorical figures. That particular morning a rooster just outside one of the walls of the class room was exerting himself vocally to an unwonted degree. Just about the time the rooster had engaged the attention of all of us, Tom heaved a heavy sigh, and said very audibly—"Hen-die-adys!" Tom had been struggling for several days in an effort to fully understand what a hendiadys was, and so probably had it on the mind.

And who could ever forget the troubles Fr. McKey used to have trying to control his incorrigibles. I can remember, as it were now, how Aloysius Welch used to plague this good and patient little man. Aloysius Welch, Hugh Gearin, E. J. Kelly and myself attended the law school of Columbia University in New York City a few years later. Gearin did some good pitching for the Columbia Varsity Baseball Team, on which I played second base the three years I was going to law school. Aloysius Welch was easily the hand ball champion of Columbia. This honor later fell to me—but not till Aloysius had graduated and gone. I did not pretend to be in a class with "Spider" Welch when it came to hand ball. Gearin also developed into a classy hand ball player at Columbia.

How well do I remember how Fr. Thornton used to rattle off the pages of Yenni's Latin and Greek grammars. He seemed to know those grammars by heart.

Nor can I go back in recollection to those days without thinking of the beautiful half-hours on those perfect afternoons, learning French from Fr. Ricard under the great shade trees, using the little blue "French Echo".

Another unforgettable thing was the ineffaceable smile that used to light the face of Fr. Riordan, our President, when we could come back home with Stanford's scalp or that of some other formidable rival. Fr. Riordan surely had many of these smiles during the baseball season of 1898—the year we swept everything before us.

How good those steaks and shoestring potatoes used to taste after winning a big game! And it was about this time, too, that the College gave us those fine big sweaters with the white cape collars and the big S C on the front, in monogram.

What blessed days! And how we did work together—every player knew just what to expect of every other. Charlie Graham, catcher; Tom Kelly, pitcher; Joe Farry, first base; "Nig" Garnot ("Turn yo' eyeballs inside out"), second base; Ed Leake, short stop; Guy Connor, third base; Jack Sage, left field; Tom Robinson, centre field, and myself, right field. Never shall I forget how Joe Corbett taught me to "bunt" and "beat it" down the first base line. And how clearly can I still see that little earthwork thrown up along the third base line "to keep the bunt in". I wonder how I would look now (weight, 220 pounds), trying to "beat out" a bunt to first!

And then, too, the foot-racing, jumping, vaulting, weight-throwing and all the rest of it, and the debates in the Senate and the House. Ah me! "Those days of yore will come no more!"

We all know how hard it is to satisfy students at a boarding school in regard to their eating. I can still remember how one of the boys, at the height of the baseball season, stated with some emphasis that the score in the dining room was "Nothin' to ate".

I cannot forbear making mention of the exquisite music we used to hear when Kieferdorf, Leake and Fitzgerald would get together. And if I live till kingdom come I shall never forget (nor will many others) how Billy King used to "practice" in the piano rooms in the afternoons, during study periods. What Billy didn't know about the peculiarities of those various pianos wasn't known.

And who could write of Santa Clara in those days without mentioning Mr. Sedgley and that fine old gentleman, Mr. Lawrie!

But what's the use! The more I dream of those days the more does my heart well up with indescribable feelings of tenderness. How small the responsibilities of those college days compared with those of the hard world!

And yet, how much better will the students be able to meet the hard knocks and awful responsibilities of later life if they do the right thing while in college. Only a year ago I met again a man who went to Santa Clara College during my time, and he expressed the keenest regret that he had not made better use of his time while he was at Santa Clara College.

Santa Clara University, I salute you! My eyes fill with tears of tenderest recollection when my mind goes back to those days which have passed beyond recall. I hope to be with you again in the persons of my two beloved sons; and when they shall have finished, I pray that they too, may feel the same love and gratitude that now fills their father's heart.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF JESSE BRYAN

So long as the finite weights our minds,
So long as our eyes the clay—
We may not gaze on the Lord, our God,
Though we know Him in every way.
His law we know in the stars that wheel
Across the arch of the sky—
With never a miss, with never a clash,
Though the world should fade and die;
His might in the restless sea, that beats
Forever against the strand—
In the rolling waves that break in wrath
That he holds them in His hand:
His smile in the golden sun, that pours
Its warmth on the pregnant fields;
His care in the tender grass, that turns,
At our need, to the grain it yields;—
His love in the songs of the choristers,
That gladden the wakening hour—
And His love, in the soft perfume He breathes
From the heart of the wayside flower.

We know our God, in a thousand ways—
In each way to our gain—
But ever we yearn for the sight of His face,
And ever will yearn in vain,—
Till He's fashioned us to His own design.
With toil and service spent
Upon His works—so we are fit
To stand before His tent,
All stripped of the clay that Adam earned
By his sinful lust of pride,
And stand, unshamed in Heaven's fields,
The saints of God beside.
Then may we gaze upon God's face;
Then may we rest content—
Our eyes on the eyes of the Lord, our God,
Our feet on His firmament.

CHRONICLE OF THE MISSIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND CALIFORNIA AND THE PROVINCE OF CALIFORNIA

II.—CALL AND COMING OF THE FLATHEADS

In its Introductory (p. 37), the "Oregon Missions" says: "Faithful to his word, Father De Smet returned among the Flatheads the autumn of the same year (1841), accompanied by Fathers Point and Mengarini." These two fathers are conspicuous figures of early mountain history and many interesting items of those days have been handed down in the "Memoirs" of Father Mengarini, which he wrote at Santa Clara College in his declining years. They were not published, however, until 1888, two years after his death, which took place September 23, 1886, in his seventy-fifth year.

Father Mengarini opens with the remark that it is a labor to write memoirs at his age, but it is a labor of love; that his heart is glad its last feeble throbbings may be given to the same sacred cause to which was given its prime. He intends to tell things plainly and simply, as they came back to him; and, should anyone think he narrates events too minute and unimportant, let him remember that things are not to be valued by their real worth but rather by the interest they have for the heart of an old man.

The call of God inviting him to the Mission of the Rocky Mountains and his prompt acceptance of the summons forms the first part of the narrative. This part is very precious, as it shows the fatherly interest which Father General Roothaan took in the Mission of the Mountains from its very start—a fact which goes far to prove that the mission was under Father General's special tutelage during its first stages. But, to quote the words of the "Memoirs":

"In the year 1839 a letter from Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, Missouri, reached Father General Roothaan. It was the voice of a sorrow-laden heart echoing the cry of the Divine Master: 'The harvest, indeed, is great, but the laborers are few.' The children of the western wilds of America had come to his door begging for someone to break to them the bread of life and he had no one to give them. He promised, however, to make every effort to meet their desire; and, turning his eyes to Rome, appealed for aid to Very Reverend Father General.

"At that time I was a student of theology in the Roman College, and, when I heard the appeal publicly read in the refectory, I was deeply moved; it seemed to me a manifestation of God's will in my regard. I thought

the matter over, asked light from above, offered myself and was accepted. I was told to hasten my examination, and having passed it in January, 1840, I was made a priest in March.

"The broad Atlantic now rolled between me and the far-off shores of America. This I knew, but did not then realize that 'another America could have rolled between those same shores and the wigwams of those whom I was called to evangelize'. Then followed a probably abbreviated Tertianship, 'three busy months of labor and trial were to glide by before I should even leave Rome. Father Cotting had meantime applied for the same mission and been acepted; so together, on the Feast of St. Aloysius, 1840, bearing with us the kind wishes of friends and the blessing of Father General, we started for Leghorn', the Mediterranean part of the Papal States. There a slight delay occurred and it was only on July 23 that their vessel, the Oriole, weighed anchor for Philadelphia.

Omitting other homely details of that transatlantic voyage, one amusing incident may be given. It is a genuine "fish story". "Once," when through the voyage's length supplies had run rather short, "a shark was caught. Our cook cut some slices from it, prepared them nicely, and served them up at table. They tasted well to the hungry palate; but the captain heard of it, and, forthwith, ordering shark, cooked and uncooked, to be cast into the sea, exclaimed with horror: 'Don't you know that those that eat shark shall be eaten by sharks?' Indeed we did not know of any ban, but we did know that we were hungry."

They reached the new world in good time, but as the accommodations at the Jesuit residence in Philadelphia were straitened, the travelers soon departed for Baltimore. It was their first train experience in America, and, did space allow, it would be highly interesting to give it at length. Two points, however, may be mentioned: First—Father Cotting's stricture on the "pay-as-you-go" cafes at the short halts of the train, as a "speculation", and second, the impossibility of making themselves understood in any of their five languages at the first-class hotel in Baltimore, where they were detained and entertained, before they found a Canadian, who understood and directed them on their way to old Georgetown.

Passing over the cordial reception at Georgetown, where, in the company of their brethren, they soon forgot the troubles and trials of the past week, we find them after four days' rest, on their way to St. Louis. Mindful of their late quandary, superiors gave them a guide in the person of Father Larkin, who, with a young companion, was, like themselves, bound for the western metropolis. There they found the college outside the city, 'a single street, lined with a double row of houses," says Father Mengarini, "connected the college with the city." To the new-comers it was an instance in

point of the rapid growth of American cities.

They tarried some months at St. Louis to await Father De Smet's return from Fort Maragnon, or Union, where he had gone to meet a deputation of Flatheads. He returned "with glowing accounts," says the Memoirs, "of his reception" by the Flatheads. After a flying visit to Louisiana to obtain things needed for the contemplated Flathead Mission, he was back in St. Louis by April 24, 1841, and the little party hied westward. Father Mengarini gives the names of this band as follows: "Fathers De Smet, Point (from Canada), and myself, Brothers Specht, Huet and Claessens," six in all. Father Cotting was not in the party. "Much to his regret, he was detained in St. Louis when we set our faces towards the wilderness."

From St. Louis they traveled by boat to Westport, a town on the extreme west boundary of Missouri. Father Mengarini mentions the capture of "two negroes, who, a few days before our departure from St. Louis, had committed a horrible murder." They were on another steamer, which ran ashore, and so the officers of justice were able to overtake the fugitives. "The culprits," having been brought back to St. Louis, "were tried and hanged, embracing in their last moments the one true faith." Thus God drew good out of evil, and the expiation of their crime was their way of salvation.

"At Westport our journey by land began. Forty-five years ago! It seems a long time to look back through the dim vista of nearly half a century and to glance again at our little caravan as it started to cross the plain."

"If, in our times, when a railroad spans the plains and when a traveler is whirled over them at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, he feels little pleasure in transit, much less could he expect to find pleasure when an hour's journey was lengthened out into that of twenty-four. We, however, had not come as tourists for pleasure but as envoys of the cross; and, hence, we strove first to practice what we were afterwards to preach.

"So the sun rose and the sun set, and the end of our journey was still over a thousand miles away. The last rays of the setting sun would often show us, still some miles away, the welcome grove where we were to find water and rest. At night we kept guard by turns, Father Point and myself among the number.

"Sometimes we fell in with bands of Sioux and Cheyennes, but, though importunate in asking us for various articles, they did us no harm. To lose the road and be in want of water had become such an ordinary matter as to be daily expected. But why speak of road when no such thing existed? Plains on all sides! Plains at morning; plains at noon; plains at night! And this day after day! The want of water was sometimes so great that we were

forced to bail putrid yellow water, which we found collected in some hollow, and strive to quell the pangs of thirst at the price of others equally great." What Father Mengarini means by "the price of other pangs equally great," may perhaps be illustrated by a little incident that occurred on the trip but has been omitted in the memoirs. A buffalo pool was sighted one day when the party was suffering grievously from thirst. One of the number ran precipitately forward and, without taking the precaution of straining the water through a cloth, drank abundantly from the pool. The consequences were disastrous. The germs of the infected water soon developed. Knobs or swellings of considerable size, formed in the abdomen; they moved from place to place, indicating bacterial inflammation on a large scale. The poor victim soon died in great agony.

Another personal narrative is equally characteristic of travel across the plains at that period. On leaving Westport many west-bound emigrants joined the missionaries. A good supply of cured buffalo tongues had been provided and these were strung back of the wagons. Riding ahead, the cavaliers of the party soon found their appetites whetted by the keen, pure air of the plains. Then, one after another, the horsemen would drop behind, take out his jack-knife, the inseparable companion of the emigrant, and slice off a good chunk from one of the savory tongues, until they were no more.

But God, though He sometimes tried their patience and endurance, did not let them want for the necessaries of life. As of old, the Israelites in their wanderings through the desert were fed by the daily manna and timely flocks of quail, so now Providence came to the aid of His children in this new desert waste.

"While water was scarce," says Father Mengarini, "game was often abundant. Prairie cocks, prairie hens, prairie chickens, antelopes, supplied us with food. At times we saw the distant hills covered with what seemed to be clumps of stunted trees, but, if even a gentle wind happened to blow towards that quarter, the trees would forthwith move up the sides of the hills and disappear." The "stunted trees" were immense herds of buffalo and their rapid disappearance came from their keen scent of the proximity of intruders.

The party's first experience of river-crossing forcibly inculcates the wisdom of "following the leader" and the corresponding folly of trying to "paddle one's own canoe." "Reaching Independence Rock, it became necessary to cross the Platte, about a mile wide, full of islands, and with a strong current. Our Iroquois hunter, John Gray, went in search of a ford and came back saying he had found one. He immediately started ahead and the wagoners began to follow. But, as sometimes will happen, some thought they could find a better way for themselves, and so, scat-

tering after entering the river, left it uncertain for those that followed what way the guide had taken. A wagon had just entered the stream when I reached the bank and I determined to follow it.

"All went well for some time and we were nearing the other bank, when suddenly the wagon upset, and, at the same moment, I felt the earth slipping from beneath, my horse's feet. Clinging to the animal's neck, if not gracefully, at least firmly, I held on to life so much the more vigorously, as I could not swim. The current was strong, but, fortunately, my horse was a good swimmer, and, in a few minutes, both of us were landed safely on the bank. I turned instinctively to look for the wagon, but saw it abandoned and floating down stream. Happily, no lives were lost, but a man we called "The Major" had been in imminent danger. Withdrawing quite a distance from the others, I hung up my clothes to dry, and then, comfortable once more, betook myself to camp".

The narrative then recounts the parting with their emigrant companies after May, June and July had run out over the scorching pathway of the plains. Some of the emigrants were bound for Oregon, others for California; but the missionaries had to keep more to the north on their way to the Bitter Root country, and pushed ahead to Fort Hall, in the present State of Idaho. They made it by the Feast of the Assumption and found some twenty Flatheads awaiting them. Provisions were exhausted by that long march of nearly five months, nor could they well replenish their store at the fort, whose people in that wilderness had to think first of themselves. Regretting that he could not do more the officer in command spared two bags of "toro", at one dollar a bag. "Toro", says Father Mengarini, is a mixture of cured buffalo meat, grease and berries, and the missionaries found this their first experience of it far from pleasant. However, it is not usually given on bills of fare. No doubt it is good with hunger as a sauce.

"Two bags of toro could not last long, especially as the Indians were our guests and we were supposed to observe the rules of hospitality." When the toro gave out, Providence sent them an abundant supply of fish. "Francois Saxa, with Indian ingenuity, soon rid us of our not new, but yet ever-unwelcome visitor, hunger. Taking a line and unbaited hook, he went to a hole in the river near by, threw in his line and began twitching it from side to side. The hole must have been swarming with fish; for in a short time he had landed such a number, some caught by the fins, some by the tail, and some by the belly, that all danger of starvation was dispelled."

In the vicinity of Fort Hall they had to pause for twenty days or more. During that time they stored from river and plain what supplies they could for the last but not easiest part of their

long trip. Escorted by their twenty faithful Flatheads, they set out September 9. The first snows of winter covered the ground. Days passed without any important incident to mar their way, when suddenly they saw their advance guard hastening back from the mountain and making signs that an enemy was in sight.

"Soon we saw warriors galloping towards us, until about fifty Bannacks (also Bannocks and Banaxs), armed with poisoned arrows, were drawn up at a short distance. At the first intimation of danger, Captain Fitzpatrick, in charge of the expedition, had ordered the wagons drawn up in a circle and had seen that every man was at his post. None of the Indians of our party advanced to meet the Bannacks, for they had been engaged in a fight with them the preceeding year; neither did any of their party come over to us. Captain Fitzpatrick now advanced a little and told them by signs that we were "Blackrobes," that we spoke to the Great Spirit, and that we were peaceable. (See Father De Smet's letter, No. XXV, "Oregon Missions.") They sat there with countenances perfectly impassive and answered neither by word nor by sign."

This impassive silence on occasions seems to have been characetristic not only of this particular tribe but of all, or nearly all the North American tribes. It took place either when the Indians were assembled in council or in the immediate presence of some grave issue. Then their features assumed the cast of blank stolidity, or utter imperturbability. Perhaps the one word in our language which expresses this psychical phenomenon truest and best is stoicism.

Meanwhile, Father Mengarini had put on his cassock and prevailed upon Father De Smet to do the same. Some of the Canadian muleteers, whether in joke or in earnest, asked the former where his gun was. In answer he pointed to the reliquary which hung round his neck. And the saints were, indeed, with them, as the sequel showed! "As evening approached," continues Father Mengarini, "our visitors drew off and camped at a short distance. In the morning they were still there; when we started, they followed. This they did on that and the next day, never however, attempting to harm us, yet ever close behind us. The morning of the fourth day dawned and we arose expecting a repetition of the program of the preceding days, but the Bannacks were nowhere to be seen; they had decamped in the night; we never saw them again."

Journeying on, they arrived at a place called Hell Gate; whereupon Father Mengarini moralizes as follows: "If the road to the infernal regions were as uninviting as that to its earthly namesake, few, I think, would care to travel it. The trail, for it was nothing more, ran along the sides of steep mountains; so steep, in fact, that oftentimes it was only by attaching ropes

to different parts of the wagons and our Indians helping us, that we could keep the wagons upright; and other times we had to unhitch the mules, climb the mountain side with them to some vantage ground and then, with ropes, drag up the wagons after."

But "all things," says the proverb, "come to him who knows how to wait;" or, in the words of Holy Writ, "Patience has a perfect work;" and so they finally reached their tiresome and long journey's end and almost at once found the spot for their mission home, about twenty-five miles above the present town of Hell Gate, on a beautiful river, to which they gave the name St. Mary's.

The toil of travel was now to be succeeded by labors of a more or less permanent missionary life. "Our five months' journey was ended that the toil of a missionary life might begin. We pitched our tents and waited for our flock to gather round us." Scouts were sent out to let the out-camp Indians know of their coming; meanwhile provisions again grew scarce. Only a little oatmeal remained and the brother came and asked Father Mengarini what he was to do. "Cook what you have," said he, "God will provide." The brother obeyed and his obedience was rewarded. That very afternoon the Indians began to arrive, each with his load of buffalo meat, and abundance was now their portion. "Did I not tell you," said he to the brother, "that God would provide?"

Then came the "fervet opus"—the building of the log cabins in which the little community were to live, and the church in which to gather the red men, instruct, baptize, and point them the way heavenward.

"We were no sooner settled than Father De Smet, together with some Indians who knew a little French, began translating our prayers into Flathead. If all translations are doomed to lose either in exactness or in elegance, no one will be astonished to learn that their first translation lost in both. Hearing Francois saying one day, 'Lord, if you like, take my heart and my soul,' I asked him whether he understood the meaning of the words. 'Of course,' replied he, 'nothing is plainer.' 'And what is the meaning,' said I. 'Well,' answered he, 'if God likes to take my heart, let Him do so; if He doesn't, well, let Him leave it alone.' Thus, as we became better acquainted with Flathead, we found a new translation necessary in order that Christian ideas might be presented in a form better adapted to Indian intellects. We no longer said 'Please Lord, take,' or 'Be pleased to take, O Lord,'—a form which to the Flathead was equivalent to 'If you like, O Lord, take,' but we used the simple imperative 'Take, O Lord,' and they understood us. For this imperative form strictly enforces acceptance and admits of no refusal. When an Indian says, 'Take,' the thing must be taken; and if he says 'Take', he means to give. Hence, when the

Flatheads offered their hearts, they really made the offering and felt convinced that our Lord would not violate the most sacred rule of Indian etiquette by refusing the gift."

(To be continued.)

THE VISIONARY

He is above the petty things,
The little tasks from day to day,
His thoughts and his imaginings
Are far away.

He looks upon the untilled lands
But does not see them where they lie;
Some mightier labor for his hands
He hopes to try.

He plans with brooding eager eyes
On how the millions may be fed,
And does not hear his children's cries
Begging for bread.

—MAURICE DOOLING '09

MY FRIENDS SPES AND MEMORIA

JOHN PARROTT, '05

I went for a walk yesterday with Spes. She is a charming girl and full of fun. I did not want to go for a walk but she insisted and said that it would be loads of fun and that she would show me some beautiful country. So I went. The country was beautiful. One green, daisy-covered field after another with the bright spring sun shining over all, quickening life all about us.

"Isn't this wonderful," said Spes, and I had to agree with her. "But wait," said she, "there is more beautiful country still to be traversed," and she pointed a long slender finger to a mountain range basking lazily in a purple haze on the horizon, and I could not but believe her and so I followed. As we wandered along in the sunshine by green trees, rolling meadows and purling brooks, she babbled delightfully about what the future held in store for us. Shortly, she told me, we would find a far more beautiful road and we would come to a wonderful city where all the habitations were beautiful and harmonious and all the citizens loved each other. At first I did not want to believe her as I had been told that no such wonderful thing existed but she spoke so gently, soothingly and reassuringly, looking into my eyes with her own beautiful wide blue eyes, that I renounced all my former prejudices and believed her and followed her.

We came to a brook. Just as I was about to cross it under her guidance, I saw an erect black gowned figure standing on the other side watching us. Large black eyes shone in her sad pale face. The face was beautiful and attracted me very greatly. Spes noticed that I was watching this new person intently so she plucked me by the sleeve and bid me hasten on. My attraction to her, however, was too great to allow me to follow instantly even such a charming companion as Spes, so I went up to this gentle melancholy figure and said:

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

She did not seem surprised, but answered quietly:

"You have known me for a very long time but I don't think you recognize me. I am Memoria. I am very faithful to you, although you have often rejected me. Why don't you follow me," she said, looking askance at Spes, "and become better acquainted with me. We can wander over the hills you have left far behind you. There are many places that maybe you have forgotten. True, there are also some thorny bushes that have scratched you, and stones upon which you may have

fallen but you need not tread on them again. I am sure you would be happy with me. Come."

And she stretched out a white arm to me.

Just then, however, Spes, who had stood by me all the while, spoke to me and I noticed her eyes were dim and that she looked as if she were in pain. "Don't leave me," she said softly, "you will always be able to find your sad dark eyed friend but you will not always have me with you. Follow me, I entreat you." So I followed her once more. But night came upon us before we had reached that wonderful city that Spes had spoken to me about, so I said:

"We can go no further tonight for we can not see our way, but we will resume our walk in the morning."

That night I lay stretched upon the cool grass and watched the star-strewn firmament and wondered whether it was more strange that they should be glittering in the heavens than that I should be trodding this earth. I was unable to resolve this question and came to the conclusion that all was strange and wonderful.

My eyes were closing in sleep when a soft voice spoke close to my ear. "Arise, don't sleep. You see I have followed you all this way. Is not that a proof of my devotion to you? Come with me. Soon the moon will shine and then you will dimly see."

I recognized Memoria's voice and felt sad at heart because I had left her far behind at the brook that day.

"I shall go with you," I said.

The moon shortly appeared and lit our path. Memoria was true to her word. I saw hills and dales I had quite forgotten and our ramble by moonlight was delightful. Several times we came to rocks over which I remembered having stumbled, but somehow I was glad to see them again and was not afraid of anything. It was all very pleasant but after a while I said:

"Dear Memoria this has been most pleasing and I would still further keep on with you if it were not that I told Spes that I would resume my walk with her in the morning and so must return to where you found me."

"So be it," said Memoria sadly, "but I shall know where to find you again."

She led me back gently to where Spes was waiting for me just as the dawn was coloring the horizon with pink and gold.

I left Memoria not without some regret but resumed my march today with Spes, such a charming girl and so full of fun.

"BEASTS AND ALL CATTLE"

CHARLES D. SOUTH

(In relation to Farmer John Wheatley, whom I have induced to tell the following story in his own familiar way, I need only remark that the foundations of his house were as insecure as the foundations of his philosophy, and I think it will interest the reader to know how the philosophy and the house went down together; how the destruction of both was the simultaneous effect of the same identical cause; and how the dual destruction was, after all, not a matter of evil, but a matter of good.—C. D. S.)

I am a farmer, and can boast of little education save what I acquired on the farm; but in the long nights of the long winters of many a year, when storms howled outside and the log fire roared on the hearth, I read and read and read—until I seemed to feel my mind growing bigger with the thoughts of other men. My mental trend was fixed by the character of the works I read and those works steered me to the conclusion that this life is the be-all and the end-all here.

It was this persistent reading of only one side of the question that caused the trouble in the family and led—not to a divorce, but to a separation by mutual agreement. I should say, by way of explanation, that Mary, my wife, was just the opposite of me in her ideas about things here and hereafter and was forever poring over volumes that I had no use for—the Bible, for instance, and books of prayer, lives of saints, and stories about angels and devils, and rewards and punishments.

As long as she read to herself it was all right; but the trouble came when she began reading aloud for the benefit of her heathen husband, and especially when I knew perfectly well that her object was to convert me in her own cute way, without letting me suspect what she was driving at. I stood it quietly and uncomplainingly for a while, but I got sick and tired when she began singing the psalms of David at me.

Just as when the crusader first ran up against the infidel in old Jerusalem, so the crusader in my house got a few shocks, the difference being that our weapons were tongues, not swords.

I think the last passage my wife read to me from the psalms, just before the family war began, was the one which runs: "Praise the Lord, stormy winds fulfilling his word; praise Him, mountains and hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle," and so on. That roused up all my sarcasm and ridicule. I went and got some of the books of atheists who scoffed at

the Bible and I just read them at my wife until she couldn't stand it any longer. Then she prayed and I mocked, till the house got to be a regular pocket-edition of Tophit.

"Beasts and all cattle," I laughed. "You ought to go out and do a little preaching in the pasture."

"God preaches there," said my wife.

"I've been out there a lot," I remarked, "and I never heard Him."

"You have heard Him without knowing it was He that spoke," said she. "He speaks in the thunder and the lightning, in the sunshine and the calm, in the falling dew, the growing grass, the beauty of flowers, the music of birds."

"I don't know His language," I said, tantalizingly. "It's a pity He doesn't let us feel His power!"

"At the touch of His hand the earth shall tremble and you shall feel and fear!"

"You are crazy," I murmured, as I walked away.

I ought to mention that my wife was always doing things according to what she called the Golden Rule. My golden rule was hard, shiny and yellow. I measured everything by its value to me in cold dollars—put a price on everything, whether it was a buck-saw or a diamond, or a thing that walked on two legs or four. My wife wanted to befriend the very people I wanted to smash. She prayed for our enemies, while I was trying my level best to coax them into a scrap.

I had no use for praying folks, nor for prayers either. In fact, I had clean forgotten God and lived just for the fun of living—lived like that—yes, until the earthquake shook me out of my trance—woke me—put the terror of God Almighty into me—turned my eyes upward and made me think there is a heaven—yes, and a hell.

But I am going too fast. I told my wife that I couldn't stand her idiocy any longer, and I brought her into town and furnished a cottage for her, and though she talked against it for dear life, it was no use;—there was no bending my will and I had my way. Well, after that, she lived in town near a church, and I stayed on the ranch alone.

"Now I'll have peace," said I, but as events proved I wasn't moulded in the die of a prophet. I had always milked the cows, of course, but Mary had made the butter and kept the pans scoured and the milkroom so clean it made the milk taste sweeter. I couldn't make butter that was fit to sell, and the neatness was mighty soon gone from the milkroom. Wife used to prepare the food so it fairly tempted you; but I couldn't cook any more than I could darn socks, or make a woman's headgear out of a bushel basket and a bolt of ribbon. Still, I didn't kick. I ate food raw half the time; but I was always given credit for staying qualities and I'd never give in.

I solved one difficulty by getting a dairyman to buy the milk, and that

part of the business looked smiling when a distemper seized the cows and I couldn't trust them while milking. They jumped and kicked and hooked, and blamed if I didn't think they'd finish me. As to the horses, I had a lot of young ones that I wanted to break for market, and the best was the worst to handle. He was a broncho clean through. He kicked a breaking cart to pieces and came nigh planting his heels in my chest, so that I became afraid and felt like a coward when I went to harness him.

All this happened only a month before the earthquake. Let me see! It was close to five in the morning when I was roused by a tremor that shook the timbers of the house as the wind shakes reeds along the river. It shook me out of bed onto my feet. I had felt earthquakes before and hadn't a particle of fear; not at the start,—but there came another shake, and it kept on getting heavier and heavier, and first pulling one way and then wrenching another. The house was twisted and torn (it was merely a shack), and I gathered up my clothes and bolted out just as the structure was thrown off its foundations;—just in the nick of time, too, for the whole frame collapsed as I got clear, and as the crash came I was making tracks for the open field.

The earth was rolling under me like waves of ocean, and I was tossed around like a small boat in the swirl of a stream. I stumbled and chanced to lay my hand on a pitchfork which had dropped from a hay-wagon. I grabbed it, jabbed the prongs into the ground, and in that way held myself up. Even then I must have cut a pretty sight leaping back and forth like a monkey on a pole.

I felt my helplessness then; it was utter and complete. I could see the trees dancing like witches, and the gray spaces of sky between the trees resembled sheeted ghosts.

The earth cracked underneath me, and I imagined hell itself opening to gobble me up.

The moment I could use my legs effectively I moved away toward the middle of the field. Looking, as I ran, in the direction of the horses and cows, I saw their heads all up in the air. They were snorting and bawling frightfully. Suddenly they caught sight of me and, quick as a flash, came leaping and galloping to my side. The horses and the cows closed in around me, their leaders leaning forward till their noses touched me.

Here was a picture. The poor dumb beasts felt the need of a higher power —and looked up to me! And I—I felt how weak and mean and insignificant a thing I was. I, too,—poor worm, that I am—felt the need of a higher power and the consciousness within me acknowledged the Infinite Hand I had been blind to.

I raised my eyes to heaven—yes, I did, and I cried out from the depths of my heart, "God save me,—GOD FORGIVE ME!"

Kneeling down in the midst of the horses and the cows, for the violence of the quake had abated, I raised my hands and tried to say a prayer like something my wife used to say. The horses and the cows held up their heads as if appealing to the sky. I could think of one thing only—It was a psalm,—a psalm of David:

"Praise the Lord, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl; kings of the earth and all people."

And then—then, the quake was over. Slowly I rose and, thinking deep thoughts the while, walked toward the ruins of my house, the cows and horses following.

The dumb animals stopped at the garden gate and stood gazing over the fence as I surveyed the shattered remains of my mudsill tenement. The broken bricks of the fallen chimney were a mound at my feet. The stoutest beams in the structure had been snapped asunder like pipestems; the shingles had been ripped from the twisted roof as if some terrible engine had ploughed by and spared nothing in its devastating path. I dragged a few boards from the top of the heap, and, with awed feelings, peered through the wreck upon the sundered relics of my household. There, topmost in the ruck, blasphemously crying out in their miserable impotence, it seemed to me, were the accursed volumes of atheism which had poisoned my brain and driven me to the verge of despair. Calmly I drew them forth, straightway burned them along with other rubbish, and felt the atmosphere purified as the flames finished their meal and the wind blew away the ashes.

I had seen the work of man's hand perish in an instant, touched by the reproving finger of God.

Involuntarily, I went out again through the garden gate. Lo! the distemper had left the cows and they came up mild as pet lambs. I pulled a set of harness out of the remains of my wagon-shed and turned about to find my dangerous broncho of other days no longer a broncho, but actually bending his head toward me as if freely offering the service of his noble limbs. I harnessed him to a cart which stood in the barnyard, drove down the lane to the village highway and then on a brisk trot townward.

In truth, ever since the shock, I had been thinking of my Mary, the wife I had wronged, and that broncho trotted on like a racehorse—trotted on joyously as if he realized his mission—but, half way there, who should we meet but Mary coming afoot to me! For a long time she couldn't speak, but clung around my neck and cried.

Excuse my fool tears! Blamed if I could speak, either. But she kissed me, she did, and I took her in my arms, and we didn't need to tell our feelings in words. Our hearts spoke and we both understood.

Nightly, now, in the fine new house yonder, as sure as bedtime comes, and

kneeling, we lift our hearts in humble thanksgiving to the Dispenser of Good, faithfully do we close our prayers with a psalm—a psalm of David—"Praise ye the Lord," and we repeat it with a new and awesome understanding even to the phrase, "Beasts and all cattle."

College Song

Santa Clara, thee we hail!
Grateful sons their homage pay.
Noble mother thou of men,
Their pride of old, our pride today
Alma Mater still to thee,
Though we thy hallowed scenes depart,
Ever loyal will we be,
Thy name enshrined in every heart.

CHORUS

Santa Clara thine our love,
Brothers joined from many strands,
Santa Clara thine our strength,
Thine the prowess of our hands,
While our hearts beat warm and true,
E'en though life shall part our ways,
We shall love the College scenes,
And the dear old College days.
(Repeat Chorus)

Santa Clara thee we hail!
Thy bright glory from of old,
Ever shall abide with thee,
Who dow'rest men with learning's gold,
Alma Mater though with thee
Years are many, young art thou.
Hear thy sons who loyally
Now swear their fealty, vow their vow.

HIS GRACE PATRICK W. RIORDAN

ARCH-BISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY JOHN J. BARRETT BEFORE THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE CLUB OF SAN JOSE, MAY 23, 1912

Gentlemen:

I am sorry that I cannot claim the benefit of the usual excuse that "the call is unexpected". The cold fact is that I had warning as long ago as yesterday. Father Morrissey got me on the telephone in San Francisco and expressed the gentle wish that I should join him tonight at a smoker of the club, and the simple wish of Father Morrissey is law with all of us.

It is a matter of great pride with me that Father Morissey and I were classmates through many years in the long ago, and that we graduated, side by side, in the class of '91. It is true that our careers of recent years have suffered a violent divergence. He went to the cloister and I went to jail. But even here there was an echo of the old harmony; for while there was no one to deny that he was an ornament to the place he attained, there were few who dissented from the general opinion that I belonged in jail. But I have reformed and he has not. I withdrew from my seclusion and he did not. I paid the penalty of my misdeeds and he still owes the debt. And it is no slight debt either. A modest per diem for all the days of my vicarious atonement for his transgressions would build the University of Santa Clara. But I have forgiven him for it all. I have gone further than forgiveness,—I have come to join the general opinion that our Alma Mater has realized in him a worthy successor of the noble men who ruled her destiny with glory and success through half a century; and I dare to say,—even in his modest presence,—that it is by no accident or chance, but by design of Providence, that events have brought him to the forefront of the movement for the establishment of the University of Santa Clara.

It is a pleasure keener than I can translate into words to be made one of you tonight. I wish I had something to say by way of fair return for the privilege. As it is, I feel I am in a similar position to that of the politician who was invited to Vallejo in a recent campaign, presumably to "tell it to the marines;' he was not one of the regular speakers and went by invitation of the State committee to address the people on the larger issues; the chairman of the evening was not accustomed to his duties and insisted that the right of way be given to the local candidates; time and again he refused to make way for the distinguished visitor; but after the local list was exhausted he stepped to the front of the platform in an in-

different sort of way and made this announcement: "Ladies and Gentlemen: We have with us tonight the Hon. T. Cluny of San Francisco; he's not a candidate for any job so he'll make a talk for talk's sake."

This is my predicament to begin and I am afraid, to end with, I'll find myself in the position of the speaker who harangued his audience for over an hour, "with much heat and little light," and when one of his audience was leaving the hall and a friend asked him what the speaker was talking about, he replied "Begorra, he didn't say."

But there is one thought that does come to me as worth while. These local college clubs that Father Morrissey is organizing everywhere throughout the State ought to commend themselves to us for this reason if for no other: they will bring us back every once-in-awhile to the fairyland of our college-days at Santa Clara. And there is more solid good in that, if we stop to think of it, than in many other things we give much more time to. Gilbert K. Chesterton, the literary genius of the day in England, says in his life of "Watts"—"The great aim of a man's life is to get into his second childhood." There is more than a passing meaning in the statement. It has in fact a meaning deep as life itself. It is a truth that goes down not only to the basis of man's religious life but strikes down to the very roots of his material life as well. It is the expression of the crowning lesson of experience. It is the last word of worldly wisdom. It expresses the great turning-back of men when the pride of life has led them after the complex and seeming and they want to possess again the simple and real. And the simple and real things of life are what we were taught and told they were in the serene days, and by the noble men, and among the endeared companions, and amid the pleasant scenes to which these college clubs and these college-club re-unions will serve to bring us back.

It is a thought I could linger on for a long time but most of you feel it better than I can unfold it. It is one of those things that we know better than the things we learned from books, because we have gone out and had it branded upon our souls by that sternest of preceptors—experience. And it is a lesson that can hardly be fully learned in any other way. And it does not apply to the larger things of life alone. It runs the whole gamut of our interests, pleasures, possessions, beliefs and pursuits. What I am but faintly suggesting comes home to all of you, I am sure, in multifold ways. So strong and so universal a truth is it that it seems to me that our scheme of education ought to call a man back to his Alma Mater about ten years after he has finished his books, for an examination on his realization of the things he was taught; and that only then could he be truthfully said to have completed

his studies. Anyhow, this sober realization is the crowning factor in the school of life.

And so it is a wholesome thing for a man now and then to live over again in miniature the real and simple life of his college days. It has a higher usefulness for us than mere pastime, to fill our intellectual and moral lungs every once-in-a-while with the old atmosphere. It is a healthful service as well as a keen delight to climb back to the old heights now and then to purify "the cells of our souls".

There is not one of us tonight who does not feel his whole being transformed into the boyhood of his college days. On one another's brow we see again the hopes, ambitions and resolves that we saw there even in the forming. The years between melt away and our minds and souls mingle again in sweet association. In these newer disciples of Loyola who are present tonight we are called back to the forms and features of the Jesuits of our time, and we kneel again in reverent awe at their feet and we seem to hear again their living voices telling us the lessons of time and eternity. And all of the old feeling comes over us. And all of the old peace and tranquility comes back to our spirits. And we revel again in the day-dreams and delights that vanished with our boyhood and we mingle again with the dead whom we mourned.

Let us come back often to these refreshing associations. Let us dedicate at least an hour every now and then —we "misers of dust," who say that we haven't the time,—to a revel in the old sincerity, the old simplicity, and the old frankness and reality. We shall find it pleasurable. We shall find it profitable. We shall find it the elixir of enduring youth.

It is well worth while for many reasons. Let me speak of just one more.

We are not bigots, we sons of Santa Clara College, and we were taught by her that bigotry has no business in any man's life; and we can never forget that in our day in school there were no more devoted admirers of the Jesuits than our fellow-students who were not of our faith. They saw for themselves that our religion is a thing of sweetness and light. They saw for themselves that the Society of Jesus has no other aim nor other ambition than to turn out the best kind of citizens and the best kind of men. They found out for themselves that the current criticism of that institution and those men was calumny without foundation and without excuse. And so we all grew to an understanding with one another in religious matters as well as secular and we felt no prejudice against our fellows because they were not of our faith. In that same spirit I come to my second point for these assemblies, intending no embarrassment to anyone here present who is not a Catholic.

These re-unions will do much for our pride in the fact that we belong to the Catholic faith. I speak of that pride

because it is a wholesome and helpful thing. And I speak only of a phase that appeals to our pride, an element that constitutes the mere exterior of the Church, because you know its interior glory better than I could describe it. And I only speak of it at all because I had an opportunity within the year to see the Catholic Church in many lands, and I came to realize for the first time the supreme position this divine and world-wide organization occupies today, and the conspicuous part she has played in human affairs throughout all the Christian ages.

You all remember Macaulay's glowing tribute to the Catholic Church. We used almost to sing it at school. So struck was he by the abundant life of the Church that he predicted that she would exist in undiminished vigor "when some traveler from New Zealand, in the midst of a vast solitude, shall take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." It was my pleasure to stand on that bridge in sight of the dome of that Cathedral with that prophecy in my mind; and as I looked off on the teeming life of that city of seven millions of people, with the commerce of the world congesting the Thames beneath me, with the most thickly-peopled region on earth around me, with the most bewildering rush and crush on every hand,—with every sign that time could never cancel the work that man was doing and had done there, I realized how bold was the prediction that the Catholic Church should outlast even that.

But I went down to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral,—the proudest monuments that England has to exhibit, the crowning places of her kings and queens, the burial places of her illustrious dead, the shrines of her favorite poets, authors, statesmen and warriors,—vast and majestic Gothic edifices, crowded thick with the best her sculptors could do to memorialize her history; and I remembered that these were Catholic once, and that they were ruthlessly confiscated; and I looked about me and I watched the worshippers there and I observed the ceremonials, and I realized that under the baffling ways of Providence these stolen churches have come again to be the temples of a worship, Roman Catholic in form, Roman Catholic in spirit, and as sure in the years at hand to be Roman Catholic in allegiance as the signs today are widespread throughout the nation that it is drifting back to its ancient faith. And then I went to Oxford University, and I thought of Newman and I saw them erecting his statue over Oriel College side by side with that of its munificent benefactor, Cecil Rhodes. And I thought of the matchless pen of Gilbert Chesterton, not yet himself baptized in the Catholic faith, but spreading her gospel in a style and with a force that has captivated the literary and thinking world. And when I saw all this I thought I had seen some signs of the enduring

vitality of which Macaulay wrote.

From England I went over into France. I had somehow come to think that France retained no vestige of her ancient faith. I thought that all the monuments of her past had been obliterated, that public worship had been suppressed, that the old religion had been banished, and that atheism and immorality had been deified on the very altars that had been consecrated to the one true God. Imagine my surprise to find that with all their edicts so much remains that what has disappeared seems hardly to be missed. The faith still has a firm hold upon the masses of the people. It has more than sufficient hold in every direction to make it certain that it will eventually regain its old position. And what of the outward signs of its past glory there? Why you can hardly see anything worth seeing in the dazzling capital of France today without hearing Mass at the same time.

The gorgeous Cathedral of Notre Dame—the glory of all France—still keeps her stately watch upon the Seine. She shows no signs within or without of the hostile spirit that rules the government. In the very center of that dazzling city,—the show place of the world,—that Gothic marvel still stands in unmatched beauty. On the same altar at which Napoleon was crowned the Sacrifice of the Mass goes on, now as then; and now as then from tower and spires that seem to penetrate the stars peal forth at morning, noon and evening, along the placid waters of the Seine and through the bustling streets and crowded boulevards to the fortifications far beyond, the entrancing tones of the chimes of Notre Dame. And the Tuileries and the Louvre, Versailles and Champs Elysees, the Bastile and the Pantheon, Place de Concorde, and Napoleon's Tomb, have a secondary interest to that Catholic pile. And it is not the relic of a glory that has gone. It is a fair expression of a proud, intense and widespread devotion to the Church that lives there still in countless hearts, and it is a symbol of a resurrection to the ancient glory that is foretold by a thousand signs on every hand. A commanding statue to the sainted Joan of Arc was lately erected at the foot of the high altar there, and all France participated with reverent display at her enthronement. But it would be the task of a day to tell the whole story. Paris is studded over with brilliant memorials and testimonials of the same past and present glory. The Sainte Chapelle is still exhibited in the Palace of Justice and some one has summed up its beauty in the statement that it was a fit receptacle for the Crown of Thorns for which St. Louis built it. From the earliest hours of the morning "that most magnificent of modern churches," The Madeleine, is crowded with awe-struck sightseers. The Church of St. Genevieve has become the Pantheon, but from its high place on the hill its classic beauty and towering dome awaken the rever-

ence and admiration of the city below for the relics of the patroness which lie buried there rather than for the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau and Mirabeau to which modern irreligion has rebaptized it. On the opposite heights, at the most conspicuous point in all the city, on the summit of Montmartre, is now rising the imposing Sacre-Coeur, at a cost of more than ten millions of dollars,—a magnificent answer to the claim that Catholicism in France has seen its day. And the Palace of the Louvre, what is it? A Catholic prayer-book in canvas and stone. Hardly a picture of note that was not wrought by Catholic hands out of Catholic devotion, on a Catholic theme, for some Catholic Church. Take out of the Louvre those masterpieces of all the arts that are represented there which are the product in the main of Catholic influence in some form or another, and little would be left. It is an extraordinary thing, but it is absolutely true. The Catholic Church has been the greatest patron of the arts the world has known, and the collections of the Louvre are one gigantic monument to that fact.

Belgium is Catholic to the core, and there is no place you can go throughout the country that you do not find the influence of the Church conspicuous on all the objects of interest she has to show. In the very churches for which they were devoutly painted are still to be seen the wonderful works of Van Dyck, Rubens, and the Van Eyck's, painted under her inspiration and preserved by her care. It is a land of beauty and art and there is no abatement today in the religious ardor of the past which wrought it into the little wonderland that it is.

I had thought that in the German empire I should find a country surely barren of Catholic memorials. I found instead that the Catholic Church is almost the strongest single element there and that in many of the States she has the field almost exclusively to herself. And as in Paris, so here she is mistress of the handsomest temple of religion in the land. There is nothing in all the rest of Germany to be compared with the Cathedral of Cologne. You remember the pictures of it in our books. But no picture can do it justice. It is regarded as the grandest Gothic church in the world, and it contains the celebrated golden shrine which contains the bones of the Magi which the Empress Helena brought from Constantinople. And it does not stand like some rude memorial of a creed that has disappeared. It represents as active and zealous a religious people as are to be found in any land. And it does not stand in solitary grandeur. Throughout the length and breadth of the country are less conspicuous but numerous and imposing companion pieces to it. Everywhere in that energizing empire are evidences of a Catholic life and vitality abounding and enduring, and in thorough harmony and keeping with the sure,

strong strides of the nation as a whole.

Italy is one grand Cathedral. To tell the story of the physical marvels done there under the influence of the Church would be to recite the history of all its towns and cities, kingdoms and republics; it would be to repeat the lives of all its painters, sculptors, architects and poets; it would be to make the rounds of all the arts in all their phases; it would be to take you on an endless journey from the wonder of wonders at Venice, St. Mark's Cathedral, to that becoming rival, the Cathedral of Milan, and thence on an endless visit to the galleries and temples of Florence, with little time to stop for longer than a moment even at the bronze gates of Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo declared were "fit to be the gates of Paradise," and then on to that city of cities, the capitol of the Christian world, imperial Rome.

You couldn't see one side of the marvels of that city in a lifetime, and the temptation to talk about many phases of it is almost irresistible. But let me stick to my text, and even on that I can give but a hurried word. The indelible marks of the influence of the Church are everywhere. Climb the Paletine, the earliest spot in Rome, and walk among the ruins of the palace of the Caesar's; go down from these into the little valley of the Forum flanked on the other side by the Capitoline, and gaze upon the tomb of Romolus or stand on the rostrum; wind your way out along the Via Sacra to the Colosseum and stand within its majestic and well-preserved remains; pass out and off beneath the Arch of Constantine along the Triumphal Way to the site of the Circus Maximus; join the Appian Way there and passing the Baths of Caracalla go out to the Catacombs; —and what have you seen? You have seen the world's greatest epoch, written in stone, rescued from annihilation by the Popes. One and all, your books of travel tell you that when those superb monuments were being lost to the world, when the Forum was a dumping ground and the Colosseum was a quarry, the Popes inaugurated, promoted and led in the vast, expensive and invaluable work of rescue and preservation. In Christian Rome and modern Rome there are the same evidences of all-embracing sympathy and sustained activity.

With all its history and all its ruins, the overshadowing fact of Rome is the Papacy. It dominates completely. And as you kneel above the tomb of St. Peter, right where his body lies, right where he was crucified nineteen hundred years ago, and right under the matchless dome of Michael Angelo in the capital Catholic Cathedral of the world, and you come to realize under the impressive presence of the body of her first Pope how complete and unbroken is the chain of her title to succession; and as you walk about that vast edifice and trace the tombs of one after another of her ruling Pontiffs down to our own times; and as you

climb the lofty stairways of the Vatican and passing through its enormous galleries, libraries and collections, you come to realize how wide has been her outlook and how broad have been her sympathies throughout the ages; and when at last in his palace fit for the most ancient of the lines of kings you kneel at the feet of the present Pope and gaze into a countenance that seems to mirror forth benevolence as wide as the world; and when you remember that through all the lands you have travelled anxiety for the future of their institutions is keen and widespread, and when you remember that through them all are strewn the wrecks of governments without number that came and went like the morning breeze, and when you reflect that here sits a ruler who knows no fear and no anxiety, who sits serene amid a world-wide tempest, who holds no misgivings of the future as he contemplates the greater dificulties met and conquered under the ancient scepter that has passed to him,—in the presence of all this evidence of the vitality of the Catholic Church you come to feel as keenly as Macaulay felt that her day is everlasting.

THE REDWOOD STAFF, 1912

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simply divine, and I love you!

(*He reaches his hands out to her.*)

LOLITA (*Slapping his extended hands with her fan*): Ah!—Non-non-non-no, senor! You bite too queeck at the bait to be loving me so much as that.

REM: You've played with me until you've landed me!—Senorita Montevalio,—Lolita,—I love you!

LOLITA: Yes?—Then I am glad!—I like for hear you say that, senor. I am Favorita and I have many hundred lovers, but all are Californians;—you are first Americano;—so, another victory for me, senor.

REM: And you love me, too, Lolita;—say that you love me.

LOLITA: Ah-ya!—to say such theeng is to confess.

REM (*Seizing her two hands and attempting to draw her to him*): I love you, little girl,—do you hear?

LOLITA (*Holding her face away from him*): Ya!—Ya! the leetle birds will see an' fly an' tell my mother! Then, she will kill me for loving Americano!

REM: No, the birds will only envy me! Just one kiss of your lips, Lolita;—just one!—That's all I ask.

LOLITA (*Laughing*): Just one will taste like more, senor. I know;—I know!

(*Remington draws her to him and kisses her. Her head sinks onto his shoulder.*)

REMS You are not afraid of my love, Lolita?

LOLITA (*Softly*): Maybe, senor,—I do not know.—But so you like, senor, you may kiss me again.

(*He does so. There is a bugle call in the distance. Both start up.*)

LOLITA: That bugle, senor——?

REM: It's from the Presidio. I must go. One more kiss, Lolita.

LOLITA (*Running away from him*): You will come back?

REM: The minute I can get away.

LOLITA: I'll save the kiss for then.

(*He comes toward her.*)

Non-non-non-no!—Till then, senor.

REM (*Going up to the gate*): Well, I'll be back, you bet your life on that.

LOLITA: Then,—I give you 'nother one.—You bet my life on that!

(*She laughs gaily, in which Remington joins.*)

REM (*Removing his hat with a deep bow*): Senorita, as your cabelleros say, I am in the dust, at your feet.

LOLITA: Adios, senor!

REM (*Throwing her a kiss*): Until I return.

(*He runs lightly down the road. Lolita remains where she is for a moment,*

REM: Like it!—Why, it's superb!

LOLITA (*Smiling and very much pleased*): Then, maybe so, I seeng for you.—You like to hear?

REM: Would I? Well, just you trust me.

LOLITA: First, again, you hear me;—then you say.

(*She turns to one of the musicians and in Spanish she bids him give her the guitar. Then she dismisses them both.*)

I play for song myself.—I make the words for this myself:—I call 'In Lolita's Garden.'

REM: That's a delightful title, senorita, and most appropriate, too.

LOLITA: Listen;—I seeng the words in Eengish.

(*In a soft, low, cajoling voice she sings.*)

*"The sun shines in Lolita's garden,
Like the sun shines in her heart;
All the walks are filled with pretty flowers
And her heart with love.
Many cabelleros walk there
In the paths among the flowers,
But there's none of them can pluck
The love from out her heart.

Gold is the heart of the poppy,
Blood is the heart of the rose;
An emerald lies in the depths of the green
And honey in that of the musk.
There's wax in the heart of the lily,
And the heart of the violet the sea;
But every heart bows its head in the dust,
For there's love in the heart of me."

(*Remington watches Lolita as she sings. When it is finished, she smiles down at him.*)

LOLITA: Now, what you theenk?—Thas nice love song,—a—yes?

REM: I can only think what is uppermost in my heart, senorita—I love you.

(*He endeavors to place his arms around her.*)

LOLITA (*Drawing away from him with a smile*): Ah-ya, senor! It is the song, not me you are loving.

(*She rests the guitar alongside of the fountain.*)

Rem (*Taking a step toward her*): It is you!—You, I tell you! You're

(**The above is a translation of an old Spanish love ballad.*)

REM: Well, that's better. You know, I sit up nights manufacturing new phrases that will suit your beauty.

LOLITA: Thas very nice, senor;—I like to hear some now.

REM (*Rising*): Would it make you very angry if I told you that I have learned to care for you, senorita?

LOLITA: O! non-non-no! Now you going an' making love. Better we not talk of com-plee-ment. We change the subject to the dance. Have you yet learn to dance El Jerabe?

REM: I've told you that I'll never learn that dance unless you alone teach it to me.

LOLITA: Then I theenk you never learn, my fren'. But you should know the contradanza! Ai-yi-yi-yi! It is I hope I die when I am dancing that!

REM: I taught you to waltz and you do it beautifully. Why don't you teach me one of your dances?

LOLITA: O! non-non-no, senor! But ,maybe, if you are good I do one leetle dance alone for you. You theenk that you would like?

REM: Will you really?

LOLITA: That I can find Pablo and young Ramon.

(*She calls to the farther end of the garden.*)

Pablo!—Ramon! Come queek!

(*To Remington*)

You theenk I no make too bold to do these theeng?

REM: Whatever you do is perfect, senorita.

LOLITA: Wait until you see the dance.

(*Enter two servants, Pablo and Ramon, from under the trellis. In Spanish, Lolita tells them to take the guitar and the mandolin from the verandah and play the accompaniment to the dance. Then she turns again to Remington who has again seated himself on the edge of the fountain.*)

LOLITA: These dance is called 'La Rosa,' senor, an' they say when I do this I am like rose leaves, floating on the pond.

(*She claps her hands to the musicians.*)

Boom-ba!

(*The musicians strike up and Lolita floats through the beautiful dance. She holds either side of her flowery skirt in her finger tips and she glides gracefully through the steps. Each time she passes in front of Remington she coquettes and smiles at him, falling into a swaying, beautiful courtsy, with her eyes closed, at the end of the dance.*)

REM(*Rising and applauding rapturously*): Bravo! Bravo! Rose leaves floating on the pond!—They were right.

LOLITA (*Slowly raising her eyelids*): You like that dance, senor?

LOLITA: For cause she is right, is Mexico, an' what your Presidente do is wrong;—so, now, you no can answer argument like that.

REM: Well at any rate the land grant of the Montevalio rancho has been carefully filed in Monterey, so when the blow falls, you and your mother are safe, and there is no danger of you losing your home.

LOLITA (*With tears in her voice*): My home!—My California!—The Missions!—Ah-ya! when I lose all that, senor, then I gone an' lay me down an' die.

REM: Well, I can't vouch for the Missions, but this picturesque old garden will never be disturbed.

(*Taking it in with a sweep of the hand.*)

By Jove! but this spot has got Arcadia beaten to a pulp!

LOLITA (*Drying her eyes*): God make Paradise when he make this garden, senor. Ah! you have not see it all. Some day, bimeby, I show to you. Never such floers anywhere, not even in the great City of Mexico. Poppies like you see, the red an' gold; and poiensetta all mix up with red an' white geranium. An' everywhere the yellow-flower musk. You never see the orange grove an' lemon trees an' olive grove where trees are much too many for you to count. An' when the almond an' the peach, they come in bloom, ah! that, senor, is like the look in Heaven for seeing such a sight. An' the vineyard on the hill!—you know I show to you?—There's more than fifteen thousand acres in the land my father leave my mother an' to me.

REM: It's wonderful!—glorious! The very name of 'California' breathes mystic music and the life out here is simply ideal. Why, you're all like children playing in the sun, easy-going, lighthearted, happy, careless and free. I don't wonder you dread the change. Still, the country at large, will be better off and California will most certainly profit under the new rule. These lands will all be cut up and distributed and better cultivated than they are now. New people will bring new customs and——

LOLITA (*Interrupting him*): New customs,—yes. Ah-ya! thas right. For us no more marienda in the woods, which means the peek-meek;—no more races for the vaqueros an' the big, fast horse; no more dance for three whole days and three whole nights and never stop! No more!—No more!—No more!—Ai-yi! but I am sad inside for theenk such terrible things.

REM: Well, then, we won't talk of them any more. We'll change the subject.

LOLITA: Now, don't tell me 'bout my eyes an' cheeks like always when we change the subject.

REM: You don't like to be told you are very beautiful, Miss Montevalio?—You're very different from American girls, then.

LOLITA: O ,yes! I like;—but I like to hear some newer com-plee-ment.

LOLITA: Before,—maybe;—but, now, I change my mind. It is the mood I have, first this,—then that.

(*Margarita looks at her with fear mingled with disgust.*)

REM (*Coming to the verandah*): And will you accept my poor poppies?—I am sorry they are so nearly wilted. It's the heat of the sun.

(*He holds them out to her.*)

LOLITA (*Taking the poppies*): O, yes! with pleasure, I accept.

(*She buries her face in them.*)

The golden flowers of my California! Ah-ya! but they are the cups of heaven!

REM: I think they are the most beautiful flowers in the world.

LOLITA (*Looking up and smiling at him*): You say the same theengs for my eyes last night.—Ai-yi, but there is honey on your tongue, senor.

(*She hands the poppies to Margarita.*)

Go, Margarita, an' lay the poppy before the Madonna in my room.

MARGA (*Taking the flowers reluctantly and with a menacing glance in Remington's direction*): The Americano, senor!

LOLITA (*Stamping her foot impatiently*): Enough!—Go!

(*Margarita goes into the house, murmuring and muttering to herself.*)

LOLITA: Ah-ya! but she is the stupid one!

(*She crosses to the shade of the fig tree.*)

REM (*Following her*): I am afraid your duenna hasn't very much love for me.

LOLITA: Margarita!—yes?—O! she is too old for loving anyone 'cept me. Senor, I ask you sit down.

(*She points to the fountain and Remington sits on the brink.*)

REM: Well, now I am ready for your attack. What have I done that's so very dreadful?

LOLITA: Of what I hear, I say nothing—non-non-no!—So, you have no curioso. Better you tell me, senor, how long you remain in the Californias?

REM (*Apparently very much relieved*): O! that depends entirely on orders from the chief, in Washington.

LOLITA: The chief!—Who he is?—Your father?

REM (*Laughing*): Bless you, no.—He's the President of the United States.

LOLITA: Ah-ya! the Presidente!—The man what roll my California in the dust an' take what is no his. Ai-yi! I know him now!

REM: Well, whatever final action the United States takes in this matter, you may be sure it will be for the greater good. You must remember, Miss Montevalio, that Mexico threatened the United States with hostilities and made the first attack.

duty walk to get here. I've been all the way to the races where I had hoped to see you.

(*He holds out to her a huge bunch of poppies which he carries in his hand.*) See, I gathered these poppies along the Camino Real to bring to you. Won't you accept them?

LOLITA: I have plenty poppy in the garden, senor.

(*She waves her hand toward the garden.*)

Adios!

(*She turns to go.*)

REM: Then answer me just one question; has anyone been talking to you about me?

LOLITA (*Over her shoulder to him*): Oh! ya-ya!—Maybe!

REM: What was said about me that causes you to receive me like this?

LOLITA (*Flashing around on him suddenly*): That you are no to be trusted, senor! That you Americanos pluck the roses of California an' then throw them in the dust!

(*She stamps her little foot.*)

REM (*Coloring*): Who told you that?

LOLITA: My fren's,—they tell me that.

REM: They?

LOLITA (*With hesitancy*): Well—one,—he tell me.

REM: He? Then it was a man. Now we are getting down to cases. Who was he? Don Alfredo Alvarado?

LOLITA: I have not say, senor.

REM: What else did he say?

LOLITA: Enough to make me theenk.

REM: And you believed him?

LOLITA: Why not, senor? Don Alfredo confesses always at the Mission at Carmel and' I theenk he tell no lie.

REM: Then, I am to be condemned unheard?

LOLITA: Ah-ya! Why not?

REM: Then, I am sorry, senorita;—good-day.

(*He raises his hat to her and turns to go. Lolita watches him until he reaches the gate.*)

LOLITA (*Intercepting him*): Ai!—wait, senor! Why you hop away like frog?

REM (*Turning hopefully*): What!

LOLITA (*Smiling at Remington*): Already I shut the gate on one man. If you go now, it is not open for you again.

REM (*Unbelievingly*): But I thought you wanted me to go.

(*She turns to Margarita, who is close at her heels.*)

Margarita, come.

(*They both start to go, but again Remington intercepts them.*)

REM: Oh! come now! You've had your beauty sleep,—you know you have.

LOLITA (*With a toss of the head*): An' how you know such theeng senor?

REM: Why, I can tell it by looking at your cheeks and into your eyes.

LOLITA: Ah-ya! thas what you theenk, senor. Your flattery make no more 'the hit' with me.

REM (*Not to be put off*): Still, you look prettier than usual today. If I didn't know your very sweet and amiable disposition I'd say you must had some cause to be angry within the last few minutes. Your eyes are flashing like a jewel in the sun and your cheeks are all on fire.

LOLITA (*Very snippily*): Thas so, senor? Well, I have beezness, very enormous beezness to make the flash an' the fire.

(*She starts again to go.*)

Rem (*Laying his hand on her arm*): But so have I got business, very enormous business. That's what brought me here.

LOLITA (*Drawing away from him*): Is it that the flag of the Government of the United States of America in Washington has put its flag on top of the Custom House in Monterey?

REM: No, indeed, it's more important than that.

LOLITA: Ah-ya! I know the kind;—beez-ness with the honey in the words. But non—non—no! I have listen to that kind of beez-ness for the las' time.

REM (*A little startled*): See here, Miss Montevalio, have I given you cause to receive me like this?

(*Lolita brushes past him and Margarita, with an ugly scowl, passes behind him.*)

Surely, that's a fair question.

LOLITA (*Without turning to him*): But there is no answer, senor.

REM: Then where is the great hospitality of the Californians that you are always boasting about?

(*Lolita has reached the verandah and is about to go into the house. She turns to Remington.*)

LOLITA: The hospitality? Ah! there I have forget. I ask your pardon, Senor Remington;—I have forget my manners. You are welcome to the shade an' rest of my garden.

REM: But you?

LOLITA: I must go in. Adios, senor!

REM (*Crossing to the verendah*): But wait, a minute.—I've had a long hot,

(*Holding the gate open*)
You go!

Don Alfredo (*With a shrug and a broad smile*): All right,—I go;—but I come back again—manana.

(*He passes through the gate.*)

Lolita: You never enter through this gate no more!—for, by the Saints! it's close to you—forever!

Don Alfredo (*Bowing to her*): Tomorrow, querida mia; you shall see.

Lolita (*Stamping her foot violently*): Go!

(*She slams the gate on his back. Don Alfredo twangs his guitar and sings his serenade as he goes down the road. Lolita comes back to the fig tree.*)

Lolitas You hear him, Margarita; you hear what he say, this Don Alfredo Alvarado?

Marga: Si, senorita, si! I hear! Just like I say an' you no listen.

Lolita: But I theenk he is wrong, this Don Alfredo, with his squeaking voice an' his twang-twang-twang! Ah-ya! I theenk he is very wrong. One day these Americanos own everything we got, an' then, bime-by, Spanish girls marry only with Yank-ees;—an' what you gone do then, my fren'—? Is it that the Californias will be filled with deserted wives?

Mairga: But you are not for one of them, chiquita! Valgame Dios! Thy lips soil with the mention of their names.

Lolita (*Tapping her under the chin with her fan*): Ah-ya, Margarita! but you are the fool! But, I theenk, maybe, you right. I theenk I'm through with lovers now;—Ai-yi! I theenk I'm very through;—an'—'specially with these Gringo ones—these Americanos who would roll us in the dust. See, Margarita, what I do;—

(*She spits over her fan.*)
For the one Yank-ee who seeks my heart.

(*She shrugs her shoulders and walks slowly over to the hammock, where she sits. At this moment, Lieutenant Robert Remington comes up the road and stops at the gate. He looks in, sees Lolita, smiles, and raises his hat. He is a very good looking young man dressed in the uniform of the United States Army.*)

Rem: Ah! Senorita Montevalio,—I am fortunate, indeed, to find you at home.

(*Lolita looks up angrily, then she blushes and rises.*)

Lolita: Senor Remington,—I am no at hime;—I very sorry.

(*She walks in the direction of the house followed by Margarita, whose joy at Lolita's decision changes to fear.*)

Rem (*Coming down and intercepting her*): Am I disturbing your siesta?

Lolita: You are disturb it very much, senor;—I theenk I finish in my room.

men are our friends? Holy God! when the flag of the Americanos is raised on the Custom House in Monterey it will be the beginning of the end for us of California! Everything will go! Our homes! our lands! the Missions!—Yes, even the Church is not safe from them! At any moment this valley will ring with the cry of the fall of the Californias, and what will become of you, Senorita Montevalio, if your heart is given to one of our greatest enemy?

LOLITA (*Clapping her hands in great glee*): Bravo! Bravo! Senor! Such a speech! I theenk you gone explode!

DON ALFREDO: And I repeat, what is to be become of you?

LOLITA (*With mock-thoughtfulness*): Oh—I dunno—Maybe I gone an' live in the United States of America in Washington with my husband an' raise large fambly to marry off to more Yank-ees. You theenk thas not good beezness?

DON ALFREDO: And you think this Protestant—this Gringo, he will marry you by the priest?

LOLITA (*Very complacently*): Oh, yes! I theenk!—That is, if I am giving him the chance.

DON ALFREDO (*Sneeringly*): Ah-ya! you do not know these men;—these ones like Senor Remington.

LOLITA (*With a very superior air*): For what you say I do not know?

DON ALFREDO: Why, he only plays with girls like you, then throws the toy away. You know the story of poor Ynez Ammurria who put her faith in one like him and then she threw herself into the river.

LOLITA (*Flashing at him*): An' you theenk—you dare to theenk——

DON ALFREDO (*With a nasty smile*): I speak the truth, querida mia. This man will take his pleasure where he wills, then roll you in the dust, and you will be like the lily, scorched by the burning sun.

(*Margarita, with fear in her eyes, comes to the front of the verandah as the following speech progresses.*)

LOLITA (*With fiery anger, and rushing at Don Alfredo*): So!—So! you theenk these theengs, you devil made in hell! You theenk these things, ai-yi!—Dios de mi alma! but you go too far, senor!— You leave these place and never you come back again! I laugh an' sing' an' dance an' flirt with you an' make the leetle joke, but, now, senor, you gone too far!—You offer me insult! From now I have no use of you! I hate you like the wasp that bit an' sting! I never want for see your face again! You leave my garden queeck an' never you come back!

(*She rushes up to the gate.*)

See, there's the gate!—I never want for see you enter that again!

DON ALFREDO (*Very humbly*): Querida mia! I speak too quick!

LOLITA (*With flashing eyes*): Ai-yi! you spik too much!

ey! Even do they hear of me in the great large City of Mexico and many cabelleros come from there to make me court. You see, my fren'—, it very hard for me to make the choice.

Don Alfredo (*Snarlingly*): The coming of these cursed Americanos has turned your head! These Gringo dogs!

Lolita: You do not like these Yank-ees,—no?

Don Alfredo: I hate them for the smiles you give them at the balls in Monterey!

Lolita: Like jealous,—yes?

Don Alfredo: This Robert Remington! I hate him worst of all!

Lolita: Because he is the last;—is that not so?

Don Alfredo (*Seizing her wrist*): You love this pale-faced man of ice—this Senor Robert Remington!

Lolita (*Fearfully*): Dios! my hand! Let go,—you hurt, senor!

(*He releases her hand with an urgly look.*)

I like him very much, my fren',—oh, yes, tereeblay much.

(*She shrugs her shoulder and walks away from him.*)

Don Alfredo (*Hotly*): But, do you love him?—Tell me that!

Lolita: Ah! now you have too much the curioso.—I give him once the flower like I wear behin' the ear.

Don Alfredo (*Beside himself with jealousy*): A nardo! by the love of every saint! Ai! Dios de mi vida! but I'll cut his heartstrings out and feed them to the swine! I'll pour his ears with burning oil and torture him as you are torturing me! He shall know to cross the path of Alfredo Alvarado!

Lolita: Whas that you say? You theenk he is not match for you? Ah-ya! you do not know how brave he is! He's no afraid of coffe-colored galoot like you!

Don Alfredo (*Contemptuously*): And you think he loves you, this Americano!

Lolita: I have not say for what I theenk. Again, the great beeg curioso,—yes?

Don Alfredo: And I tell you he is no different from the rest. These Protestants are all alike! They come and steal our lands and cattle and any day will wrench our flag from where it hangs and roll

(*He clenches his fists.*)

it in the dust! Already has the Government of the United States of America in Washington sent agents to investigate the titles to our ranchos that they may sieze them as soon as the Aztec eagle is no more! Else, why are these Americano soldiers in our very midst? And why are the persons of General Castro and Vallejo and Pio Pico, too, ever in danger for their Californias? You think these

LOLITA: I say for kiss an' no for bite, Don Alfredo.

DON ALFREDO (*Releasing her hand*): Three thousand pardons, senorita, it is my love,—an' when I look into your eyes.

(*Margarita discreetly retires to the shade of the verandah.*)

LOLITA: My eyes! For why! They are the same as other eyes.

DON ALFREDO: No other eyes in all the Californias are as beautiful as yours. Lolita!—Ai! Lolita mia! I love you more than life and death! I love you better than these two things! I have always loved you, Lolita mia, and dost not thou love me?—Ai! even just a little bit?

LOLITA (*Coquettishly*): A leetle bit! an' thas enough?

DON ALFREDO: But that you only smile at me and all the world is changed and I am happier than all rulers of the world. I do not ask for all your love at first, but only that you be my wife. Then, after marriage, the bigger love will come.

LOLITA: Ah-ya! you theenk thas so—that love will come? I'm very much the flirt, senor;—I like to kiss behin' the fan, maybe, with other mens.

DON ALFREDO: I give some cattle to the Mission at Carmel for every kiss you give to me.

LOLITA: Non—non—non—no! for when I give to you the kiss I have no longer you got underneath my slipper! And, oh! I would not like to have like that.

DON ALFREDO: Then be my wife and always I will stay beneath thy slipper for thee to even kick me, if thou wilt. Such donas will you have to be the envy of every other girl in all the Californias! I'll send to the big large City of Mexico for everything! For frocks as fine as cob webs in the sun, and laces like the fleecy clouds! And combs all filled with mother-of-the-pearl and little slippers that will lead the castanets to many merry tunes! And pearls and topaz and emeralds and big fine hoops of beaten gold! The largest of my ranchos will be for you and hundred horses all with velvet trimmed with bands of shining silver! And such a wedding! Fiesta! Dancing all the time and never such a barbecue before!—An' then——

LOLITA (*Interrupting*): Ai-yi-yi-yi!—Enough!—Enough!—Enough—I do not have the love for you, Senor Alfredo Alvadaro! But always you may be the fren'.

DON ALFREDO: What dost thou say? Thou dost not love me?

LOLITA: Non—non—non—non—non—non—no! I do not love you leetle bit! At least not 'nough for marriage. So, thas done!

DON ALFREDO (*Fiercely*): Thou hast another love!

LOLITA (*Gayly*): Who knows? I may have one, two, three, or twenty, thirty-five, maybe, for I am Favorita from Baja California all the way to Monte-

MARGA (*With a frightened look in her eyes*): Dios de mi alma! No, senorita, not!

LOLITA: Ah! then you have not live, Margarita;—you have not live like one little speck. Thas life to dance an' sing, I like that—an' love.

MARGA: No, senorita, no!—No love!

LOLITA: Foolish one! without this love, how one can live? Ah-ya! this love to me is just like the sugar in the wine, so sweet it go an' taste.

MARGA: Ah, senorita! why alway spik the Eenglish tongue?

LOLITA: For cause Lieutenant Robert Remington he like for me to spik the Eenglish all the time.

MARGA: Alway the Gringo! Alway the Gringo! Madre de Dios! is there no other for you love?

LOLITA: Ah-ya, Margarita, how you talk? Surely I love my mother, an'

(*Patting Margarita's cheek*)

my Margarita;—but thas not like the love for mens.

MARGA: Don Alfredo Alvarado is handsome cabellero, and,—Dios de mi vida! how he sing the serenade!

LOLITA (*Impatently*): Too much! too much! too much he sing!—Better if he never open his mouth again.

(*From the road comes again Don Alfredo's serenade.*)

(*Lolita looks up with annoyance.*)

You see, Margarita, one cannot even spik his name before he go an' start again. Ah-ya! Ah-ya! Ah-ya! it make me sin for saying all I think of such a loco like is Don Alfredo.

(*Don Alfredo Alvarado, a handsome young cabellero, appears in the gate way, strumming on his guitar and singing his serenade.*)

DON ALFREDO (*When he sees Lolita*): Ah, Senorita Montevalio!

(*He sweeps off his hat with a low bow.*)

Most beautiful woman in all the Californias, I throw myself in the dust at your feet.

LOLITA(*With a curled lip*): Then, better you stay there, Don Alfredo.

DON ALFREDO (*Nonplussed*): You have me for the footstool if you like;—always I am your slave.

LOLITA (*Disdainfully*): For why I am honor with this visit?

DON ALFREDO (*Going close to her*): That I may look again on beauty such as yours, mi querida.

LOLITA: Ah-ya, an' how you flatter, Don Alfredo. At least, it only right that I should let you kiss my hand.

DON ALFREDO (*Glowing*): Senorita!

(*He bends and presses his lips on her hand, warmly.*)

LOLITA (*Impatiently*): From the sun to the moon he sing an' sing an' sing justa like that until I theenk his throat is bust. Ah-ya! sometime, may-be, it gone and bust;—I hope, Margarita, I hope it very much.

MARGA (*Rising*): I hope, senorita,—I hope.

LOLITA: For why is it that cabellero always want to sing? For cause they theenk they have the voice like bird?

MARGA: O, no, senorita! For cause you Favorita an' they loving you very much.

LOLITA (*Pleased*): Ah-ya! I like to have much loving,—that is nice;—but no from cabellero all the time—I like from other men.

MARGA (*Fearfully*): From other men!—Dios de mi vida! senorita!

LOLITA: I like have loving from Americano,—Ai-yi! Ai-yi!

MARGA (*Blessing herself*): Madre de Dios, senorita! The Gringo!

(*The serenade ceases.*)

LOLITA (*Getting out of the hammock*): Why not? Soon every girl must have them for the husband. Is not these government of the United States of America in Washington digging its heel into the very soil of us? How long before Aztec eagle is replace for stars an' stripes of the Americano, eh?—Today, maybe, or maybe so, tomorrow. Even the Padre Salvatorre, he tell me that, an' he can tell no lie. Then, why not I choose the Yank-ee for the husband, eh? Ah-ya! but you are foolish one to close your eyes to theengs like that.

(*She shrugs her shoulder.*)

Huh!—is not already the handsome Lieutenant Robert Remington of the army of these United States of America in Washington already to his ears an' heels in love with me? Ah-ya! you have notice, Margarita,—yes?

MARGA (*Falling on her knee and moaning fearfully*): Madre de Dios! A Gringo! A Gringo!

LOLITA: Oh! but I have flirt with him behind the fan when you an' the mamita have not looked. Yes, an' even at the ball, I have give the full-blown nardo but he, big booby, he no knowing what it means. You know, eh, Margarita, what means to give the nardo?

MARGA (*Moaning*): Holy Maria and Jose. It means you love, to give the flower of the nardo. A Gringo for a husband! A Gringo! A Gringo!

(*She buries her face in her hands.*)

LOLITA: Ai-yi, Margarita! to hear you moan one would theenk already I am the wife of the Senor Robert Remington an' that I am old an' fat like you, with seven children at my heels.—Maybe, I only flirt; who knows? You no were ever young like me to dance an' sing an' laugh? You no were ever young like that?

IN LOLITA'S GARDEN

A Romances of The Californias, In One Act,

By

MARTIN V. MERLE, A. M., '06.

THE CHARACTERS

Senorita Lolita Montevalio.
Don Alfredo Alvarado.
Lieutenant Robert Remington, U. S. A.
Old Margarita.

The Scene:—The garden at the Rancho Montevalio, a few miles from Monterey.

The Time:—At the noonday siesta on a certain day in the Summer of 1846.

(*When the curtain rises the garden is disclosed bathed in the heat of the noonday sun. The air is heavy with perfume from a myriad of flowers and only the singing of the birds and the humming of the bees and the splash of the water in the fountain interrupt the drowsy silence. Senorita Lolita Montevalio, a dashing little Spanish beauty, is asleep in a hammock that swings under the shade of a large fig tree and old Margarita, her duena, is squatted on the ground, leaning heavily against the trunk of the tree. She, too, is in a drowsy stupor. Presently, from the road, comes the voice of Don Alfredo Alvarado, singing a serenade to the accompaniment of his guitar. It is some moments before Lolita wakes but, when she does, it is with annoyance and impatience at being disturbed in her siesta. She rubs her eyes, sits up in the hammock and slaps her hand with her fan.*)

Lolita (*Sharply*): Margarita! Hist! Wake up, you lazy one! Do you not hear?

(*She leans over and shakes the old woman violently.*)

Thas that loco again, that Don Alfredo Alvarado. You hear?

(*Margarita wakes up.*)

(*Lolita mocks Don Alfredo's singing.*)

Na-na-na-na-na-na! Always he make the same serenade! Dios de mi alma! It is better he lose his voice.

Marga (*Nodding her head heavily*): Si, senorita,—I theenk, I theenk!

Out of the darkness upward to the light;
High faces of the dead erect in rows;
Broad eyes unwavering, and far away
Heraldic trumpets echoing down the world
The old renown of Carlovingian kings.

The powerful blood that warms a redwood's heart
Works magic in the veins and sense grows strong.
The ancient waves with white, upstanding hair
Are hoarse with calling, "Children! Children!" still.
Funereal winds, dark wandering through the world,
No more are whispering watchers by the dead.
Strange shapes and flagrant spirits of the night
Are but new brothers of old time. And men
No longer reel beneath the stars, but know
A breath upon the wine of stormy seas
And mark through clouds a sacramental moon:
Vision and music blending in the light,
Beyond the gusty weeping of the boughs
And imminent cannonading of the sea.

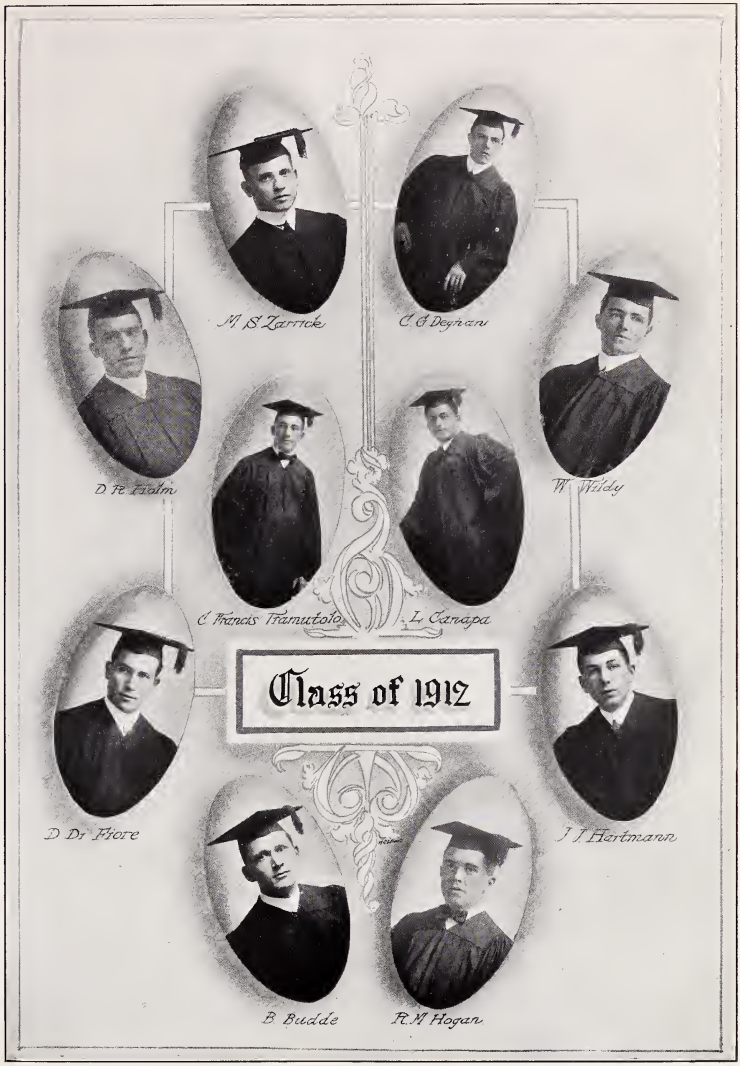
THE WORD IN THE WOOD

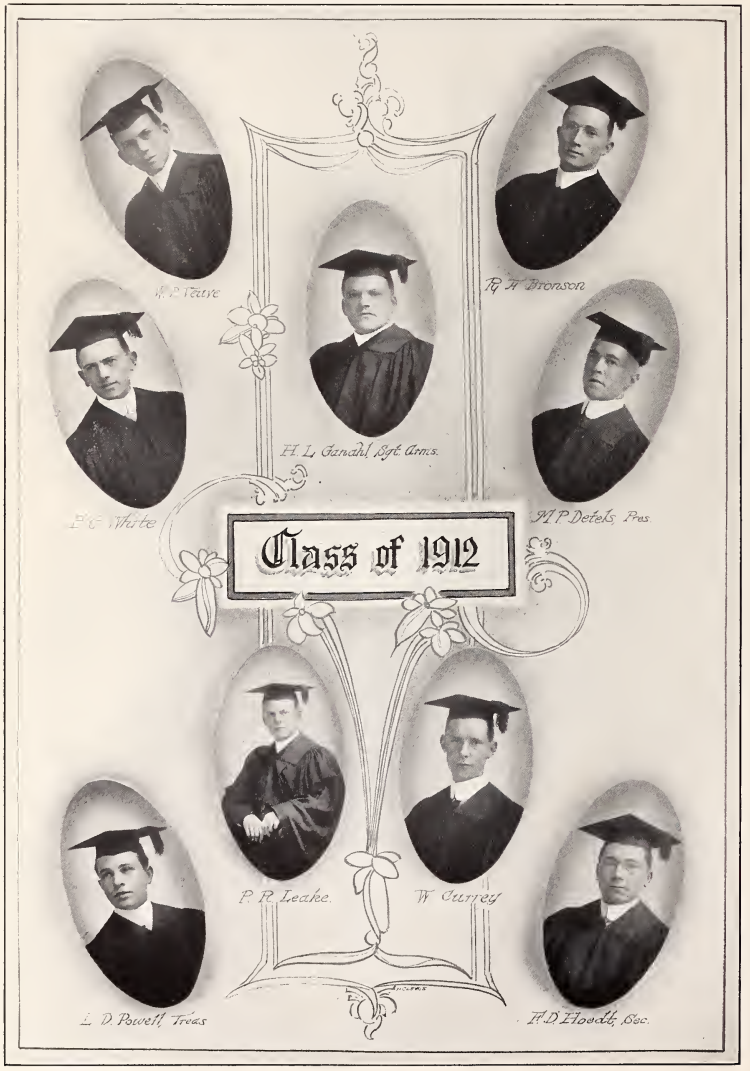
EDWIN COOLIDGE

Jehovah's sheep, slow trooping to the West,
Graze on the hill until the shepherd stars
Come forth with lights to guide them o'er the sea.
Shadows grow long to solemnize the night
Down in the canon where the redwoods grow;
Red breasted giants of a dying race;
Tall shafts of life among the living hills.

Here is a realm mysterious and benign
Where is no dark but lights we do not see,
Nor silence anywhere within the wood.
Unsmitten rocks hold more of the true light
Deep bosomed in their rugged breasts than shines
From rainbow-windowed palaces of stone
Amid the riven dusk of populous eves.
In amber autumn days when vine leaves die,
Stained with their own hearts' blood, upon the bare
Round slope against the waning sun, there is
A noonday twilight, but the nights are bright,
And what seems silence is but finer sound.

Who dreams of silence when the violin,
Swept lightly as the swallow sweeps the wind
In her last beauteous curve before her nest,
Utters its beauty in one quivering sigh
That scarce is sound, scarce dream? No silence there!
Music is music though we cannot hear,
From highest arches of the long drawn bow
Of heaven, to where beneath the solid earth
Slow inching crystals move melodious hands
That work in symphony to meet in love.
The tiny spider spins aeolian strings
For the gay sunbeams in their midday dance.
The low, sweet water fingers pulsing chords
Along its shoal, where harebells droop their heads,
Half shy, half sly, to listen closer still.
The straws are sounding flutes, and when the stag
Drops his round body in the form and dreams,
He never sleeps so soundly but he pricks
Forward through all the night a downy ear,
And through his breathing in the moonlight hears
The bell-voiced hounds of morning in the East.
Oh, there is music in the wilderness,
And none unheard! And things of other days:
Shapes of remembered men who built our time


M. S. Zarrick
C. G. Degnan
D. H. Eidam
W. Wildy
C. Francis Tramutola
L. Canapa
Class of 1912
D. D. Hore
J. J. Hartmann
B. Budde
R. M. Hogan


W. L. Teare
R. H. Bronson
H. L. Gandhl, Sgt. Arms.
B. G. White
H. P. Detels, Pres
Class of 1912
P. R. Leake.
W. Currey
L. D. Powell, Treas
H. D. Hoedt, Sec.

leaning her head against one of the posts that support the top of the verandah. Then she runs gaily to the gate and looks down the road after Remington.)

LOLITA (*Laughing*): I'm gone find out if you really loving me, before you get another kiss, you nice, fine, great beeg booby!

(*She runs back to the verandah and calls.*)

Margarita! Hist!—Come quick!—He loves me! He loves me!—Ai-yi—yi-yi!

MARGA (*Shrieking*): Madre de Dios!—Madre of Dios!—What you say, chiquita?

LOLITA: He loves me, you hear? The Senor Lieutenant Robert Remington, of the army of the Government of the United States in Washington is loving me! an' I—Margarita, I am loving him!

(*She flings her arms around old Margarita.*)

MARGA (*Freeing herself*): Dios!—Dios!—Dios!

LOLITA (*Gaily*): O! but I am the careless one with the cabellero, but with the Americano, ah, non-non-no! it is different with him! There is no twang-twang-twang, with him. No sit in the hammock all the day and roll the cigaritos! Ah, no! not for him! He is a man!—He is big an' strong like the ox! He is fine!—He is fine!

MARGA (*Falling on her knees and wailing as her body sways to and fro*): Santa Maria and Jose!—Madre se Dios—An Americano!—A Gringo!—A Protestant!

(*She wrings her hands in agony.*)

LOLITA (*Turning on her suddenly*): Fool! stop such shriekings an' get upon thy feet! Have I said yet that I will marry with him?

MARGA (*Rising*): Oh! no—no—no—Dios de mi alma, no!

(*She shakes with her grief.*)

LOLITA (*Going to her*): Then stop these floodings from the eyes lest you take all the starch from my dress.

(*She wipes Margarita's eyes with her own handkerchief.*)

There, Margarita mia, I only have little flirts with him, thas all. But you no telling my mother! Oh, no! She no onerstan. She no like you an' me!—Oh, no! See, you go in the house an' I come bimeby an' have some chocolate. Firs' I like have my leetle victory with Senor Americano myself.

(*She leads Margarita to the verandah, Margarita full of protestations.*)

You not let my mother see the eyes all red an' full up of puff. You bathe with water, in my room, an' I let you use those nice sweet perfume what Don Antonio bring me from the big large City of Mexico. Ah-ya! but your nose is red!

(*She pats Margarita on the shoulder, as the latter enters the house. Then*

Lolita comes back into the garden and, as she does so, Sergeant Thomas, of the United States army appears at the gate with a letter in his hand.)

THOMAS (*Lifting his cap*): Good morning, Miss Montevalio. Is Lieutenant Remington around?

LOLITA (*Very haughtily*): An' why you theenk to find the Senor Lieutenant here?

THOMAS: One of the men at the Presidio said he saw him come in this direction. I have a letter for him;—the wash-tub mail is in.

LOLITA (*With a shrug of her shoulders*): Then I am very sorry he is no here;—too bad.

THOMAS: Well, he may be over at the races; I'll look and see. In the meantime, if he does come along, wish you'd tell him I have a letter for him;—it's from his wife.

(*He lifts his hat and starts to go. At the words* "his wife," *Lolita looks at him incredulously for a moment, her face going deathly pale. Her expression arrests Thomas' attention and he looks at her quizzically.*)

LOLITA (*In a dull harsh voice*): His what?

THOMAS: His wife.

LOLITA (*With a great effort to control herself*): An' how you know these theengs?

THOMAS (*Leaning over the gate and pointing to the left hand corner of the envelope*): It's here, written in the corner;—return in twenty-five days to Fort Douglas, Utah,—Mrs. Robert E. Remington.

LOLITA (*Very white*): Ah! that mean nothing of the wife, senor;—that mean maybe, his mother.

THOMAS: Not on your life, senorita;—it's from his wife. I guess I ought to know; I was at the wedding at the post, four years ago. Talk about a swell time. It's got any affair I ever went to skinned to death.

LOLITA (*With closed eyes and through tight lips*): His wife!—Dios!

THOMAS: Sure thing;—and you ought to see his kid, little Bobby Junior; he's the prettiest kid at the post.

LOLITA (*Her eyes opening slowly*): A child!

THOMAS: You bet you, and a peach, too.

(*He turns to go.*)

You won't forget to tell him about the letter if you see him, will you? He'll be mighty anxious to get it, I'll bet. This mail system out here is a fright. Gee! it's nearly two months since I've heard from my wife. You'll tell him.

LOLITA (*Almost hissing the words*): You bet my life I tell him!

THOMAS: Well, adios, senorita!

(*He goes whistling down the road. Lolita does not answer him but stands transfixed for the moment. Then, as the truth of Remington's deception breaks full upon her, her eyes flash and her cheeks grow burning red.*)

LOLITA: Dios de mi alma! but he shall pay for this! He was right, Don Alfredo Alvarado! He was right about these Americanos! These Gringo!—All are cheats! Traitors! Liars!——Oh! but I will put him under the heel of my slipper an' grind him in the dirt! He to make sport of me;—me, Lolita Montevalio!—Favorita! Even now, maybe, he tells all in Monterey of that kiss I give him, an' they all sit round an' laugh an' clap their hands at his beeg victory!—Dios! but I'll have my revenge! My heart is wrung! Give me the words to show my contempt for this traitor!—This Protestant!—Give me the tongue like riata that I scourge this traitor!—this Gringo for his insult! Mary, who give joy to my youth, no take away that joy now, but make me burn this liar with my scorn!

(*As she finishes her prayer, Remington returns, entering at the gate gaily.*)

REM. (*As soon as he sees Lolita*): You see, Lolita, I lost no time in returning to you;—'I came on the wings of love,'—as your cabelleros put it. What are the prayers for,—my return?

LOLITA (*Gritting her teeth and flashing her eyes at him*): Oh, yes!—I pray!—An' I pray for your return!

REM. (*Noticing her attitude*): You're not sore again, are you? I had to go when that bugle sounded, honestly I did. But I certainly haven't lost any time getting back.

(*He goes to her but she draws herself up and away from him.*)

Why, what's wrong now?

LOLITA (*Contemptuously*): Oh! you not knowing, senor?

(*With a shrug of the shoulders and a bitter laugh.*)

Nya-nya!—Nya-nya!

REM. (*Quite alarmed*): Surely you haven't forgotten our kisses of a few moments ago?

LOLITA (*Bitterly*): Oh, no, senor!—I no forget!—Ah-ya!—I no forget! Would to the Saints that I could!

REM. (*Going closer to her, and biting his lips*): See here, Lolita, what's up? Tell me, won't you?

LOLITA (*Almost spitting the words at him*): Your wife is up, senor!—Thas what's up!

(*Remington turns pale.*)

Ai-yi!—You see,—I know!

REM.: My wife!—Who told you that?

LOLITA(Who knows!—The leetle bird, maybe;—ah, yes! I theenk it is the leetle bird. But you no try to deny, senor! I have find out everytheeng!

REM.: Lolita, let me explain!

LOLITA (*Furiously*): Explain!—Explain!—How you can explain your wife, senor? How you can explain why you lie an' cheat an' trick me, hah?—How you can explain all that?

REM.: See here, Lolita, I'm a man of honor and I————————

LOLITA (*Interrupting him sneeringly*): Honor!—Honor!—Whas this theeng you calling honor? Making fool out girl like me? You call that honor, senor? Ai-yi-yi-yi!

REM.: Well, as a soldier, then, I————————

LOLITA: What kind of soldier; made of tin, whas got no heart at all? You no use honey words, senor, they no mean anything to me again! You theenk you trick me, eh, my fren'?—You theenk I give my heart to you? Maybe I give you little piece, but, Dios de mi vida!

REM, (*Attempting to argue with her*): You misunderstand, senorita;—it was only an innocent flirtation, that was all.

LOLITA: Lies! Lies! Lies! all lies!—Innocent for who?—For you?—For me, or—for the wife, at home? Ah-ya! she must be booby for a wife to go an' loving you!—I cannot take me back the kiss I give to you, senor! but, for the kiss you give to me, I tear it off my lips like that, an' that, an' that, an' that!

(*As if tearing the kiss from her lips.*)

an' I throw them in the dirt an' roll, an' crush, an' kick an' grind

(*Using her feet.*)

until they nothing left! I open up my veins an' let out any love thas there!

(*Remington attempts to interrupt her.*)

Non-non-non-no!—I want to hear no more your lies! You Gringo! Thas enough! No one can trust the Gringo!—Now, I see;—before I'm blind, but now, I see terreeblay plain! You come an' steal our country an' our lands! You take our flag an' drag it in the dirt!—You seize our General Vallejo an you shur him in the prison! an' you give insult to General Castro an' Pio Pico, too! an' then you come like thief to try an' steal away my heart! But, oh, non-no!—This time you meet defeat, senor! This time you are found out! I tell you what I theenk of you who want to break my heart! I theenk you are disgrace to what you call your honor!—I theenk you coward!—liar!—thief! An' now, I want that you should go!—Ingrate!—there's my gate for what is called Lolita's garden!—Already I shut the gate on one mans today!—Now, I shut the gate on you!

(*At this moment, Margarita, who has been attracted by the voices, comes out of the house onto the verandah.*)

You just in time, Margarita mia, to see this man's disgrace.

(*Margarita opens her eyes in wide surprise. Lolita flings open the gate.*) Now, go, senor! an' sometime when you want make fool out other girl, maybe you theenk how Lolita Maria Junanita Concepcion Isabelita Montevalio make fool out o' you!

(*Without a word, Remington turns on his heel and goes out through the gate, down the road, without looking back. Lolita closes the gate and latches it. Then she heaves a sigh.*)

Ah-ya! Margarita! I theenk I have the busy day!

(*She crosses to the hammock. Margarita's face is beaming.*)

An' this time, you bet my life, I'm through with lovers,——every kind.

(*She arranges the pillows in the hammock.*)

MARGA.: Deo gratias, senorita!—Deo gratias!

(*She blesses herself.*)

(*Lolita lies down in the hammock, closes her eyes, and starts to swing it slowly. From the road comes the voice of Don Alfredo Alvarado, singing his serenade to the accompaniment of his guitar. Margarita looks toward the road, then at Lolita. The latter slowly opens her eyes.*)

LOLITA: That loco, Don Alfredo, again.

(*She sits up and listens.*)

MARGA.: Si, senorita, si!

LOLITA (*Smiling*): You theenk he pass this way, maybe?—Yes?

MARGA. (*Going up to the gate and looking down the road*): I theenk, senorita, I theenk!

LOLITA (*With a sneer and spitting over the top of her fan.*) Ah-ya!—I give it so for love. Go in, Margarita, an' bring me nice drink of chocolate,—yes?

(*Margarita courtesies and goes toward the house. When she reaches the verandah, Lolita suddenly stops her.*)

Ai!—Margarita!—Hist!

(*Margarita turns.*)

Before you go, you open up the gate a leetle bit,—for case that Don Alfredo pass this way.

(*Margarita's old face breaks into a broad grin as she catches the significance of Lolita's order. She goes up and opens the gate wide, then slowly shuffles off into the house. Don Alfredo's voice grows louder. Lolita takes the red flower from behind her ear and, going up to the gate, she throws it out on the road. Then she returns to the hammock, lies down, sighs and slowly closes her eyes. The curtain falls very slowly.*)

HOW THE REDWOODS WERE SAVED

ANDREW P. HILL

The redwoods are saved! But the hand that warded off the fell axe, is cold in death. Let not the saying "Out of sight, out of mind," be here applicable; rather, let us ever cherish most affectionately the memory of him to whom the State and Nation owe undying thanks. Would that a more eloquent pen than mine were employed upon so noble a subject; but I feel the benevolence of my kind readers will prompt them to overlook whatever faults might find their way into this attempt to sketch with a loving, though unskillful, hand, the part the late beloved Father Kenna took in securing this famous and beautiful park for the grateful people not only of this State, but even of the Nation. Writers now fondly call the struggle "The Drama of Love"; perhaps they little realize how narrowly a tragedy was averted.

An accident gave the first start toward obtaining possession of the Mammoth Trees. In March, 1900, Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCracken requested me to illustrate an article for "The Wide World." The subject in question was "The putting out of a great fire in the Santa Cruz Mountains with new wine"; and its author, the President of the Academy of Sciences, then residing at Pasadena, California. Hardly had I accomplished my task when a letter arrived asking that I photograph some of the largest living Redwood trees in the mountains. The object of the editor was to prove to the public what magnificent forests crowned our California ranges. In accordance with his request, I photographed several of the Santa Cruz Big Trees. Then knowing, that General Fremont had camped there and passed a winter during the early forties in a hollow of one of those giant trees, I went to the proprietor for additional information. During the interview, the strange request was made not to photograph the trees nor to insert any mention of them in the proposed "Wide World" article.

It was my firm conviction that this natural wonder should be owned by the people, and I therefore applied to Mrs. McCracken, who took up the matter with the Santa Cruz "Sentinel". In less than 24 hours, a movement was on foot to save the trees.

On my return to San Jose, I referred the matter to Judge John E. Richards, then afterwards to Judge M. H. Hyland, Father Kenna, and Judge Rhodes, and it was their encouragement that decided me to begin a lengthy struggle to save the redwoods for the people of California.

As has been said before, the trees

in question were those which we commonly call the Santa Cruz "Big Trees", yet these are not included in the great State Redwood Park of which it is my purpose to speak. Our first efforts were directed to the saving of the big trees at Santa Cruz. A lengthy letter was written to the Santa Cruz Board of Trade to take the initiative as the trees were in their county, and it was further suggested that they petition Congress to purchase the land and trees by condemnation for public use. The Chamber of Commerce in San Jose was so far interested in the matter that they were called upon to indorse the action taken by the people of Santa Cruz.

After this, a committee was formed, of which I was the unwilling chairman, to confer with the Santa Cruz Board of Trade about further steps to be taken. I was told by their secretary, Mr. J. F. Coope, that as I was in a place from which the most support was to be expected, I should call a meeting. I bethought myself that Father Kenna, then President at Santa Clara, and Dr. Jordan at the University of Stanford, would certainly favor a plan whereby the giant redwoods would be saved for the people of California.

This I communicated to the Board at Santa Cruz, suggesting further that it might be well to place the whole matter in the hands of educational institutions and thus rid it of any disfavor with which it was sure to be met were it to become a matter of politics.

In accordance with this suggestion it was decided to hold a meeting at Stanford University, and as far as I can recall the meeting was called on the first of May, 1900. There were present Professor John Montgomery, representing Father Kenna; the President of the State Normal, and Delegates from the Board of Trade of Santa Cruz and San Jose, from Stanford University, from the Women's Press Club, the Sierra Club, Academy of Science, and also from the University of California.

During the course of this meeting Mr. Coope, of whom mention was before made as being Secretary of the Board of Trade of Santa Cruz, expressed his opinion that a Committee should be formed to visit the trees of The Big Basin. Professor Dudley also spoke in favor of the Big Basin. No definite action was taken however, but a few of us who were present at the meeting paid a visit to the Basin and later reported favorably. We were so struck by the beauties of nature and the wonderful size of those grand old giants of the forest that there, in their midst, seated around our camp-fire, we organized what is now known as the Semper Virens Club, to which Father Kenna gave the title in speaking of the redwoods—"The faithful guardian that never sleeps."

But we were soon to meet discouragement. The first bill which provided that the Federal Government should take over the grove, written by Mr. Wesley Reed, and which was intro-

duced by a friend of his into the Congress, was killed, both in the Committee of Ways and Means, and the Committee of Finance. Somewhat disheartened by this, our first failure, we sought advice from Father Kenna. After consultation with him it was decided to call on Mr. Delmas to go before the State Assembly and speak in favor of a similar bill, which we were to introduce there in a few days. From this bill we had removed all such portions as we thought might be objectionable to those who might be friendly to its main purpose.

But now a crisis came. The enemies of the bill blocked its passage completely. Father Kenna, in conjunction with Assemblyman George D. Radford, straightened out matters and Mr. Delmas made his plea. An elegant plea it was, that won the entire Assembly. But the bill was not to pass so easily. Word was sent down the line, presumably from the Governor, not to let the Redwood Bill come up to him. The Associated Press dispatches stated that the bill was dead. I then consulted with the representatives of both Assembly and Senate, who said they would favor the bill if an option could be secured on the land desired by noon of the following day. Moreover it was stipulated that a bond of $50,000.00 be executed to secure the first payment on the land. Anxious as we were to have the bill pass, we set about securing the necessary option and bond.

I therefore took the train for San Francisco to try to find Mr. Middleton, the agent of the owners of the land. So when I arrived at the wharf in San Francisco, I started up Market street, walking very rapidly, my mind so taken up with the business in hand that I did not notice where I was going. Suddenly I realized that I should have taken a car and stopped—right before me stood Mr. Middleton, the man I was looking for. In a short time I had secured the necessary option.

This much had been successfully accomplished, but still we had to get the necessary guarantee of $50,000.00, and moreover we had also to secure someone to speak in favor of the bill before the Senate, which stood most decidedly against it. Accordingly I consulted with Dr. Jordan at Stanford and we decided that no one could represent us before the Senate better than Father Kenna. Wearied by a vain search in trying to secure the necessary bond of $50,000.00, I reached Father Kenna at Santa Clara at 10 o'clock that night. But two hours yet remained in which to get the bond. Father Kenna at once consented to appear before the Senate. As for the bond, Father Kenna decided that, as the Semper Virens Club, could, if necessary, pay the interest, and the capital as well, if satisfactory conditions could be secured, he made a guarantee that the Lumber Company should be paid $50,000.00 down, in case the State were unable to make the first

payment to the company at the time of the purchase of the land. For it was uncertain at this time if the money already voted to buy the park would be available on the date of purchase.

Had Father Kenna failed to make this guarantee the Park could not have been purchased. After this was decided I went to San Jose and entered the editorial rooms of the San Jose Mercury about midnight. We got out the best editorial that we could write in our tired condition and 150 papers were on the way to Sacramento on an early train. Father Kenna followed, arriving at Sacramento about noon. After prayers, Father Kenna was taken to the rooms of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. Here many of the leaders of the opposition of the bill were brought to him. He labored with them for over three hours, one at a time, and at the close of the Senate session he was invited to address the Senate. This was unprecedented in the history of our Legislature. He was passed over to Senator Shortridge who escorted him to the Speaker's desk. He was welcomed by the Lieutenant Governor, and introduced to the Senate.

I stood watching him intently, for I knew the Senate stood against the bill, and that the fate of the measure depended upon his speech. I could not help but note, in that moment, the grand, dignified, noble bearing of Father Kenna. He looked the part of a Great Priest. He impressed me as the peer of every Senator there.

A death-like stillness followed. Something remarkable in that noisy Senate Chamber. He slowly bowed to the Speaker and then addressed the Senators, in a kind, pleasant, simple way, interspersed with occasional strong rounded sentences, eloquently rendered.

He had not proceeded very far when it was very plain to us that every Senator was in full sympathy with the speaker. This was subsequently proven when the Senate passed the bill by a vote of 30 for, to 1 against it. It is unfortunate that the record of that speech of Fr. Kenna, which saved to the people the Great Park, was burned in the fire following the earthquake in 1906.

After the passage of the bill the State Park Commissioners could not, for some cause or other, agree on the purchase for nearly a year, some apparently laboring for the defeat of the purchase in order that the $250,000.00 appropriated, might revert back to the treasury and be available for an irrigation scheme. This, however, was plainly seen by Father Kenna, and it grieved him much.

Again, for the third time, Father Kenna saved the Park by forcing a vote; and by throwing his great personality into the cause, won over the others of the Commission and saved forever, to the State and Nation, the most wonderful and unique forest known to civilization.

REV. ROBERT E. KENNA, S. J.

EDWARD LEAKE, '99

(In the Woodland Democrat, May 29, 1912.)

Rev. Father R. E. Kenna, former President of Santa Clara College, and one of the best known priests on the Pacific Coast, died at 6:50 o'clock last evening at St. Mary's Hospital after a lingering illness.

Father Kenna was the son of Patrick R. and Cynthia Euphemia Kenna, and was born at Jackson, Miss., September 16, 1844. His father was a wealthy shipper in Baltimore and owned a line of sailing vessels before moving to Mississippi. When he moved to that State he opened a music academy. In 1849 Patrick Kenna came to California in the gold rush, bringing with him his son, whose mother died while he was in infancy.

Father Kenna's early education was procured in the schools of Nevada County, where his father mined, and later at the High School on Powell street, in San Francisco. In 1864 he acted as Secretary to Archbishop Alemany of San Francisco, and the following year went to Ireland to study in St. Coleman's College. Ill health compelled him to abandon his college studies.

In 1868 he went to Santa Clara College as a student of philosophy, and then to the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Santa Clara. Two years after entering the novitiate, he became an instructor in the college. In 1876 he began the study of theology and later was consecrated in the priesthood. The ordination took place in the Cathedral, July 6, 1879.

In February, 1880, he was appointed President of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, and was responsible for a policy which soon made that institution successful. In July, 1883, he was sent to Santa Clara to be President of the Jesuit College there. He retired in 1888 and came to San Francisco as Pastor of St. Ignatius Church. In 1890, he was made Vice President of Santa Clara College and the following year was Spiritual Father there. In 1892 he was Parish Priest at Santa Clara and the next year became Vice President of the College again, which position he filled until 1897, when he was transferred to San Jose to be Pastor of St. Joseph's Church. In 1899 he was again made President of Santa Clara College.

Four years later he took charge of the educational work at Santa Barbara. Ill health compelled him to give up this work and he became Financial Agent for Santa Clara College.

During his last term as President of Santa Clara Father Kenna took the

lead in the campaign of the Sempervirens Club, which resulted in the purchase of the Big Basin by the State so that the wonderful redwood forests there might be saved for the people. He is credited with originating the idea of making the Big Basin a State Park.

Deceased is survived by his sister, Mrs. H. Trezevant, and the following nieces and nephews: Mrs. John Somavia, Gray Trezevant, Paul Trezevant, Mrs. J. J. Gensoul, Ada Frances, Charles Emmet and Frank J. Sullivan, Mrs. H. Harris, Mrs. B. White, Mrs. G. White and Mrs. M. Spence.—Chronicle.

To the writer the death of Father Kenna is in the nature of a personal loss. For four years he was my teacher, counsellor, and spiritual as well as intellectual mentor. In these relations there grew up between us, as there often does between youth and mature age, an intimacy of friendship which was and is one of the most uplifting and strengthening influences of my life, as it is and always will be one of the fondest and most cherished memories which I shall carry to life's end.

His kindly face, beaming with intelligence and friendly, almost fatherly interest, attracted me to him as I never was before attracted to a man not of my own kith and kin. I would consider it a mournful satisfaction to lay a modest verbal wreath on his grave but what tribute can I pay to his memory that others will not pay more abundantly?

Upon his last resting place the people of Santa Clara valley, and especially the pastors and teachers with whom he has been associated, and the young men whom he inspired by example and precept to drink deep at the fountain of knowledge, will pay that tribute of mingled grief and gratitude which is seldom given to any man, but is reserved for those who devote their lives and ability to the service of humanity, by promoting the cause of higher education and Christianity.

Those who knew him best loved him most, not so much on account of his brilliant abilities, whose splendor illuminated both the educational and Christian field, not because his greatheartedness claimed the affection of all who came within the radiance of its charm, but because he gave, to the uttermost, all his noble and peculiar powers of intellect, all the gentleness and sweetness of his soul and the inspiring influence of his kindly Christian character, in thorough devotion to the cause of humanity. In the cause of human advance he fell in battle for high ideals and lofty purposes as surely and as really as a uniformed soldier ever fell on the field of armed conflict, and that, too, at an age when his powers for good and influence for better things should have been at their zenith.

It was sixteen years ago that the

writer first looked into the saintly face and took the kindly hand of Father Kenna. He was the most considerate of teachers and solicitous of pastors. His daily conduct was an example never to be forgotten. He exerted an influence upon every young man with whom he sustained the relation of teacher and student, pastor and friend, that could not fail to, in a measure, shape their future careers. He was a man whose life will constitute an example that will prove an inspiration to every youth fired with an ambition to carve out a career of usefulness and honor, and an assurance and a consolation to those who still linger in the sere and yellow leaf.

For many months a fatal disease held the once strong and vigorous man in a relentless grip. Wearily, but patiently and with Christian resignation he trod the path that all must travel, with all the fortitude of a man certain of the future and that serenity and peace of mind that only comes from an assurance of a blessed resurrection. He met death with the cheerfulness with which he had faced every trial and vicissitude of life. No greater tribute can be paid to his memory than to say that he dies as he had lived, a courtly, Christian gentleman.

Generation may come and go, but his name will not be forgotten. Beloved teacher, gentle pastor, loyal friend, wise counsellor and Christian gentleman, peace to his ashes and may his soul find rest.

The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

The object of the Redwood is to give proof of College Industry, to recount College Doings and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past

Address all communications to THE REDWOOD, University of Santa Clara, California

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Present Issue

The custom of devoting pages of the last issue of the scholastic year entirely to the Alumni, adopted by our predecessor since the foundation of the magazine, has always proven to be a success.

Nothing, we think, could serve more effectually to attain one of the most important objects of the Redwood, which is to knit more closely the hearts of the boys of the present and of the past than this number. In it we read the reminiscences and stories of those who have gone to take their stand in the world, and we trust it is doubly interesting to the "old boys".

To those who snatched the time to

pen a line or two, amid the urgent calling of business and profession, we are indeed grateful and we are sure that this issue, through their efforts, will prove to be a representative one.

U. S. C.

When we see all around us the magnificent buildings of the new niversity,being raised on high, the mind naturally turns back to the years gone by when this beautiful valley was a wilderness, and when those noble self sacrificing missionaries, so generously came to found the mission among the uncivilized natives, and how in the face of so many difficulties they toiled patiently on and opened the way for the wonderous development.

Those rude adobe buildings erected by them, were the nucleus, from which sprung the growing University.

At last the hopes entertained by those connected with the College, even since it was founded in 1851, have been realized and a University has been established on that hallowed ground. Patient, toiling, persevering, the Society of Jesus has accomplished its noble work of many years endeavor.

The celebration of dedication on the sixteenth of June will mark the passing of the College to a University, a ceremony which will mark an epoch in the educational history of the State, and we dare say the entire country.

Through the vigorous efforts of our President, Rev. James P. Morissey, S. J., the work is fast nearing completion and in a short time the University of Santa Clara will be one of the grandest and best equipped in the country.

Father Kenna

In the midst of our rejoicing, however, a pang of sorrow strikes our hearts, for our true friend and helper, Rev. Father Kenna, has left our midst, to go to his eternal reward. The good priest had always had a deep love and affection for Santa Clara College. Her sorrow was his sorrow, her triumphs were shared alike by him. Up to the day that he was confined to his bed he worked and strove to further the interests of old Santa Clara, and his deepest wish was to see her pass to the dignity of a University, and he lived to see his fond hope realized.

Deep as is our sorrow for the loss of the noble man, still we must be resigned to the decree of the Maker, and we know that from his throne on high, Father Kenna still watches over and prays for Santa Clara's success.

Staff

With the publication of this issue, the curtain falls upon our career in College journalism, and we must clear the stage for new actors. Our duties on the Redwood have indeed been pleasant, and though sometimes a little adverse criticism has been wafted our way, it has proven a source of instruction to us, consequently it is not with a little degree of regret that we reluctantly vacate the easy chair to

make room for our successor. Our best wishes for success are with him and we hope to see an improvement in the Redwood which we could not effect.

In a few days we shall leave for our vacations, many of us return no more, but our hearts are with our Alma Mater and the happy memories that we carry with us are imbedded in our hearts, never to be erased, but will remain as a source of comfort in the trials of life.

We wish all a joyous vacation and to those who will return a successful year. To the teachers and faculty we wish a happy vacation and a good rest merited by the months of toil and generous sacrifice.

CARD OF THANKS

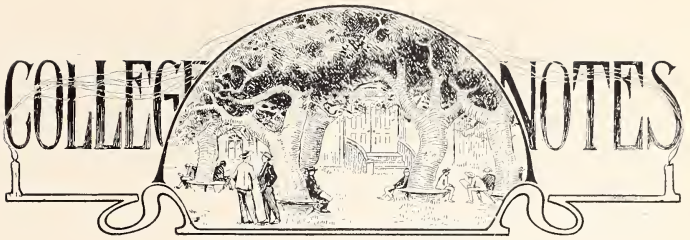
The Director and the Staff of the Redwood make grateful acknowledgement to Miss Elizabeth de Saisset for her generous donation to the Redwood.

The atmosphere of the many excellent papers and periodicals which it was our good fortune to receive for the month of May, was almost entirely pervaded with the air of Spring and the joy of living. We became estatic when we read of lofty mountains covered with their green verdure and of silvery streams winding their way along the bottoms of deep canyons and suddenly splashing themselves over deep inclinations only to be shattered into a filmy mist which became a beautiful rainbow as the rays of the sun found their way through tall pine trees and cast themselves upon the waters.

We were also quite envious to think that we are still plodding along the paths of learning while others are casting their lines trying to outwit the wily trout or perchance are basking on the ocean beach encouraging Old Sol in his endeavors to make them as brown as a hickory nut.

Next year this department will be in better and abler hands, but, before we lay down the pen we wish to thank our contemporaries, one and all, for the kind and courteous treatment which we have received at their hands, and, if at any time we may have offended in our reviews, believe us, it was not through a desire to show ability and smartness on our part, for we possess none, but only through a sincere motive and a firm belief that in so doing we might accomplish some good.

—Aloysius I. Diepenbrock.



We have gathered here a few jottings of the past year. As no diary was kept many interesting occurrences that we still remember but cannot classify under any special day, have in consequence been omitted. We beg indulgence of our kind readers for any inaccuracies that may occur. We have also omitted many of the College doings either because they had been before recorded in the Redwood, or else because

Palms—Where Now The Administration Building Stands

many things lose their savor when spread before those who themselves have not been at a boarding college.

SEPT. 11—

The College Campus, for two months so quiet and deserted is today the scene of great activity. Youths thirsting for knowledge pour in from every county of the State. Others hail from Nevada and Utah and also from Washington. What an array of trunks! Some there are that boast a trip around the world; some are content with but a hundred tags; while others loudly advertise every city from Hongkong to Santa Clara. Some are new and not a few have taken their last ride. Many new faces appear, and we miss some of the old.

SEPT. 12—

Classes resumed. Vacation is a thing of the past and we look to bright prospects in the future. After a short

session of class, old College chums gather around to tell their experiences "since last we met". Others perhaps may have felt like our Poet Laureate when he sang:

Yet cheerless must to some the outlook seem,
When memory brings to mind,
In form like half remembered dream,
The scenes of Home and Friends
And 'Good Times' left behind.

The new arrivals are shown around the College and after their curiosity has been fully satisfied the crowd goes for a dip to the Pond, a practice we shall continue for some time.

SEPT. 13—

We "get up early in the morn". Regular classes. More Collegians trudge in "like snail unwillingly to school." After school hours Harry Renwich, the Football Coach, pipes "All hands out to practice." Many of last year's veterans are on the field, and not a few new found "Hopes".

SEPT. 15—

Everybody much to "Hum". The "make-a-hit-wit-'em" togs are disregarded for more informal clothes—the good old pegs and the soft shirt with collar floating unconfined. The Football squad numbers 80 players.

SEPT. 16—

"Hall". All the students gather in the College Hall to hear the reading of the College Regulations. Reverend Father President addressed a few words to the Student Body.

SEPT. 17—

The College Choir is organized under the direction of Mr. Chas. O'Brien, S. J. Prominent among the songsters are Haskamp, Holm, Jennings, Doyle, Ganahl, Tramutola and Castruccio.

This gallaxy of singers is called the "Choir Invisible", from the fact that the harmony floats over our heads from the rear of the Chapel, no one being able to tell who may be guilty of "the Harmonic Spasm".

SEPT. 19—

Mass of the Holy Ghost in the Church. Father William M. Boland, Prefect of Studies in the College Department, said a few words on the ne-

View Taken Before Work on

Administration Building Was Begun

cessity of asking the "Giver of all good gifts" to aid us in our studies.

SEPT. 20—

It looks like a big year. The old bunch is on deck with few exceptions, and new faces are looming up daily. "Bill" White, "Speegul" Tramutola, "Sailor" Ganahl, "Hap" Gallagher, and "Rancher" Barry have already become famous in rugby. In society "Judge" Boone of Modesto and "Loving" D. Powell are prominent. "Juicy" Diepenbrock and Harry McGowan hold their own and Joe Thomas continues doing business at the old stand. We shall have to wait till next month to hear the names of those who are ranking first in their classes.

SEPT. 22—

Thirty are selected from the large Football squad as possible candidates to represent the College. "Harry" Renwich is much satisfied with the showing of the "Boys" and determines to pit them against the University of Nevada. Tramutola invents something new in harmony—"Alexander's Rag Time Band."

SEPT. 24—

We are here almost two weeks and yet there are no evidences of that great and glorious institution known to students and Alumni alike as "Letter A". Coach Renwich chooses team to represent College at Reno.

SEPT. 26—

First Student Body meeting of the year called by the President of the Student Body, Ed White. Mr. Edmond Ryan S. J., the new Director of Athletics, who replaced Mr. Victor White S. J., who went to Spokane to complete his studies, made his maiden speech and a very pleasant and enthusiastic one it was. At this meeting Harry McGowan and Dion Holm were elected Yell Leaders for the coming year; Roy Bronson, Secretary of the Student Body.

SEPT. 28—

Football team takes the trip to Reno to play the University of Nevada. Rally on the Campus. Speeches by

First and Second

Team Game

members of the team as also by the Coach. This game with the University of Reno is an annual affair and has brought much friendly spirit between S. C. and U. of N.

SEPT. 29—

Team secures the first victory against the University of Nevada. The game was warmly but friendly contested. After the game our team is given a reception and dance in the University gym.

SEPT. 30—

The Yell Leaders have an opportunity to display their ability, and the Collegians give vent to their feelings as the team returns. A bonfire, some more yelling and speeches, and the game with Reno is a thing of the past. Meanwhile the team has another victory to encourage it on to further efforts.

Game With

Barbarians

SEPT. 27—

Team plays Stanford Freshman at Stanford. We leave Santa Clara in private cars. It is a beautiful ride from Santa Clara to Palo Alto. Leaving San Jose the road makes directly for the foothills and skirts them till we are safely landed in Palo Alto. The game results in 3 to 3 score. On our way back to College we sample the grapes on the College farm at Loyola.

OCT. 1—

Notwithstanding the monthly exes every one has the Football fever. Young and old are out in their togs and some of the inexperienced look a little disfigured.

OCT. 2—

The second team wins from San Jose Hi.

OCT. 3—

The second team wins from Santa Clara Hi.

OCT. 4—

The Saint John Berchman's Society, better known as "The Frat", held its first meeting of the year under the direction of Mr. William I. Lonergan, S. J. The annual elections were had with the following results: Prefect, Loring Powell; Secretary, Stephen White; Treasurer, "Tommy" Ybarrondo; Censors, Zarick and Parker; Sacristan. Booth; Nicholas Martin, Vestry Prefect. It was somehow rumored that

a little spread was had on the "qt", as this Society is the best remedy for those who want to lose their appetite.

REV. EDWARD ALLEN, S. J.

OCT. 8—

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was convened by its Director, Father William M. Boland, S. J. Many new candidates were admitted and the election of officers was held. Paul Leake was elected Prefect, with Fred Hoedt and Zarick as Assistants. "Joe" Thomas is Secretary and E. Booth, Vestry Prefect.

But the Holy Angels do not sleep, and they also met for their election of officers. The meeting was called by Mr. Joseph Vaughan, S. J. Among the officers are Thomas Davis, Prefect; Joseph Parker and "Joe" Aurrecoechea, Assistants; and Tommy Kearns, Secretary.

OCT. 10—

"Hall". The whole Student Body assembles in the Hall to hear the reading of "Marks" and also the Honors for the past month. The credits in conduct and diligence were uniformly high, and no one "missed his double ticket"—i. e., no one fell below 70 in conduct and diligence. We learn of Bronson, McKinnon, Cholvin, "Jedge" Boone, "Tommy" Kearns, Nick Martin and other star performers in regular class work.

OCT. 10—

Under the leadership of Father James Conlon, the Senate held its initial meeting of the session. After a few preliminary remarks the election of officers was in order. Senator C. Tramutola was unanimously chosen as the best fitted to record the marvelous achievements of the Society, and Senator Zarick was officially appointed to communicate the records of the Society to the outside world. Senator H. Ganahl will act as Sergeant-at-Arms, and Senators Holm and White will care for the books.

OCT. 11—

Mr. Maloney and four of his pupils of Stanford, at the invitation of Professor Charles D. South, gave us an entertainment in the gym. Mr. Maloney first gave us an exhibition of fencing. But he soon tired of having his enemy at three-foot distance, so he donned the gloves. But even this would not satisfy him so he took his revenge out of the punching bag. The entertainment was much appreciated.

Game With

St. Mary's

OCT. 12—

The House of Philhistorians convenes for its first meeting. Mr. Edmond Ryan, S. J., is Speaker of the House. Representative Diepenbrock records the minutes; Representative Hardy is Corresponding Secretary; Representative McGowan gathers in the sheckles, and "Tommy" Ybarrondo quiets those inclined to be uproarious.

OCT. 14—

Game with Stanford Freshman. Score 0-0. Special cars brought us to and from Palo Alto.

OCT. 15—

The first edition of the Redwood for the year came from the press. For this issue Mr. Charles D. South contributed an article on the Alumni Banquet. Martin Detels, "Our Poet", gave us a few thoughts on "Our Return;" Nicholas Jacobs had a "Petition" to ask; and Harry McGowan wrote a neat poem on his best "Friend", "My Mother"; while Joseph Demartini in true poetic fashion heard "The Murmuring of the Winds". Among the prose productions we mention as deserving special credit the stories by Thomas Plant and Rodney Yoell; and the essays by Herbert Ganahl and Harold McKinnon.

OCT. 16—

Everybody is doing it. What? Reading the "Redwood".

OCT. 17—

The old Chapel Building is alive with noise and good cheer. The famous J. D. S. holds its first meeting under the Presidency of Mr. Joseph R. Crowley, S. J. The reason for the good noise is the favor with which the following were elected to offices: Mr. Jos. Aurrecoechea was chosen Vice President; Mr. Joseph Parker, Secretary; Mr. Percival Hughes, Treasurer; Mr. C. Falvey, Sergeant-at-Arms; and Mr. Thomas O'Connor, Librarian.

OCT. 18—

The "Varsity" plays the second team. It is a very good game, and the

Basket Ball Team '12

Palmtag J., Melchior, Palmtag C., Voight (Capt.), Momson

seconds holds the "Varsity" to a 6 to 0 score. Coach Renwich is well pleased by the team and the greatest hopes are had that we will win the game against St. Mary's.

OCT. 19—

Owing to the splendid showing given the "Varsity" by the second team, Coach Renwich pits the two teams against one another for the second time. The first team shows up in much better form.

Part of the Seismological Observatory

OCT. 21—

Though our team is somewhat light, it was deemed fit to have a game with the second Varsity team of Stanford. We lose by the score of 8 to 0.

OCT. 26—

A few darkening clouds in the horizon bid the provident Directors of the Reading and Pool Parlors make ready for the coming storms. Ed O'Connor, Manager of this establishment is credited with having paraded his wares in the following lines: "There are books for the studious; magazines for the curious; checkers for the thoughtful; and pool and billiards for the playful".

OCT. 27—

Instead of bending over our books as is the custom after supper, we had an entertainment in the hall. The College Orchestra under the direction of Professor Kaufmann and under the able management of Fred O. Hoedt, made its first debut for the season. There were instruments galore and they played with a vim that showed that they were masters, each one of them, of his particular instrument. Following this flow of harmony we were treated to a lengthy moving picture show conducted under the able direction of Mr. Frank Smith.

OCT. 28—

"Shave off your beards and put on your best togs, and make ready for the Grand Ball." Tonight we had the initial Formal Ball of the season. We say formal, designedley, for more informal balls are not

of rare occurrence. At 8 p. m., gently swaying to the tune of "Seniors and Dates", the Grand March slowly wound its way into the spacious wax-covered gym. It was led by (Miss) M. Detels and Count de Ybarrondo. Among those prominent in this Grand March, and, who after became "Wall Flowers" were Nobody and Noone. Belles! Everyone was there with them. "Ragging"? Not in this elite assembly. The good hostess had reclined to doubt this should have been present here on this eventful occasion. Presents were awarded to "Jedge" Boone and "Royal" Bronson, for the best costumed couple.

OCT. 29—

Most people are told "Tell it to the Marines", but in this case we wish that it should not be told to the Marines. Don't tell them that our Football team won from them by a score of 40 to 0.

View Showing Where Senior Hall Now Stands

served the placards that we used last year and every wall of the beautifully decorated hall was adorned with a notice that Cicero could have read and Demosthenes for that matter. It ran something like this: "No ragging." "Ouk Ragge." "Ne se Ragge Pas." "Nieden Ragga." "Nix mitt der Rag." "Non fate il Rag."

But there are many dances besides Rag and any one who should be in-

As can be easily seen by the score our team outplayed them in every point of the game. Be this however "told to the Marines", that they acted in a real soldier's manner. For though they saw early in the game that their chances were poor, they nevertheless fought to the end. Bravely they fought, but more than this, they never once resorted to any mean tactics whatever to prevent or in any way make the

score less than finally was. "Tell this to the Marines"– "They behaved like gentlemen."

NOV. 1—

The world of science is shocked to hear of the unfortunate death of Professor John Montgomery. Mr. Montgomery was Professor of Aerodynamics here at the College. He was killed while experimenting in an aeroplane of his own invention.

NOV. 2—

The newspapers are full of accounts of the tragic death of our beloved Professor John Montgomery. The S. F. Examiner says in part: "John Montgomery, the first of the world's aeronauts and professor of applied sciences and aerodynamics at Santa Clara College was killed this morning in a twenty-foot fall .....

"Lying on a table in his (Montgomery's) tent at the camp this afternoon were two letters from European aeronautical authorities. One was from Prince Hugo Deitrickstein of Austria, Honorary President of the Newspaper Corporation for the Furtherance of Aerial Navigation, and the other from Brigadier General Leopold Schleyler of the Imperial Army, informing Professor Montgomery that the Austrian Government, after an investigation covering a period of several years had decided that he should be placed as the Master of aero navigation before Otto Lilienthal, to whom the honor has been given for a quarter of a century."

NOV. 4—

Student Body Meeting. A motion was made and carried to award "Four-Star Sweaters" to the veterans who had played for four successive years on the Football team. "Joe" Thomas gave an account of the doings at the Co-operative Store. Team plays the College of the Pacific and wins, score 13 to 0.

NOV. 7—

Second reading of honors in the hall. Many new stars appear on the horizon. We were particularly pleased to see the two luminaries, Joe Hartmann and John Barnard, appear in the Pre-medi-

Work on

New Buildings

cal Hemisphere. The Senior Class of Chemistry gave an excellent exhibition.

Rev. P. Freiden, S. J.
Died Dec. 2, 1911

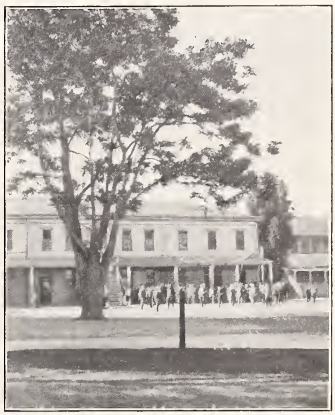
NOV. 8—

Second team wins from the second team of St. Mary's. During and after the game the rooters have a little practice in the College yells under the leadership of McGowan and Holm.

NOV. 14—

In accordance with the press agent's copy the Football Vaudeville Show was given. "Dutch" Mayerle, Harry McKenzie, August Aguirre and Otto Wallfisch came down from the Metropolis to aid in the merry-making. "Dutch" made his appearance as "Leader of the German Band"; Otto Wallfisch rendered a monologue, portions of which were afterwards bywords in the yard; while Harry and "Augie" performed a comical duet. This portion of the program prepared by these "Old College Boys" was greatly appreciated and more than disposed the audience for the skit written by Martin Merle for the occasion, "A Football Nightmare". The entertainment closed by the singing of the new College song written by "Our Poet", Martin Detels.

Then the rally began. The names of those who were to play in the game against St. Mary's were duly read by Captain "Tommy" Ybarrondo. Manager Chauncey gave a speech in which he said that though he thought that



Ready For Work

we would "bring home the bacon", yet warned the players not to be overconfident. "Harry" McKenzie then said a few words of encouragement, and the crowd adjourned to the bonfire that was burning on the campus. "Hap" Gallagher and "Lou" Jennings entertained with a few comical songs that made those that were anxious about the game, forget their trouble and join the celebration.

NOV. 15—

Redwood comes from press. It contains among other interesting articles, a life sketch of Mr. Montgomery by Wm. P. Veuve, and an account of his work as an inventor by Mr. Victor Loughead.

NOV. 19—

The Sanctuary Society has a celebration in honor of their Patron, St. John Berchmans. Father William Deeney, S. J., preached the panegyric. In the evening after Benediction the candidates were received into the Society as regular members; then came the banquet with music and the toasts. "Chauncey" as toast master "took the cake".

NOV. 22—

Father Edward Allen received a stroke of apoplexy while at table. He is taken to the Sanitarium and his life is despaired of. Owing to his illness the Kaleidoscopical entertainment in the hall is not made public, but for the students alone. The lecture on automobiles prove very interesting.

NOV. 23—

The Faculty and the whole Student Body mourns the loss of Father Allen, who died this morning in the Sanitarium.

NOV. 24—

Requiem Mass is said for Father Al-

View of One of the Quadrangles

len. After Mass the students accompanied to their final resting place the last earthly remains of their very dear friend and Spiritual Director.

NOV. 25—

We journey up to San Francisco for the game with St. Mary's. Hopes run high that we shall win. After a very exciting game we had to content ourselves by coming home the losers. The score was 5 to 3. Yet no one who saw the Collegians returning could have imagined that they were the losers. A more cheerful crowd never returned from a game. Immediately after the game this grand spirit manifested itself. When the St. Mary's rooters passed the S. C. grand stand and rooters, not a single voice in all that great S. C. throng that did not join in the "Sky Rocket" for their successful opponents.

NOV. 27—

Manager Detels sounds the first call for Baseball men. Young and old, good players and bad, come out to join in the game. Captain Tramutola, "Zeek" Jacobs, Zarick, Ybarrondo, Best and Barry, are the veterans from last year. There is also some good new material.

NOV. 28—

Thanksgiving recess begins. Most of the resident students will spend their vacations at home or with their friends.

NOV. 29—

Some few remain at the College. Moving pictures are had in the hall for their benefit.

NOV. 30—

Thanksgiving dinner in the evening, and then musical and motion picture entertainment in the hall.

Administration Building

DEC. 1—

Classes are resumed. Studies suffer a trifle as an overabundance of turkey, is not very conducive to hard mental work.

DEC. 2—

The Basketball team takes a trip to Stockton. The "Dutch Quintette" makes a good showing—Voight, Momson, Palmtag twice, and then Melchoir —these are the five that will represent us in Basketball. We lose this game.

DEC. 3—

Those who before looked on, now believe that it is time for them to show their skill in the Football line. It was somehow rumored that this after-season performance might bring out some hidden talent. Inter-class games are arranged.

Some Seniors Enjoy a Quiet Game

DEC. 8—

The Feast of The Immaculate Conception was celebrated with the customary ceremony. In the evening the candidates for the two Sodalities are admitted as regular members.

DEC. 9—

Interclass baseball begins. There are teams representing every class. The schedule is arranged and the winners of the series will be given a banquet. Basket Ball team defeats State Normal School, 46 to 18.

DEC. 11—

Some interclass games have been played and some rare talent has been exhibited. Joe Noonan looks like a "big find", and Joe Ferrario may be a dark horse. The Basket-ballers are showing fine form and they win from San Jose Hi, 43-20.

DEC. 13—

Senior Class has a midnight vigil-

ance committee. Tramutola's awkward squad manoeuvers much to the discomfiture of those who are using their "Ostermoors" in the south side of the building. No damages.

DEC. 15—

Marco Samuel Zarick discourses learnedly on coal. The lecture was very learned, but again no damages. "Redwood" out.

DEC. 16—

Big Church Fair is the mecca of the leather-lunged Collegians who prove

Shrine of St. Joseph

valuable "Spealers". Some evil rumors say that Chris Degnan and "Buck" Hogan made a hit in society. The Dutch five eat up the San Jose Y. M. C. A., 56-18.

DEC. 19—

Seniors win the interclass baseball championship and celebrate with the promised banquet. Here are those who used the knives and forks—Holm, Gallagher, Leake, Zarick, Hogan, Canepa, Best and "Chaunce".

DEC. 20—

A classical musicale in the hall tonight. The college band under the leadership of Prof. D'Andrea, made a great showing. The College Quartet, composed of Haskamp, Jennings, Doyle and Vaughan, gave out a profusion of harmony. Professor David Power gave a baritone solo that was greatly appreciated. Ervin Best came in with some fine music.

DEC. 21—

All aboard for home. The Christmas vacations begin today. All the collegians set out to see Santa Claus and .....

JAN. 4—

Classes resumed. Everybody on board with plenty of good spirit and in the best of humor. But, O, the rude awakening! To leave home and turkey and come back to College and have the cruel exes staring one in the face.

JAN. 5—

Repetitions for the mid-year exes start in all classes.

JAN. 6—

The "Basket Throwers" show good

aim and take second game from San Jose Y. M. C. A.

JAN. 7—

Sodalities hold their regular meetings. Rev. Fr. William Boland, S. J., is appointed Chaplain of the First Division, and Rev. Father F. Rossetti, will care for the Second Division.

JAN. 9—

The San Jose Normal fall easy victims to our "Basketers".

A Quiet Day on the Campus

JAN. 10—

The bright sun allures some of the Gallant Knight to shave their ebony summits. Up to date Zarick, Sullivan, Keenan, Canepa, Fitzpatrick, Tramutola and "Shakey" Ahern are displaying the bone. "Frenchy" Bergez also became one of number.

JAN. 11—

The San Jose Hi proves a poor match for our crack five.

JAN 14—

Baseball team makes its debut in a game with the Barney Frankels. We brought home the bacon—score 5 to 0.

JAN. 17—

The San Jose Armory have good aims, but they could not find the "Baskets" fast enough for our men.—Owing to the onerous duties imposed on the officers of the Senate it was decided to have a special meeting to elect officers. Senator Tramutola will wield the quill for the benefit of the Society, and Senator Zarick will answer all inquiries made in writing to this Society. Senator Powell will scare up the delinquent in money matters, and Senator Holm will eject the violent. To Senator Ganahl falls the heavy task of caring for the books and periodicals received.

JAN. 18—

Basket-ball game with Palo Alto Hi. Score 52-31.

JAN. 21—

Baseball game with the E. M. F.

Team of San Francisco. We somewhere heard that the E. M. F. would go where every other machine would and to many places where others would not go. In this particular day they went where we could not reach; for they reached home eight times and we reached it only five.

JAN. 25—

The mid-year examinations are going full blast. For the next week we will be under fire.

FEB. 2—

The dreaded exes are over and we enjoy a bit of leisure.

FEB 3—

We win from the Hoffman Stars. Score 11 to 3.

FEB. 4—

The Olympic Club came down to try a hand against the team. They enjoyed the stay here, but we take the game—9 to 1.

Students Co-op. Store

JAN. 28—

By way of a break we had a little game this afternoon against the Irish Independents and again we came out bad.

JAN. 29—

O, what a score! 95 to 8 did we beat the Normal in basketball.

JAN. 31—

We win the first game of the series with Stanford. They passed around the bags twice and we managed to find the trail home four times.

FEB. 6—

For reasons, conveniently forgetable, certain dignified gentlemen prefer to sleep in the large dormitory. Good and kind history has almost veiled from our sight who these gentlemen were. "We would not do them wrong" so we shall not mention their names. The Basketball tossers enjoy Watsonville.

FEB. 7—

We journey up to Palo Alto to play

a game against the Cardinals. Back we came with the Stanford goat.

FEB. 10—

"You can't beat the Dutch." The "German" five take the first game of the series from St. Mary's by a score of 45 to 26.

Blessed Virgin's Shrine, Boy's Chapel

FEB. 13—

Tonight we shall have a lecture on explosives. Judging from the amount of powder they are taking into the hall, some connoisseurs fear that some of the good collegians will have to sleep in the park. Sleep in peace, the lecture is over and no damages have been done. Dion Holm and Royal Bronson gave a learned dissertation on the use of powder and gave a practical demonstration of how to use it by keeping a good ten yards from the explosives. Those who carried on the experiments were Ganahl, Powell and Canepa. Under the direction of Mr. Smith some pictures were projected on the scenes, and proved interesting and instructive.

FEB. 14—

We play the Pensacolas and win; score 3 to 1.

FEB. 15—

"Redwood" again allures the students from their books.

FEB. 16—

"The Frat" elects new officers and the customary lunch is had.

FEB. 17—

We lose to Stanford, 4 to 2. We have won two games of the series of five and they have now won their first. St. Mary's wins the game of basketball—one to one in the series.

FEB. 18—

We try the Irish Eyes again and manage to get away with them. S. C. 7; Irish Independents 5.

FEB. 22—

Following the custom that has prevailed here at Santa Clara for over 40 years we are to have a "Washington" entertainment tonight.—The entertainment was given by students and friends of the College and consisted of a "Biotechnical and Literary Display." Among those who figured in the literature were Ford and Philip Twohy, and

Dion Holm. The biotechnical display was conducted by friends of the College under the direction of Mrs. Donovan and Miss Abel.

FEB. 24—

Hats off to Voight, Palmtag Bros., Melchior, Momson and also to Ahern and Heininger. They win the series in basket-ball from St. Mary's.

FEB. 25—

We play San Mateo a second game of ball. The first game was played on the day of the Washington entertainment, but the Diary was so taken up with the celebration that it could not spare room to record the game we won, 11 to 3. Today they won. Our old Center-fielder Fitzgerald played on their team. "Fitz" was quite a handy man with the big stick when he was with us, and even against us he seems to have had an inborn desire to get the ball over the fence.

FEB. 27—

Harry Wolters, the Baseball Coach, is given a farewell banquet. "Harry" is an old student here of the college, and after he left College he went to the East to play ball. He has been playing there since. This year we were fortunate enough to have engaged him as coach. A gold watch fob was given him by the team, as a kind memento of old S. C.

FEB. 28—

Retreat begins tonight. Let out all your pent up energy is the slogan. The team obeyed the word and in their game with the Pensacolas they ran around the bases for fifteen runs and allowed their opponents but a single score.—Rev. Father Henry Welch, S. J., who taught here in the beginning of the last decade came from Santa Barbara to give the Retreat.

FEB. 29—

Some of the new-comers this year wonder what has become of the place. Everyone is thoughtful and quiet.

Grave of Father Kenna

Now you don't have to dodge flying balls every minute. Such silence and recollection might well adorn some monastery of old.

MAR. 3—

The Retreat closes. A gallant showing is made in the Chapel. Everyone has taken his good resolutions and it looks as though they mean to keep them.—Game with the Olympic Team in the P. M. We try to be good with them but still we take 11 and give only 2.

MAR. 8—

We give the team a send-off as they start to the South for a few games with the Coast League.

MAR. 14—

Student Body convenes. The basketball players are awarded medals. Those to receive the medals are Capt. Voight, Momson, Palmtag, C. and H., and Melchoir. Roy Bronson reads the minutes with grandeous emphasis on the largest words that Webster could afford. Treasurer Degnan made out a statement about the finances of the Student Body and thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. Edmond Ryan, S. J., we are no longer 800 to the bad, but a few to the good.

Some of the Seniors

Awaiting Slaughter

MAR. 10—

The baseball team loses to Vernon, in Vernon, score 7 to 0.

MAR. 11—

Our team tries a game with the Los Angeles team, in Los Angeles. The result proves that they were a trifle the better. Score 6 to 4.

MAR. 12—

The baseball team returns from the South and we have a rally.—Some of the team get the Los Angeles fever.

MAR. 15—

The famous "Mutt and Jeff" league starts. "Nic" Lettunich, "Anarchist" Yoel, Castruccio, "Grandpa" Quill and "Slick" Celio, are the managers of the several teams. Everybody invited to attend the games at the polo grounds.

MAR. 17—

We lose the first game of the series to St. Mary's. The game was a fine one. It looked good to us in the ninth with three men on the bags and but

one out. But all in vain. The score—3 to 1. There were about 3500 at the game—the largest crowd that ever presented themselves at a game in this county.

MAR. 18—

The Annual Ryland Debate. The question as read was: Resolved, that the Open Shop is as Beneficial to the People of California as the Closed Shop. The Senate combated for the negative and the House of Philhistorians took up the affirmative side. Ganahl, Bronson and Degnan composed the team from the Senate; Percy O'Connor, Yoell and McGowan were the representatives of the House. The winning team is not to be announced until June 16. The best speaker is awarded "The Ryland Medal", an annual prize of $45. The two next speakers are also awarded prizes, the gift of John Ryland, son of Caius T. Ryland, the founder of the original prize in 1897. Professor James H. Campbell, Dean of the Law School, presided over the combat.

MAR. 19—

Fr. Joseph Neri celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his Ordination to the Priesthood. Though an octogenarian, Father Neri celebrated Solemn High Mass, and not once did his voice falter. Father Neri was for a long time Professor of Natural Sciences here and at St. Ignatius College. Of recent years his eye-sight has so far failed him that he has been relieved of all class work. The Faculty move into the New Administration Building. It is worthy of note that just 61 years ago today, Fr. Nobili started the College of Santa Clara. What a change these 60 years have brought to the College.

MAR. 20—

We have a game with the Victoria team of the Northwestern League. We win, score 3 to 2.

MAR. 21—

The Oakland team defeats us; score 5 to 4.

MAR. 22—

Rally for the team. Yell Leaders McGowan and Holm try out the voices

Some Juniors on a Picnic

of the collegians. Speeches by members of the team. Coach Byrnes rouses the old spirit. Bonfire and good time.

MAR 23—

The whole Student Body journeys to Oakland for the game with St. Mary's. We come out at the worst end of the horn, but you can't beat the S. C. spirit. We had one glorious time on the way home—i. e., to Santa Clara. The good people in charge all know that on an occasion like the present there is apt to be a hollow amidships and they prepared accordingly.

MAR. 24—

The Barnes Circus arrives in town and the collegians take in the animals.

MAR. 29—

The Juniors have a midnight rally in their sleeping quarters. Hardy, Fitzpatrick, McGrath, Dolan and Carson are the star performers in the celebration.

MAR. 30—

First call for Track men. Many present themselves. And the cinder path is alive with talent.

APRIL 1—

No one celebrates at S. C.

APRIL 3—

The Track team takes a trip to Stanford to pit and compare themselves with the U men. The result is very encouraging for our team.

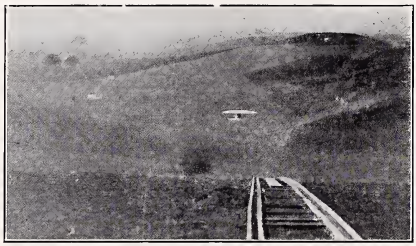
APRIL 5—

We leave our books to join the Easter bonnets. Those that live so far away from S. C. that the short recess would not allow them to be home for Easter are shown hospitality by their friends that live nearer. This we cannot refrain from saying is a fine spirit and we hope it will ever be as it has been in the past the spirit of the student at S. C.—that they live in the greatest harmony,—each sharing the interest of the other.

APRIL 10—

"Back rode the six hundred". On our return we are saddened to hear that

Mr. Montgomery in Aeroplane



"Curved Surfac patented by John J. Montgomery by letters patent No. 831,173"

Cyril Hellings of the Academic Department died during the vacation.

APRIL 11—

We attend in a body the Mass said by Rev. Fr. Morrissey for Cyril Hellings. After the Mass the whole Student Body, the sanctuary in cassock and surplices, accompany the body to the depot. Some of the students go to San Francisco for the interment at Holy Cross.

APRIL 15—

The Redwood did not come out today as is the custom. Maybe the rumors about our becoming a University have some foundation and those in charge are preparing some surprise.

APRIL 20—

In order to see what talent there may be in the yard we are having an Interclass Track meet. Much undeveloped talent is brought to the front.

Some of us go over to the Smoker of the Santa Clara County Branch of the S. C. Alumni. Much enthusiasm is shown. There are some indications that we are going to have a big "Blow Out" here on the 16th of June.

APRIL 21—

The students trip the light fantastic toe. Among the entertainers were Canelo, Jennings, Doyle, Percy O'Connor and Edward, ably assisted by Herron.

APRIL 23—

The "Call of the Wild" allures the Seniors away from their books and they hie to the woods.

Mr. Montgomery in Aeroplane

"Curved Surface patented by John J. Montgomery by letters patent No. 831,173"

APRIL 28—

This evening we have the customary exercises in honor of St. Joseph. It is an elegant custom handed down for years that on the Patronage of St. Joseph we go to the Shrine in procession to do homage to him under whose patronage the College thrives so abundantly. Chris Degnan read a tribute to Our Patron in verse, and Aloysius Dicpenbrock recited his praises in prose.

TRACK TEAM

APRIL 29—

The Redwood is out. "I told you so". On the very first page we read: At a meeting of the President and Board of Trustees of Santa Clara College, held at Santa Clara on April 29th, a resolution was passed according to which the title of Santa Clara College is changed to SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY.

Hurrah! Yet this is no sudden change, but well warranted by the addition of the Institute of Law, the College of Engineering, the College of Architecture, to the already existing Colleges of Philosophy and Letters and College of General Science.

Other note-worthy articles are the sketch on Jos. Neri, S. J., by Albert Newlin; the Open and Closed Shop, by Roy Bronson and Harry McGowan; Physically Considered by Rodney Yoell; and Poems on the Titanic, The Golden Jubilee of Fr. Neri and the Miracle of the Crucifix, the story of the Crucifix in the Mission Church told in elegant prose verse.

APRIL 30—

May Devotions begin in the chapel. Each evening there will be a short Exhortation followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

MAY 3—

The contest for the Arch-Bishop's Medal, given for the best paper on some assigned subject in Christian Doctrine is going on today. Many contestants are entered from all the classes.

MAY 7—

The Juniors motor to Manresa. They will not be back for two days. The rest of us take revenge on the waxed floor of the gym.

MAY 8—

The short stories for the Redwood Medal are due in today. This medal was founded by the Redwood management from proceeds collected by the managers. Their example is worthy of emulation by the managers of other College magazines.

MAY 11—

We take a trip to meet St. Mary's in track. Our team is a little disabled, yet no one mistrusts the outcome. Hurrah! "Romp home the bacon". We walked away with the "meat".

MAY 13—

Those who are scientifically inclined hand in their papers for the Science Medal.

MAY 14—

We rise early in the morning and start for the special train that will bring us to the surf at Manresa. The whole Student Body without exception, make this yearly excursion and there is not one that would miss the day down on the sand of the Pacific. We start from Santa Clara about 7:30; and by 8:15 we are in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains. We pass the tall Redwoods on our way down. Arriving at Manresa at 10 o'clock the crowd don their suits and in less than a quarter of an hour you will not find a peg panta-

looned collegian on the sands. Lunch, with all the extras under the "pines" at 12:30; then the "sharks" go back to the sands. After some refreshment in the evening, about 6 we start for home. Some fine day this.

MAY 17—

A medal was founded when the "Owl", the former magazine representing the College, "died". It is given for the best essay on some event of vital interest during the last half century. Many contestants will hand in their contributions.

MAY 22—

The Elocution Contest was last night. Quite a number of remarkable things took place. Victor Chargin gave her a "Toast"; Howard Crane gave a "Benediction"; Ed. Ford said "it was a cool, calculated murder"; McGowan took a ride on "Ole Mistus"; Percy O'Connor was haunted by his vulture eye, "Ah, yes, it was that"; and Bernard Budde was terrified by the "Bells".

Palmer DeWitt was "Wounded"; Frank Shilling gave "Lockiel Warning"; Lester O'Connor came back with Regulus; Joseph Aurrecoechea (abbreviated "Sneeze") complained that "they come around him here and says his days of life are o'er"; Errol Quill wept over Caesar; "Tommy" O'Connor told how he happened "to be station master here"; Joseph Donovan made a plea for Mike; Nicholas Martin said he "did not come to cringe or fawn at the house", and Louis Jennings told them "I go, but I return".

It was an excellent contest and every contestant has some that favor him. We shall learn the winner on the 16th of June.

MAY 26—

The Preps hold an "Olympic Meet". Much excitement. Some rare talent is brought out.

MAY 27—

Mr. Turrell of San Francisco takes the pictures of the various classes for the archives. No damages are done.

MAY 29—

Rev. Fr. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., dies in San Francisco, after a prolonged illness.

MAY 29—

The body of Fr. Kenna is brought here to Santa Clara.

MAY 29—

Requiem Mass in the church at which the entire Student Body assists. After Mass we all march, preceded by the band to the cemetery. Delegations from the Convent and from San Francisco follow in the procession.

MAY 30—

President's Holiday.

JUNE 1—

The May devotions in the church come to a close. The Sodalities make a fine showing in the chapel.

JUNE 4—

"No time for nothing." Everyone is plugging for the final exes. The

Collegians have buried themselves in their books.

JUNE 6—

The Feast of Corpus Christi is duly celebrated by a procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament and at which the old Student Body is present. In the P. M. a deputation consisting of Bronson, Veuve, Ganahl, Momson, Orena and Thomas attend the services at the College of Notre Dame in San Jose.

JUNE 7—

Examinations begin in the Institute of Law.

JUNE 8—

Examinations begin in the College of Philosophy and Letters.

JUNE 10—

The students of the College of Architecture have their exes.

JUNE 11 —

The Freshman class of the College of Engineering hold their examination.

JUNE 12—

The Freshman Class of Engineering has a splendid four hour session. No one killed.

JUNE 16—

We shall have one of the greatest Commencements that the college has ever seen.

JUNE 17—

Good bye.

The year of athletics just closed, though devoid of anything sensational, has certainly been a successful one.

In all branches Santa Clara's athletes have more than held their own with all classes of opponents. With ten of last year's victorious fifteen forming the nucleus, Coach Harry Renwick built one of the classiest Rugby teams that ever fought for the colors of the Red and White. Such teams as the Barbarian Club, University of Nevada, College of Pacific, California Freshmen, and the U. S. Marines tasted the bitter pill of defeat administered at the hands of Capt. Ybarrondo and his team-mates.

The crack Stanford Freshmen were fought to a standstill on two occasions, each contest resulting in a tie, while the only two defeats that marred the record of the Varsity were close wins by Stanford's 2nd Varsity and St. Mary's College.

But not alone should we pride ourselves on the fine showing of the first team. Our Second Varsity exceeded our greatest hopes when they finished their season with a clear slate.

San Jose Hi were defeated twice, Santa Clara Hi also took the short end in one contest, while St. Mary's Seconds suffered the same dose in two games.

Many other games were arranged with High School teams throughout the State, but, somehow or other, the games didn't materialize, which accounts for the few contests our crack Second Varsity engaged in.

The Basket-ball team established a record this year that bids fair to stand

untouched for a long time. Having but one "vet", the quintette worked long and earnestly and their record of eighteen victories with but five defeats, is ample proof of the success they attained. C. Palmtag, H. Palmtag, Melchior, Momson and Voight (Capt.), formed the victorious team. Included in the victories of the season were two wins over St. Mary's crack basketball five, and the same potion was given to the speed-boys from College of Pacific.

The Varsity nine were not as fortunate as either the Football or Basketball teams in regard to their record, they having won but thirteen and lost eight.

However, when it is considered that they played such star teams as the Vernon, Los Angeles and Oakland Coast League teams, it is no surprise and certainly not detracting from their standard as a College team that they fell by the wayside. Stanford were defeated in a series, while only one game was played against California's Varsity, that contest being won by Santa Clara by the overwhelming score of 18-4. Many amateur teams from the Bay towns journeyed to the Campus, but all left with the victory safely tucked under the Varsity's winning column.

Santa Clara 75. St. Mary's 47.

Track enthusiasm failed to materialize with the teams that generally served as practice for the Varsity and naturally the only real meet in which the Track team engaged in was that against St. Mary's. Earlier in the year a few of our track men journeyed to San Francisco and entered into the famous Y. M. C. A. and "Examiner" meets and performed remarkably well —Best, Hardy, Haskamp and Bennison each capturing a few medals for their efforts.

The annual meet held with St. Mary's was staged on the Stanford oval and the Red and White defeated the Red and Blue handily, the scoreboard reading after the relay had finished, Santa Clara 75, St. Mary's 47.

At no time did the team representing St. Mary's have a chance. Santa Clara's well-trained athletes leading all the way.

Best broke the record in the 100-yd. dash heats, but in a close finish was nosed out by Haskamp in the finals. The latter also took first in the high jump, breaking the previous record. Stewart of Santa Clara established a new mark in the pole-vault, winning his event with little competition, while Momson won the 440-yd. dash, equaling the previous record.

The 880-yd. relay was a hotly contested affair. Haskamp led his opponent from the pop of the gun and gave Thomas a slight lead at the first 220; the latter had strained himself earlier in the afternoon and lost a great deal of ground to Righetti. Momson tried hard to overcome the lead Righetti gave to Lennon, but tagged Best Santa Clara's last man, after Lennon had given Gisen a lead of about five yards. Gisen led Best around the curve, but when the stretch was reached. Best—our crack sprinter—loosened his cords, and with as pretty a finish as has even been seen, beat the St. Mary's man to the tape by a yard.

Results by Events.

	Santa Clara	St. Mary's
100-yd. dash ..	9	0
220-yd. dash ..	5	4
440-yd. dash ..	6	3
880-yd. run ...	8	1
Mile run	4	5
2 mile run.....	4	5
120 high hurdles	6	3
220 low hurdles	0	9
Hammer throw	3	6
Shot put	1	8
Broad jump ..	9	0
High jump ...	9	0
Pole vault	6	3
Relay	5	0
Totals	75	47

ATTENTION—ALUMNI

Owing to the fact that there are being formed in various parts of the State local clubs of the Alumni; and owing to the fact also that we were not able to secure much valuable information regarding old students that these Clubs will bring to light, we have thought it best to withhold whatever information we may have received till the next issue of the Redwood. At that time we are contemplating giving a little sketch of the various clubs, their foundation, names of the members, and also such records as those belonging to these clubs may choose to offer. We ask all the secretaries of the various societies to co-operate with us in this matter in order that by mutual assistance we may bring closer together students of the past.